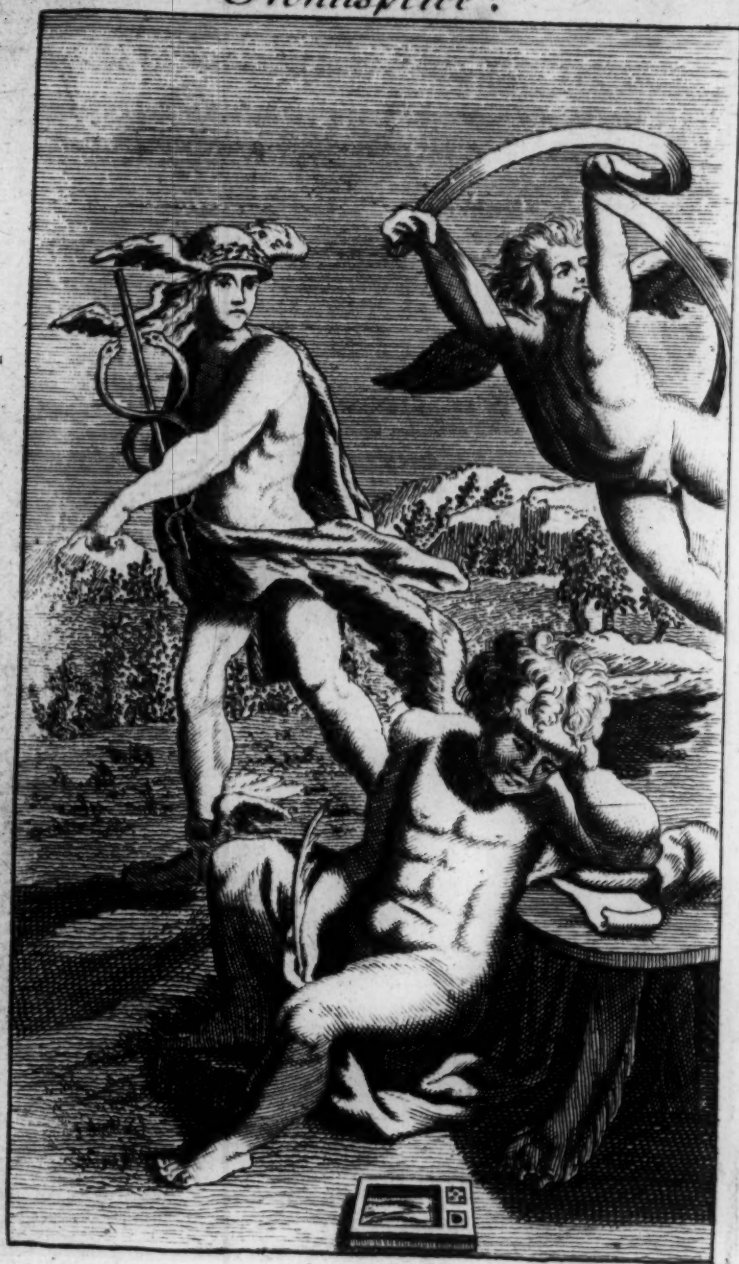
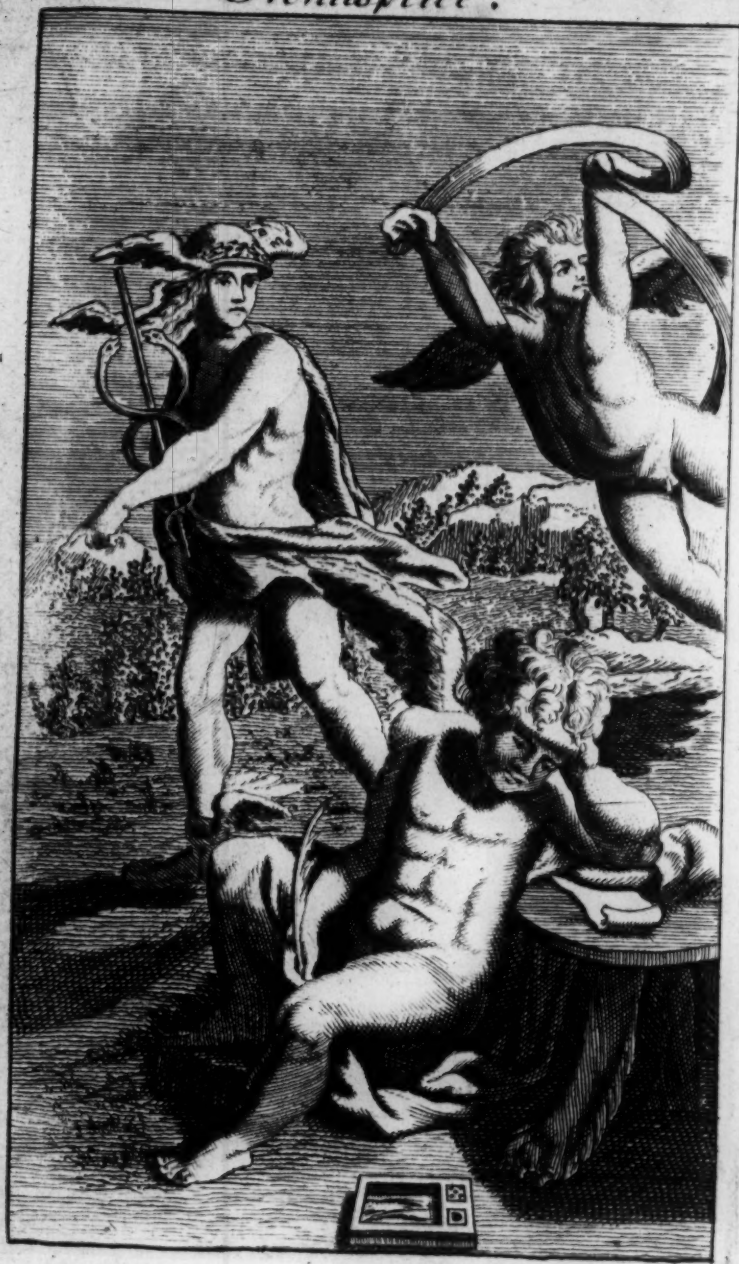


*Frontispice.*



*Frontispice.*





OVID's  
EPISTLES,  
TRANSLATED

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

---

Adorn'd with CUTTS.

---

*Vel tibi compositâ cantetur Epistola voce?  
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. Ovid.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON: And Sold by  
J. BROTHERTON, and W. MEADOWS,  
at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1720.

O. N. I. D. S.

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

213 111 31 11 31

mf



To the L A D Y  
*LOVISA LENOS.*

M A D A M,



N moving Lines these few EPISTLES  
tell

What Fate attends the Nymph that  
likes too well:

How faintly the successful Lovers  
burn;

And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.

The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,

Assert their uncontested Right, and Rail.

Too soon they listen, and resent too late;

'Tis sure they Love, whene'er they strive to Hate.

Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves;

Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow!

Ours kindle quick, but Yours extinguish slow.

The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,

And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:

But Yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees,

And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.

## DEDICATION.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, Excel;  
And Ours in Patience, and perswading well.  
Impartial Nature equally decrees;

You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.  
Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you Fall,  
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, Madam, long will Your unpractis'd Years  
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.  
Tho' Infant Graces sooth Your gentle Hours,  
More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing  
Flow'rs;

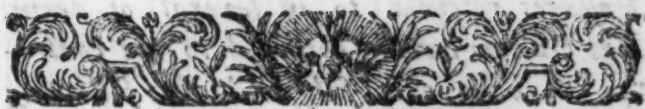
Let rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;  
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,  
Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.  
All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,  
And not a Lover languish, but for you.  
The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,  
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,  
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;  
But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,  
In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise;  
And the gay Groves rejoyce in Symphonies. }  
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;  
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.



Adver-



## Advertisement.

**T**HE Publick having encourag'd so many Editions of Ovid's Epistles, I began to think if any thing might yet be added to the Perfection of the Work. And the greater Part of Sapho to Phaon being omitted in Sir Carr Scroope's Translation, I solicited an entire new Version of that Epistle, to render the whole Book compleat. The Author of it will have me acquaint the Reader, that it was undertaken on that Account only, and not out of any suppos'd Defect in what that Gentleman had done.

It was propos'd in this Edition to change the Method of the Epistles according to the Chronological Order, and the Connexion the Subjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the Ease of the English Reader, by clearing some Historical



*Advertisement.*

*Passages referr'd to in several of them. But Custom having obtain'd to the contrary, we have only subjoin'd the following Account.*

The Chief of those who undertook the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, were *Hercules* and *Jason*: Some Writers add *THESEUS*, who was Cotemporary with them, and famous for his Victory over the *Minotaur*, which he atchiev'd by the Assistance of *ARIADNE*, whom afterwards forsaking, he marry'd *PHÆDRA*, who fell in Love with his Son *HIPPOLYTUS*. *JASON* as he went on the foremention'd Expedition was entertain'd by *HYPSPYLE* at *Lemnos*, but deserted her for *MEDEA*, and afterwards *MEDEA* for *Crensa*. *HERCULES* after his Return was poison'd with a Shirt sent by *DEIANEIRA*. This Hero had twice taken *Troy* in the Time of King *Laomedon*, to whom *Priam* succeeded, the Father of *PARIS*, at whose Birth it was prophecy'd that he should occasion it to be destroy'd a third time. Being there-

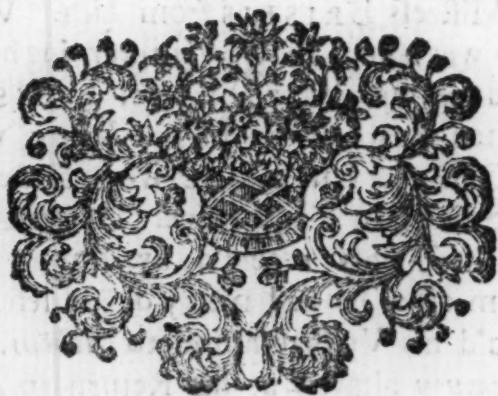
*Advertisement:*

therefore privately educated among the Shepherds, he contracted a Love to OENONE; 'till hearing of HELENA, he sail'd to *Sparta*, and carry'd her from thence to *Troy*. This caus'd the War of the *Grecian* Princes against *Troy*; among whom PROTESILAUS (the Husband of LAODAMIA) was the first that set foot on the Enemy's Ground, and was kill'd on the Spot. After the War had been continu'd nine Years, a Quarrel arising betwixt *Agamemnon* and ACHILLES, the latter absented himself from the Army, and the former in revenge forc'd his Mistress BRISEIS from him. When *Troy* was taken, the *Greeks* returning homeward met with many Disasters. ULYSSES was ten Years detain'd from *Ithaca*, while his Queen PENELOPE was afflicted by the Suitors in his Absence. DEMOPHOON was hospitably receiv'd by PHILLIS, whom after he had marry'd, he left, and pursu'd his Voyage home to *Athens*. *Agamemnon* himself at his Return to *Argos* was murder'd by his Wife, whom his Son ORESTES kill'd, who was betroth'd to

*Advertisement.*

HERMIONE, the Daughter of *Helena*.  
About the same time *ÆNEAS* going in  
search of *Italy*, was detain'd by *DIDO*,  
who stabb'd her self upon his Departure  
from *Carthage*.

The rest of the Subjects of *Ovid* have  
no Connexion with each other, neither can  
their Time be certainly fix'd; only *HY-  
PERMNESTRA* is suppos'd to have liv'd  
some time before, and *SAPHO* long af-  
ter, all the rest.



T H E



THE  
PREFACE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.



HE *Life of Ovid* being already  
Written in our Language be-  
fore the Translation of his *Me-  
tamorphoses*, I will not pre-  
sume so far upon my self, to  
think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys*  
his Undertaking. The *English* Reader  
may there be satisfied, that he Flourish'd  
in the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*, that he

## The PREFACE to

was Extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable Progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other Reason, than what was pretended by *Augustus*, which was the Lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be Excus'd in the Severity of Manners, as being able to Corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome*; yet this may be said in behalf of *Ovid*, that no Man has ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expression, or search'd into the Nature of it more Philosophically than he. And the Emperor who condemn'd him, had as little Reason as another Man to punish that Fault with so much Severity, if at least he were the Author

## OVID's EPISTLES.

thor of a certain *Epigram*, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the Cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself and *Mark Anthony* the Triumvir, which is more fulsome than any Passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked Familiarity of his Expressions to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking *Livia* to his Bed, when she was not only Married, but with Child by her Husband, then living. But Deeds, it seems, may be justified by Arbitrary Power, when Words are question'd in a Poet. There is another Guess of the *Grammarians*, as far from Truth as the first from Reason; they will have him Banish'd for some Favours, which they say he receiv'd from *Julia* the Daughter of *Augustus*, whom they think he Celebrates under the Name of *Corinna* in his Elegies: But he who will observe the Verses which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole Contexture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman of the highest Quality: If *Julia* were then Married to *Agrippa*, why should



The PREFACE to

should our Poet make his Petition to *Iſis*, for her ſafe Delivery, and afterwards Con-  
dole her Miſcarriage; which, for ought he  
knew, might be by her own Husband? or  
indeed how durſt he be ſo Bold to make  
the leaſt Diſcovery of ſuch a Crime, which  
was no leſs than Capital, eſpecially com-  
mitted againſt a Perſon of *Agrippa's* Rank?  
Or if it were before her Marriage, he  
would ſurely have been more diſcreet,  
than to have publiſh'd an Accident, which  
muſt have been fatal to them both. But  
what moſt confirms me againſt this Opi-  
nion is, that *Ovid* himſelf complains that  
the true Perſon of *Corinna* was found out  
by the Fame of his Verſes to her: Which  
if it had been *Julia*, he durſt not have  
own'd; and beſide, an immediate Punish-  
ment muſt have follow'd. He ſeems him-  
ſelf more truly to have touch'd at the  
Cause of his Exile in thoſe obſcure Verſes,

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.*

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was  
conſcious to, ſomewhat, which had pro-  
cur'd him his Diſgrace. But neither am I  
ſatis-

## OVID's EPISTLES.

satisfied that this was the Incest of the Emperor with his own Daughter: For *Augustus* was of a Nature too Vindictive to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself as that of simple Banishment, as would certainly have secur'd his Crimes from publick Notice by the Death of him who was witness to them. Neither have Histories given us any Sight into such an Action of this Emperor: Nor would he (the greatest Politician of his time) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so little Secresie, as not to shun the Observation of any Man. It seems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confident of some other Passion, or that he had stumbled by some Inadvertency upon the Privacies of *Livia*, and seen her in a Bath: For the Words

*Sine veste Dianam,*

agree better with *Livia* who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the *Julia's*, who were both noted of Incontinency. The first Verses which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publickly, according

## *The* PREFACE to

According to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to *Corinna*: His Banishment happen'd not 'till the Age of Fifty, from which it may be deduc'd, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occasion it: Nay he tell us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedness: And in the same Paper of Verses also, that the Cause was notoriously known at *Rome*, though it be left so obscure to After-Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so incertain, and to Write somewhat more Authentick of this Poet: That he frequented the Court of *Augustus*, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted: All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written as the *French* call it *Cavalierement*: Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to Persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor

## OVID's EPISTLES.

Nor was his Acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies; he tells you himself, in a particular Account of his own Life, that *Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius*, and many others of them were his familiar Friends, and that some of them communicated their Writings to him; but that he had only seen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet; I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the Passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers; for all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges when we are concern'd in the Representation of them: Now I will Appeal to any Man who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd Persons? his Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those

## The PREFACE to

those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Persons speak more Eloquently than the Violence of their Passion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of Season; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the false Applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age: For why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest: But many Things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the Business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledg'd, in spite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even of *Julius Scaliger* himself, that *Seneca's* Censure will stand good against him;

Nesci-

## OVID's EPISTLES.

*Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere,*

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same Sense an hundred Ways, and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his Readers instead of satisfying them: And gives occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the Nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid's* Writing, which is sufficiently recompenc'd by his other Excellencies; nay this very Fault is not without its Beauties: for the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit, tho' at the same time he could have wish'd, that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him; and if sometimes he appear too Gay, yet there is a secret Gracefulness of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidness and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material Part, which is the Conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom  
has



## The PREFACE to

has miscarried; for if his Elegies be compar'd with those of *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ: And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more polish'd, and the Learning of *Propertius*, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to Ostentation; Yet their common Practice, was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their Beginning:

*Purpureus late qui splendet; unus & alter  
Assuitur pannus:*                      As Horace says,

though the Verses are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; some Beautiful Design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to Judicious Readers in this Work  
of

## OVID'S EPISTLES.

of his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The Letters of the Heroines. But *Heinsius* has judg'd more truly, that the *Inscription* of our Author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where *Ovid* asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Masters of their Learning,) the *Romans* usually did imitate. But it appears not from their Writers, that any of the *Grecians* ever touch'd upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, because 'tis us'd by *Ovid* in his Art of Love:

*Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.*

But sure he cou'd not be guilty of such an Oversight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men or *Heroes*, as namely *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, join'd in it. Except *Sabinus* who

## The PREFACE to

who writ some Answers to *Ovid's* Letters,

(*Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.*)

I remember not any of the *Romans* who have treated on this Subject, save only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epistle of *Arethusa* to *Lycotas*, which is written so near the Style of *Ovid*, that it seems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning this Work of the Epistles, I shall content my self to observe these few Particulars. First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Style of them is tenderly Passionate and Courtly; two Properties well agreeing with the Persons which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in *O Enone*, and *Hero*, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though perhaps he has Romaniz'd his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them

speak

## OVID'S EPISTLES.

Speak sometimes as if they had been born in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Augustus*. There seems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects which he has chosen; Most of the Epistles being written from Ladies who were forsaken by their Lovers: Which is the Reason that many of the same Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming care: for his amorous Expressions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find translated by divers Hands, that you may at least have that Variety in the *English*, which the Subject denied to the Author of the *Latin*. It remains that I should say somewhat of Poetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submission to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to me most proper.

All

## The PREFACE to

All Translation I suppose may be reduced to these three Heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was *Horace* his Art of Poetry translated by *Ben. Jonson*. The second Way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his Words are not so strictly follow'd as his Sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is *Mr. Waller's* Translation of *Virgil's* Fourth *Aeneid*. The Third Way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the Words and Sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion: And taking only some general Hints from the Original, to run Division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is *Mr. Cowley's* Practice in turning two Odes of *Pindar*, and one of *Horace*, into *English*.

Con-

Con  
our M  
tion,

Nec v  
Interpres

Nor V

as the  
render  
dantic  
procee  
lous:  
John  
his V

That

Of t

A ne

To n

They

True

T

bally,

Latin

Lang

Wor

## OVID'S EPISTLES.

Concerning the first of these Methods,  
our Master *Horace* has given us this Cau-  
tion,

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus*

*Interpres* —————

*Nor Word for Word too faithfully Translate,*

as the Earl of *Roscommon* has excellently  
render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pe-  
dantically: 'Tis a Faith like that which  
proceeds from Superstition, Blind and Zea-  
lous: Take it in the Expression of Sir  
*John Denham*, to Sir *Rich. Fanshawe*, on  
his Version of the *Pastor Fido*.

*That servile Path thou nobly do'st decline,  
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line,  
A new and nobler Way thou dost pursue,  
To make Translations, and Translator's too:  
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,  
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.*

'Tis almost impossible to translate ver-  
bally, and well, at the same time; for the  
*Latin* (a most Severe and Compendious  
Language) often expresses that in one  
Word, which either the Barbarity, or the  
Nar-



## The PREFACE to

Narrowness of Modern Tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in *English*.

*Atque iidem Venti vela fidemque ferent.*

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this Thought Litterally in *English*, and to strike Wit or almost Sense out of it?

In short, the Verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many Difficulties at once, that he can never disintangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the Thought of his Author and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And besides this he is to confine himself to the Compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A Man can shun a Fall by using Caution, but the Gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task; for no sober Man would  
put

## OVID's EPISTLES.

put himself into a Danger for the Applause of scaping without breaking his Neck. We see *Ben. Johnson* could not avoid Obscurity in his litteral Translation of *Horace*, attempted in the same Compass of Lines: Nay *Horace* himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet,

*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*

either Perspicuity or Gracefulness will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has indeed avoided both these Rocks in his Translation of the three first Lines of *Homer's Odyssey*, which he has Contracted into two.

*Dic mihi Musa Virum capta post tempora Troja  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

*Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,  
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.*

Earl of Rose.

But then the Sufferings of *Ulysses*, which are a considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted.

[Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

*The* P R E F A C E *to*

The Consideration of these Difficulties, in a servile, literal Translation, not long since made two of our Famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I suppose they Communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other, and therefore their Reasons for it are little different: Though the Practice of one is much more Moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same Subject: That is, not to translate his Words, or to be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendring Authors (as Mr. *Cowley* calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Customs and Ceremonies of ancient Greece

are

are  
Mis  
amp  
ters  
tate  
and  
is th  
be g  
only  
he a  
by g  
ever  
Pin  
Wr  
to c  
and  
and  
late  
bear  
off  
as  
mal  
to h  
tati  
lar  
lon

## OVID's EPISTLES.

are still preserv'd: But I know not what Mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an Innovation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him shall imitate so bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. *Cowley*, and that too only in his Translation of *Pindar*, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, when ever he refus'd his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our Understanding) to soar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze: So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally, his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and *Sampson* like he shakes it off: A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. *Cowley's*, was but necessary to make *Pindar* speak *English*, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their Work, when nei-

## The PREFACE to

ther the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original : but instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the Creation of another Hand. By this way 'tis true, somewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the first Design, though *Virgil* must be still excepted, when that Perhaps takes Place: Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And 'tis not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself,) gives this Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Æneid*. *Poetry is of so subtle a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the*

Trans-

## OVID's EPISTLES.

*Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum.* I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation; but who defends it? Imitation and Verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extrems, which ought to be avoided: And therefore when I have propos'd the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own: Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into ourselves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or if not to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the

a 3

Words;



## *The* P R E F A C E *to*

Words; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an Injury to the Author that they should be chang'd: But since every Language is so full of its own Proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometime Nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow Compass of his Author's Words: 'Tis enough if he chuse out some Expression which does not vitiate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude, but by Innovation of Thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this Means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost: And thus 'tis plain, that the Reason alledged by Sir *John Denham*, has no farther Force than to Expression: For Thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language, but the Words that convey it to our Apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome Dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is therefore a Liberty to be

## OVID's EPISTLES.

be allow'd for the Expression, neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the Measure of their Original. The Sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be so, and if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be reply'd, that he receives Advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches, but I rejoin that a Translator has no such Right: When a *Painter* Copies from the Life, I suppose he has no Privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under pretence that his Picture will look better; perhaps the Face which he has drawn would be more Exact, if the Eyes or Nose were alter'd, but 'tis his Business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming Difficulty arise, that is, if the Thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be Translated.

— *Et qua*

*Desperes tractata nescere posse, relinquant.*

Thus

## *The* P R E F A C E *to*

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompence the Loss which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it seems to me, that the true Reason why we have so few Versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Author's Sense; but because there are so few who have all the Talents which are requisite for Translation; and that there is so little Praise and so small Encouragement for so considerable a part of Learning.

To apply in short, what has been said to this present Work, the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with  
some

O  
some  
the Au  
Paris,  
tation  
the Au  
derstoo  
I am a  
asham's

For  
knowl  
Rules  
Liberty  
low.  
Wit a  
ing joi  
cellenc  
on for

## OVID's EPISTLES.

some little Latitude or Variation from the Author's Sense: That of *OEnone* to *Paris*, is in Mr. *Cowley's* way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author, who is of the *Fair Sex*, understood not *Latin*. But if she does not, I am afraid she has giv'n us occasion to be ashamed who do.

For my own part I am ready to acknowledge, that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given; and taken more Liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen, whose Wit and Learning are well known, being join'd in it, I doubt not but their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors.



T H E

# T H E T A B L E

|    |                                                              |        |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 1  | <i>Sapho to Phaon.</i> By Sir Carr Scroop.                   | Page   |
| 2  | The same wholly Translated<br>by Mr. Pope.                   | P. 5   |
| 3  | <i>Canace to Macareus.</i> Mr. Dryden.                       | P. 15  |
| 4  | <i>Phillis to Demophoon.</i> Edward Pooley,<br>Esq;          | P. 21  |
| 5  | The same by Ed. Floyd.                                       | P. 29  |
| 6  | <i>Hypermetra to Linus.</i> Mr. Wright.                      | P. 35  |
| 7  | <i>Ariadne to Theseus,</i>                                   | P. 40  |
| 8  | <i>Hermione to Orestes.</i> John Pultney, Esq;               | P. 47  |
| 9  | <i>Leander to Hero</i>                                       | P. 53  |
| 10 | <i>Hero to Leander.</i> } Mr. Tate.                          | P. 58  |
| 11 | <i>Laodamia to Proteusilaus.</i> Tho. Flat-<br>man, Esq;     | P. 63  |
| 12 | <i>OEnone to Paris.</i> Mr. Cooper.                          | P. 70  |
| 13 | A Paraphrase on <i>OEnone to Paris.</i><br>Mrs. Behn.        | P. 77  |
| 14 | <i>Paris to Helena.</i> Mr. Duke.                            | P. 89  |
| 15 | <i>Helena to Paris.</i> Earl of Mulgrave,<br>and Mr. Dryden. | P. 104 |
| 16 | <i>Penelope</i>                                              |        |

16 Penelope  
17 The  
18 Hypsip  
19 Medea  
20 Phadra  
21 Dido  
22 The  
23 Briseis  
24 Dejan  
25 The  
26 Acont  
27 Cydip  
28 Ulysse  
29 Deme  
30 Paris

# The T A B L E.

|    |                                        |        |
|----|----------------------------------------|--------|
| 16 | Penelope to Ulysses. Mr. Rhymer.       | P. 114 |
| 17 | The same by Mrs. Wharton.              | P. 119 |
| 18 | Hypsipyle to Jason. Mr. Settle.        | P. 126 |
| 19 | Medea to Jason. Mr. Tate.              | P. 133 |
| 20 | Phadra to Hippolytus. Mr. Otway.       | P. 141 |
| 21 | Dido to Æneas. Mr. Dryden.             | P. 148 |
| 22 | The same by another Hand.              | P. 156 |
| 23 | Briseis to Achilles. Sir John Caryl.   | P. 164 |
| 24 | Dejanira to Hercules. Mr. Oldmixon.    | P. 172 |
| 25 | The same by another Hand.              | P. 182 |
| 26 | Acontius to Cydippe. Mr. Duke.         | P. 188 |
| 27 | Cydippe to Acontius. Mr. Butler.       | P. 197 |
| 28 | Ulysses to Penelope.                   | P. 205 |
| 29 | Demophoon to Phillis. } Mr. Salusbury. | P. 211 |
| 30 | Paris to OEnone.                       | P. 217 |

Page

p. 5

p. 15

p. 21

p. 29

p. 35

p. 40

p. 47

p. 53

p. 58

p. 63

p. 70

p. 77

p. 89

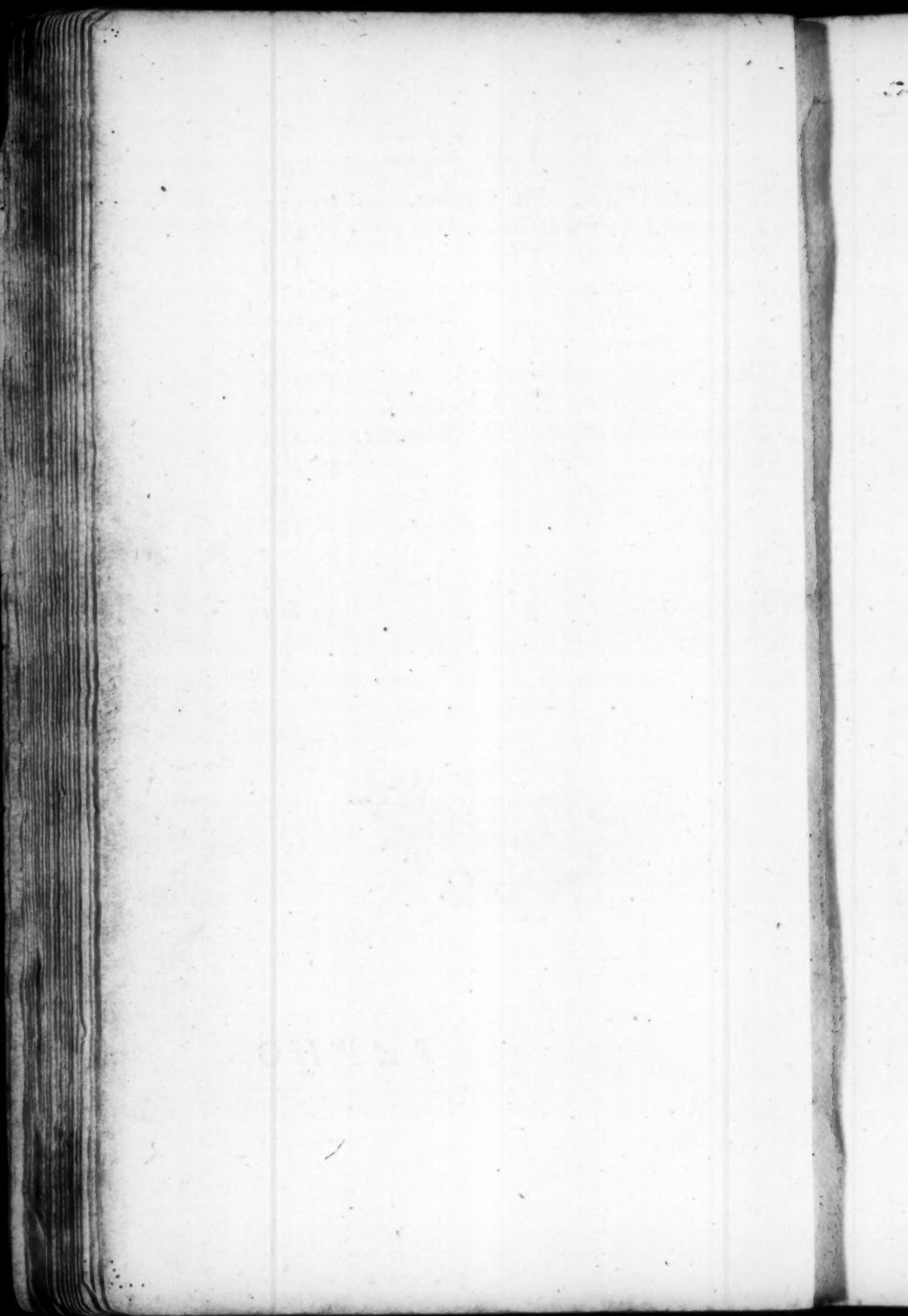
p. 104

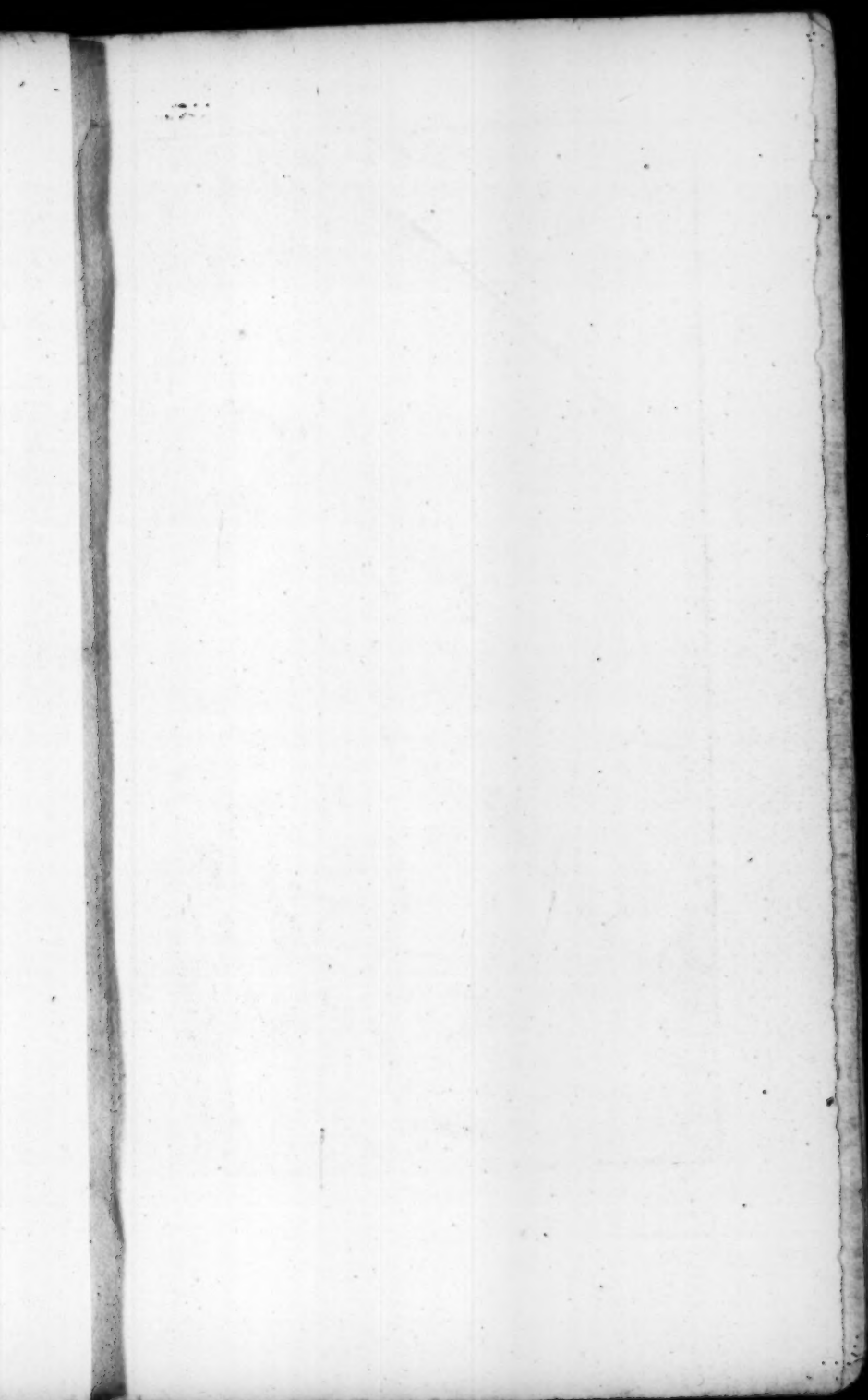
Penelope



S A P H O









p. 1.



S A

By the

The Poet  
(who  
solu'd  
Letter



When b  
My Mu  
They a  
Wand'r  
All Day  
In vain  
Where  
Ah lov  
When



# SAPHO to PHAON.

By the Honourable Sir CARR. SCROPE, Bar.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poetess Sapho, forsaken by her Lover Phaon (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolv'd, in Despair, to drown her self, writes this Letter to him before she dies.*



WHILE Phaon to the Flaming *Aeneas* flies,

Consum'd, with no less Fires, poor *Sapho* dies.

I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of Corn,

When by the driving Winds the Flames are born.

My Muse and Lute can now no longer please,

They are th' Employments of a Mind at ease.

Wand'ring from Thought to Thought I sit alone

All Day, and my once dear Companions shun.

In vain the *Lesbian* Maids claim each a part,

Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the Heart.

Ah lovely Youth! how canst thou cruel prove,

When blooming Years and Beauty bid thee love?

If none but equal Charms thy Heart can bind,  
 Then to thy self alone thou must be kind.  
 Yet worthless as I am, there was a time  
 When *Phaon* thought me worthy his Esteem.  
 A thousand tender things to Mind I call,  
 For they who truly love remember all.  
 Delighted with the Musick of my Tongue,  
 Upon my Words with silent Joy he hung;  
 And snatching Kisses, stopp'd me as I sung.  
 Kisses, whose melting touch his Soul did move,  
 The Earnest of the coming Joys of Love.  
 Then tender Words, short Sighs, and thousand Charms  
 Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his Arms;  
 'Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,  
 A gentle Faintness did our Limbs surprize.  
 Beware, *Sicilian Ladies*, ah! beware  
 How you receive my faithless Wanderer.  
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe  
 The flatt'ring Words that he so well can give.  
 Loose to the Winds I let my flowing Hair,  
 No more with fragrant Scents perfume the Air,  
 But all my Dress discovers wild Despair.  
 For whom, alas! should now my Art be shown?  
 The only Man I car'd to please is gone.  
 Oh let me once more see those Eyes of thine.  
 Thy Love I ask not, do but suffer mine.  
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last Farewel,  
 And feign'd a Sorrow which thou didst not feel.  
 No kind remembring Pledge was ask'd by thee,  
 And nothing left but Injuries with me,

Witness

Witness  
 My He  
 Speechl  
 And ne  
 But whe  
 With H  
 Like fo  
 Who to  
 Expos'd  
 Forgett  
 So ill, a  
 'Tis tho  
 In pleas  
 And m  
 Welcom  
 Then 'f  
 In clos  
 Thy ter  
 With a  
 But wh  
 And al  
 The de  
 I lay m  
 Soon a  
 (Thos  
 There  
 And to  
 Then b  
 And vi

## SAPHO to PHAON.

3

Witness, ye Gods, with what a Death-like Cold  
 My Heart was seiz'd, when first thy Flight was told.  
 Speechless and stupid for a while I lay,  
 And neither Words nor Tears could find their way,  
 But when my swelling Passion forc'd a vent,  
 With Hair dishevel'd, Clothes in pieces rent;  
 Like some mad Mother thro' the Streets I run,  
 Who to his Grave attends her only Son.  
 Expos'd to all the World my self I see,  
 Forgetting Virtue, Fame, and all but thee;  
 So ill, alas! do Love and Shame agree!  
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant Care,  
 In pleasing Dreams thou comfort'st my Despair;  
 And mak'st the Night, that does thy Form convey,  
 Welcome to me above the fairest Day.  
 Then 'spight of Absence, I thy Love enjoy;  
 In close Imbraces lock'd methinks we lye;  
 Thy tender Words I hear, thy Kisses feel,  
 With all the Joys that Shame forbids to tell.  
 But when I waking miss thee from my Bed,  
 And all my pleasing Images are fled;  
 The dear deluding Vision to retain,  
 I lay me down, and try to sleep again.  
 Soon as I rise I haunt the Caves and Groves,  
 (Those conscious Scenes of our once happy Loves)  
 There like some frantick *Bacchanal* I walk,  
 And to my self with sad Distraction talk.  
 Then big with Grief I throw me on the Ground,  
 And view the melancholy *Grotto* round,

Witnes

B 2

Whose



Whose hanging Roof of Moss and craggy Stone  
 Delights my Eyes above the brightest Throne;  
 But when I spy the Bank, whose grassie Bed  
 Retains the Print our weary Bodies made;  
 On thy forsaken side I lay me down,  
 And with a show'r of Tears the Place I drown.  
 The Trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,  
 As if for thee they put their Mourning on.  
 No warbling Bird does now with Musick fill  
 The Woods, except the mournful *Philomel*.  
 With hers my dismal Notes all Night agree,  
 Of *Tereus* she complains, and I of thee.  
 Ungentle Youth! didst thou but see me mourn,  
 Hard as thou art, thou wou'dst, thou wou'dst return.  
 My constant falling Tears the Paper stain,  
 And my weak Hand can scarce direct my Pen.  
 Oh could thy Eyes but reach my dreadful State,  
 As now I stand prepar'd for sudden Fate,  
 Thou cou'dst not see this naked Breast of mine  
 Dasht against Rocks, rather than join'd to thine.  
 Peace, *Sapho*, peace! thou send'st thy fruitless Cries  
 To one more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas.  
 The flying Winds bear thy Complaints away,  
 But none will ever back his Sails convey.  
 No longer then thy hopeless Love attend,  
 But let thy Life here with thy Letter end.



SAPHO

S. A.

SAY

Ca

Must t

To thy

Ask n

The L

Love

And t

I burn

By di

Phaon

While

No m

Musick

Soft S

Love

No m

Once

All o

Ah Y



SAPHO to PHAON.

Wholly Translated,

By Mr. P O P E.

SAY, lovely Youth, that dost my Heart command,  
 Can Phaon's Eyes forget his Sapho's Hand?  
 Must then her Name the wretched Writer prove?  
 To thy Remembrance lost, as to thy Love!  
 Ask not the Cause that I new Numbers chuse,  
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;  
 Love taught my Tears in sadder Notes to flow,  
 And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.  
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn  
 By driving Winds the spreading Flames are born!  
 Phaon to *Aetna's* scorching Fields retires,  
 While I consume with more than *Aetna's* Fires!  
 No more my Soul a Charm in Musick finds,  
 Musick has Charms alone for peaceful Minds:  
 Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can please,  
 Love enters there, and I'm my own Disease:  
 No more the *Lesbian* Dames my Passion move,  
 Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love;  
 All other Loves are lost in only thine,  
 Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine!

Whom wou'd not all those blooming Charms sur-  
prize,

Those heav'nly Looks, and dear deluding Eyes?  
The Harp and Bow wou'd you like *Phæbus* bear,  
A brighter *Phæbus*, *Phaon* might appear;  
Wou'd you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair,  
Not *Bacchus* self with *Phaon* cou'd compare:  
Yet *Phæbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the Flame,  
One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* Dame;  
Nymphs that in Verse no more cou'd rival me,  
'Than ev'n those Gods contend in Charms with thee,  
The Muses teach me all their softest Lays,  
And the wide World resounds with *Sappho's* Praise.  
Tho' great *Alcaeus* more sublimely sings,  
And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings,  
No less Renown attends the moving Lyre,  
Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inspire.  
To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd  
Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd.  
Tho' short my Stature, yet my Name extends  
To Heav'n it self, and Earth's remotest Ends,  
Brown as I am, an *Ethiopian* Dame  
Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a gen'rous Flame,  
Turtles and Doves of diff'ring Hues, unite,  
And glossy Jett is pair'd with shining White.  
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,  
But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,  
*Phaon* alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!

Yet

Yet once  
Once in  
Still all  
For oh  
My Mu  
And al  
You st  
And f  
In all  
And th  
Then  
You st  
Till a  
And i  
The f  
Why  
But a  
That  
Nor  
Thos  
And  
Have  
Shal  
And  
Enu  
My  
My  
Ign  
An  
An

# SAPHO to PHAON.

7

Yet once thy *Sapho* cou'd thy Cares employ,  
 Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy:  
 Still all those Joys to my Remembrance move,  
 For oh! how vast a Memory has Love?  
 My Musick, then, you cou'd for ever hear,  
 And all my Words were Musick to your Ear.  
 You stop'd with Kisses my enchanting Tongue,  
 And found my Kisses sweeter than my Song.  
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;  
 And the last Joy was dearer than the rest.  
 Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,  
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,  
 Till all dissolving in the Trance we lay,  
 And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.  
 The fair *Sicilians* now thy Soul inflame;  
 Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Lesbian* Dame?  
 But ah beware, *Sicilian* Nymphs! nor boast  
 That wandring Heart which I so lately lost;  
 Nor be with all those tempting Words abus'd,  
 Those tempting Words were all to *Sapho* us'd.  
 And you that rule *Sicilia*'s happy Plains,  
 Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's Pains!  
 Shall Fortune still in one sad Tenor run,  
 And still increase the Woes so soon begun?  
 Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,  
 My Parent's Ashes drank my early Tears,  
 My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,  
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive Flame.  
 An Infant Daughter late my Grievs increas'd,  
 And all a Mother's Cares distract my Breast.

Alas, what more could Fate it self impose,  
 But Thee, the last and greatest of my Woes?  
 No more my Robes in waving Purple flow,  
 Nor on my Hand the sparkling Diamonds glow,  
 No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuse  
 The costly Sweetness of *Arabian Dews*,  
 Nor Braids of Gold the vary'd Tresses bind,  
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton Wind:  
 For whom shou'd *Sapho* use such Arts as these?  
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!  
*Cupid's* light Darts my tender Bosom move,  
 Still is there Cause for *Sapho* still to love:  
 So from my Birth the *Sisters* fix'd my Doom,  
 And gave to *Venus* all my Life to come;  
 Or while my Muse in melting Notes complains,  
 My Heart relents, and answers to my Strains.  
 By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won,  
 Who might not--ah! who wou'd not be undone?  
 For those, *Aurora Cephalus* might scorn,  
 And with fresh Blushes paint the conscious Morn.  
 For those might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon's* Sleep,  
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his Sheep.  
*Venus* for those had rapt thee to the Skies,  
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus's* Eyes.  
 O scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy!  
 O useful Time for Lovers to employ!  
 Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,  
 Come to these Arms, and melt in this Embrace!  
 The Vows you never will return, receive:  
 And take at least the Love thou wilt not give.

See,

See, whi  
 The les  
 Sure 'tw  
 (At leas  
 Farewel  
 Or cold  
 No Tea  
 Nor kn  
 No Gi  
 And W  
 No Ch  
 But thi  
 Now b  
 And L  
 When  
 That y  
 Like f  
 Grief  
 No Si  
 Fix'd  
 But w  
 I ren  
 I rav  
 Now  
 Not  
 Who  
 My  
 Inful  
 His  
 And

SAPHO to PHAON.

9

See, while I write, my Words are lost in Tears;  
 The less my Sense, the more my Love appears,  
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,  
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)  
*Farewel my Lesbian Love!* you might have said,  
 Or coldly thus, *Farewel oh Lesbian Maid!*  
 No Tear did you, no parting Kifs receive,  
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
 No Gift on thee thy *Sapho* cou'd confer,  
 And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her:  
 No Charge I gave you, and no Charge cou'd give,  
 But this; *Be mindful of our Loves, and live.*  
 Now by the Nine, those Pow'rs ador'd by me,  
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,  
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
 That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,  
 Like some sad Statue, speechless, pale, I stood;  
 Grief chill'd my Breast, and stop'd my freezing Blood;  
 No Sigh to rise, no Tear had Pow'r to flow;  
 Fix'd in a stupid Lethargy of Woe.  
 But when its way th' impetuous Passion found;  
 I rend my Tresses, and my Breasts I wound,  
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,  
 Now swell to Rage, now melt in Tears again.  
 Not fiercer Pangs distract the mournful Dame,  
 Whose first-born Infant feeds the Fun'ral Flame:  
 My scornful Brother with a Smile appears,  
 Insults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears,  
 His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,  
 And why this Grief? *thy Daughter lives; he cries.*

B 5

Stung.

See,



10 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Stung with my Love, and furious with Despair,  
 All torn my Garments, and my Bosom bare,  
 My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim;  
 Such inconsistent Things are Love and Shame!  
 'Tis thou art all my Care, and my Delight,  
 My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night:  
 O Night more pleasing than the brightest Day,  
 When Fancy gives what Absence takes away,  
 And drest in all its visionary Charms,  
 Restores my fair Deserter to my Arms!  
 Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,  
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:  
 A thousand tender Words, I hear and speak;  
 A thousand melting Kisses, give, and take:  
 Then fiercer Joys----I blush to mention these,  
 Yet while I blush confess how much they please!  
 But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,  
 And all things wake to Life and Joy, but I,  
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
 And close my Eyes, to dream of you again.  
 Then frantick rise, and like some Fury rove  
 Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the silent Grove,  
 As if the silent Grove, and lonely Plains,  
 That knew my Pleasures, cou'd relieve my Pains.  
 I view the *Grotto*, once the Scene of Love,  
 The Rocks around, the hanging Roofs above,  
 Which charm'd me more, with Native Moss o'er-  
 grown,  
 Than *Phrygian* Marble or the *Parian* Stone.

I find  
 Not Hi  
 Here th  
 Where  
 I kifs t  
 And al  
 For the  
 And Bi  
 Night f  
 All, bu  
 With m  
 Of Ter  
 A Sp  
 Clear  
 A flow  
 Shades  
 Eterna  
 Watch  
 Here a  
 Before  
 She ste  
 " Fly  
 " The  
 " Ap  
 " The  
 " The  
 " Den  
 " In  
 " But  
 " De

SAPHO to PHAON. II

I find the Shades that did our Joys conceal,  
Not Him, who made me love those Shades so well!  
Here the prest Herbs with bending tops betray  
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous Folds we lay;  
I kifs that Earth which once was prest by you,  
And all with Tears the with'ring Herbs bedew.  
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,  
And Birds defer their Songs till they Return:  
Night shades the Groves, and all in Silence lye,  
All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I,  
With mournful *Philomel* I join my Strain,  
Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A Spring there is, whose Silyer Waters show,  
Clear as a Glass, the shining Sands below;  
A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its Arms above,  
Shades all the Banks, and seems it self a Grove;  
Eternal Greens the mossie Margin grace,  
Watch'd by the Sylvan *Genius* of the Place.  
Here as I lay, and swell'd with Tears the Flood,  
Before my Sight a Watty Virgin stood,  
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love vain!  
" Fly hence; and seek the far *Leucadian* Main;  
" There stands a Rock from whose impending Steep,  
" *Apollo's* Fane surveys the rolling Deep;  
" There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,  
" Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
" *Dencalion* once with hopeless Fury burn'd,  
" In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrtha* scorn'd;  
" But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,  
" *Dencalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrtha* lov'd in vain.

" Haste.

" Haste, *Sapho*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw  
 " Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deep's be-  
 " low!

She spoke, and vanish'd with the Voice----I rise,  
 And silent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.  
 I go, ye Nymphs! those Rocks and Seas to prove;  
 How much I fear, but ah! how much I love!  
 I go, ye Nymphs! where furious Love inspires:  
 Let Female Fears submit to Female Fires!  
 To Rocks and Seas I fly from *Phaon's* Hate,  
 And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate.  
 Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the Waves below!  
 And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking Limbs sustain,  
 Spread thy soft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,  
 Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltless Flood pro-  
 fane!

On *Phæbus's* Shrine my Marp I'll then bestow,  
 And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.  
 " Here she who sung, to Him that did inspire,  
 " *Sapho* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre,  
 " What suits with *Sapho*, *Phæbus*, suits with thee;  
 " The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree.

But why alas, relentless Youth! ah why  
 To distant Seas must tender *Sapho* fly?  
 Thy Charms than those may far more pow'ful be,  
 And *Phæbus* self is less a God to me.  
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,  
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah!

S  
 Ah! can  
 Dash'd o  
 This Bre  
 Where th  
 Alas! th  
 Untun'd  
 My lang  
 And Fa  
 Ye *Lesbi*  
 Themes  
 No mor  
 No mor  
 Since I  
 Wretch  
 Return  
 Joy to  
 Absent  
 But ah  
 Gods  
 One s  
 The V  
 The  
 Oh w  
 To th  
 If yo  
 Poor  
 O la  
 Venu  
 O l  
 For

Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender Breast  
 Dash'd on sharp Rocks, than to thy Bosom prest?  
 This Breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;  
 Where the *Loves* play'd, and where the *Muses* dwell—  
 Alas! the *Muses* now no more inspire.  
 Untun'd my Lute, and silent is my Lyre,  
 My languid Numbers have forgot to flow,  
 And Fancy sinks beneath a Weight of Woe.  
 Ye *Lesbian* Virgins, and ye *Lesbian* Dames,  
 Themes of my Verse, and Objects of my Flames,  
 No more your Groves with my glad Songs shall ring,  
 No more these Hands shall touch the trembling String:  
 Since *Phaon* fled, I all those Joys resign,  
 Wretch that I am, I'd almost call'd him Mine!  
 Return fair Youth, return, and bring along  
 Joy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song:  
 Absent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires,  
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's Fires?  
 Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move  
 One savage Heart, or teach it how to love?  
 The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear,  
 The flying Winds have lost them all in Air!  
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious Gales  
 To these fond Eyes restore thy welcome Sails?  
 If you return—ah why these long Delays?  
 Poor *Sapho* dies while careless *Phaon* stays.  
 O launch thy Bark, nor fear the watry Plain,  
*Venus* for thee shall smooth her native Main.  
 O launch thy Bark, secure of prosp'rous Gales,  
 For thee shall *Cupid* spread the swelling Sails,

14 OVID'S EPISTLES.

If you will fly----(yet ah! what Cause can be,  
Too cruel Youth, that you shou'd fly from me?)  
If not from *Phaon* I must hope for Ease,  
Ah let me seek it from the raging Seas:  
From thee to those, unpity'd, I'll remove,  
And either cease to live, or cease to love!



*Canace*



*Phill*

By

Demopho  
dra, in  
own Co  
Coasts  
Queen  
When  
that N  
Conque  
of Ath  
Affair  
Queen  
When  
had h  
Letter

You'  
So  
You pro  
Than 't  
Thrice  
and th

# Phillis to Demophoon.

By E. D. POLEY, Esq;

## THE ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, who was Son to Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the Trojan War into his own Country, was by a Tempest driven upon the Coasts of Thrace; where Phillis, who was then Queen of Thrace, entertain'd and Marry'd him. When he had stay'd with her some Time, he heard that Neneſtheus was dead, (who, after he had Conquer'd Theseus, had usurp'd the Government of Athens) and under pretence of settling his own Affairs, he went to Athens, and promis'd the Queen that he would come back again in a Month. When he had been gone four Months, and that she had heard no News of him, she writes him this Letter.

[give  
**Y**ou've gone beyond your Time, and ought to  
 So kind a Wife as Phillis leave to grieve.  
 You promis'd me you would no longer stay,  
 Than 'till the first full Moon should light your Way.  
 Thrice did it since its borrow'd Light renew,  
 And thrice has Chang'd, but not so much as you.

Did



Did you the Days, and Hours, and Minutes tell,  
 As *Phillis* does, and they that love so well,  
 You'd say 'twere time to weep; your Sorrows too  
 Would justify those Tears she sheds for you.  
 Still did I hope, and thought you'd still be here;  
 We hardly can believe those Things we fear;  
 Now 'tis too plain, and, spight of Love and you,  
 I must both fear it, and believe it too.  
 How oft did I deceive my self, and swore  
 I saw your Ship just making to the Shore?  
 Then curs'd those Friends I thought had caus'd you  
 Would you were half so Innocent as they. [st  
 Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming Billows tost, [Co  
 You might be Shipwreck'd whilst you fought  
 And griev'd t'have injur'd whom I thought so true  
 I begg'd that Pardon I'd refus'd to you.  
 Then, cruel Man! did I the Gods implore  
 To let you live, tho' I ne'er saw you more.  
 When I a favourable Gale espy'd,  
 He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.  
 And thus my Love still sought some new Pretence  
 And I grew Eloquent in your Defence.  
 Yet thou avoidst me still, nor do I see  
 Those Promises thou mad'st to Heav'n and me.  
 " But thy false Vows, alas! were all but Wind,  
 " Thy Vows and Wishes made the Gale more kind  
 " They fill'd your Sails, and you were forc'd away  
 " By the same Wishes, which you made to stay.  
 What have I done, but lov'd to an Excess?  
 You'd not been Guilty had I lov'd you less,

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 25

My only Crime is, Loving you too well;  
 But sure some Merit in that Crime does dwell.  
 Where's now your Faith? And where's the Love you  
 bore?  
 Where are the Gods by whom you falsly swore?  
 Where's *Hymen* too, who join'd our tender Years?  
 He bid me love, and banish'd all my Fears.  
 You swore by th' swelling Billows of the Main,  
 Which you oft try'd and yet would trust again,  
 Rather than stay with me, tho' much more kind,  
 And constant too, than are the Seas or Wind.  
 You swore by the Great Ruler of the Flood,  
 The Heav'nly Author of your Royal Blood;  
 (If e'er a God had any thing to do  
 In one so false and so unkind as you)  
 You swore by *Venus*, and the fatal Steel  
 Of those proud Darts, which too too much I feel;  
 And by great *Juno*, whose resistless Art  
 Gave thee my Hand, when I had giv'n my Heart.  
 Thou swor'st so much, that if each God should be  
 Just to revenge his injur'd self and me,  
 Such num'rous Mischiefs on thy Head would fall,  
 Thou'dst not have room enough to bear them all.  
 Distracted I, as if I'd fear'd your Stay,  
 Repair'd your Ships to hurry you away.  
 What Haste you wanted, my curs'd Care supply'd,  
 Oars to your Sails, and Current to your Tide.  
 Thus was I falsely by my self betray'd,  
 And perish'd by the Wounds my Hands have made.

I foolishly believ'd those Oaths you swore,  
 The Race you boasted, and the Gods you bore.  
 Who could have thought such gentle Words e'er hung  
 Upon a treacherous, deluding Tongue?  
 I saw your Tears, and I believ'd them all;  
 Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?  
 What needed all that num'rous Perjury?  
 One was enough to her that lov'd like me.  
 I'm not ashamed I did your Ships receive,  
 And your own Wants did carefully relieve;  
 Those Debts I ow'd you on a nobler Score;  
 But then, 'tis true, I should have done no more.  
 All I repent, is that I basely strove  
 To increase your Welcome by a Nuptial Love.  
 That Night that usher'd in th' unhappy Day,  
 Which did me to your guilty Love betray;  
 I wish that fatal Night had been my last;  
 'Then I had dy'd, but then I had been Chast.  
 I hop'd you were, 'cause I deserv'd you, *Tru'd*  
 Is it a Crime to wish what is our Due?  
 'Tis sure no mighty Glory to deceive  
 A tender Maid, so willing to believe.  
 My Weakness does but heighten your Offence,  
 You kindly should have spar'd my Innocence.  
 You've gain'd a Maid that lov'd you, and may't be  
 Your greatest Prize, and only Victory.  
 May your proud Statue, rais'd by this Success,  
 Shame your great Father, 'cause his Crimes were less;  
 And when late Story shall of Tyrants tell,  
 And who by Syron, and Procrustes fell;

The Cent  
 Who 'tw  
 Then fo  
 Here's H  
 A Lovin  
 Of all t  
 His Treas  
 What on  
 You bot  
 He Ari  
 Enjoys a  
 But the  
 'Cause I  
 Let her,  
 We'll fir  
 Thus all  
 Which d  
 But may  
 Who jud  
 For shou  
 They'd  
 plain  
 Then w  
 Both for  
 But I ha  
 Forget't  
 Methink  
 Thy Sail  
 When b  
 And wit

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 25

The Centaurs Flight, the Thebans Overthrow,  
 Who 'twas durst force the dismal Shades below;  
 Then for your Honour shall at last be said,  
*Here's He, who by a wretched Wile betray'd*  
*A Loving, Innocent, Believing Maid.*  
 Of all those Acts, we in your Father knew,  
 His Treachery alone remains in you.  
 What only can excuse the Ills you do,  
 You both Inherit and Admire it too.  
 He Ariadne did betray, but she  
 Enjoys a Husband mightier far than He.  
 But the scorn'd Thracians my Embraces shun,  
 'Cause I from them into thy Arms did run.  
 Let her, they cry, to learned Greece be gone,  
 We'll find a Monarch to supply the Throne.  
 Thus all we do depends on an ill Fate,  
 Which does for ever on th' Unhappy wait;  
 But may that Fate all his best Thoughts attend,  
 Who judges others Actions by the End.  
 For should'st thou ever bless these Seas again,  
 They'd praise that Love of which they now com-  
 plain.  
 Then would they say, *What could she better do,*  
*Both for her self, and for her Kingdom too?*  
 But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,  
 Forget'st my Empire, and forget'st my Bed.  
 Methinks I see thee still, Demophoon,  
 Thy Sails all hoisted, ready to be gone.  
 When boldly thou did'st my soft Limbs embrace,  
 And with long Kisses dwelt'st upon my Face;

Th

C

Drown'd

Drown'd in my *Tears*, and in your own you lay,  
 And curs'd the Winds that hasten'd you away.  
 Then parting cry'd, (methinks I hear thee still)  
*Phillis I'll come, you may be sure I will.*  
 Can I expect that thou'lt e'er see this Shore,  
 Who left'st it that thou ne'er might'st see me more  
 And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may  
 Be only Guilty in too long a Stay.  
 What do I ask? Thou, by new Charms possess'd,  
 Forget'st my *Kindness* on another *Breast*;  
 And, better to compleat the *Treachery*,  
 Swear'st all those Oaths, which thou hast broke to me  
 And hast (false Man) perhaps forgot my Name,  
 And ask'st too, who I am, and whence I came?  
 But that thou better may'st remember me,  
 Know, thou ungrateful Man, that I am she,  
 Who, when thou'dst wander'd all the Ocean o'er,  
 Harbour'd thy Ships, and welcom'd thee to Shore,  
 Thy Coffers still replenish'd from my own,  
 And to that height a Prodigal was grown,  
 I gave thee all thou ask'dst, and gave so fast,  
 I gave my self into thy Pow'r at last;  
 I gave my *Scepter* and my *Crown* to Thee,  
 A Weight too heavy to be born by me.  
 Where *Hamus* does his shady Head display,  
 And gentle *Heber* cuts his *Sacred* Way,  
 So great's the *Empire*, and so wide the *Land*,  
 Scarce to be govern'd by a *Woman's* Hand,  
 She whom *Fate* would not suffer to be Chast,  
 Whose Nuptials with a Fun'ral Pomp was grac'd;

Shu

Shrill Cry  
 And our  
 Then clo  
 And soug  
 And now  
 I run to  
 And view  
 All Day  
 Impatien  
 And whe  
 I thank  
 Then wi  
 Nor can  
 When ne  
 A sudden  
 And lea  
 Hard by  
 There ly  
 Oft I've  
 To thro  
 Wild wi  
 Since yo  
 And wh  
 May'st t  
 Unburie  
 Harder  
 Yet shal  
 Phillis,  
 Raging  
 And qu

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 27

Shrill Cries disturb'd us 'midst our swiftest Joys,  
 And our drawn Curtains trembled with the Noise,  
 Then close to thee I clung, all drown'd in Tears,  
 And sought my Shelter, where I'd found my Fears.  
 And now while others drown their Care in Sleep,  
 I run to th' barren Shore and Rocks, to weep,  
 And view with longing Eyes the spacious Deep.  
 All Day and Night I the Winds Course survey,  
 Impatient 'till I find it blows this Way:  
 And when a-far, a coming Sail I view,  
 I thank my Stars, and I conclude 'tis you;  
 Then with strange haste I run my Love to meet;  
 Nor can the flowing Waters stop my Feet.  
 When near, I grow more fearful than before,  
 A sudden Trembling seizes me all o'er,  
 And leaves my Body breathless on the Shore.  
 Hard by, where two huge Mountains guard the Way,  
 There lyes a fearful, solitary Bay;  
 Oft I've resolv'd, while on this Place I've stood,  
 To throw my self into the raging Flood,  
 Wild with Despair, and I will do it still,  
 Since you continue thus to use me ill.  
 And when the kinder Waves shall waft me o'er,  
 May'st thou behold my Body on the Shore  
 Unburied lye; and though thy Cruelty  
 Harder than Stone, or than thy self should be,  
 Yet shalt thou cry, astonish'd with the Show,  
 Phillis, I was not to be follow'd so.  
 Raging with Poisons would I oft expire,  
 And quench my own by a much happier Fire!



Then to revenge the Loss of all my Rest,  
 Would stab thy Image in my tortur'd Breast.  
 Or by a Knot (more welcome far to me  
 Than that, false Man, which I have ty'd with thee,  
 Strangle that Neck, where those false Arms of thine  
 With treach'rous Kindness, us'd so oft to twine ;  
 And as becomes a poor Unhappy Wife,  
 Repair my ruin'd Honour with my Life.  
 When we can once with our hard Fate comply,  
 'Tis easie then to chuse the Way to die.  
 Then on my Tomb shall the proud Cause be read,  
 And thy sad Crime still live, when I am dead :  
 Poor Phillis dy'd, by him she lov'd oppress'd ;  
 The truest Mistress, by the falsest Guest.  
 He was the cruel Cause of all her Woe,  
 But her own Hand perform'd the fatal Blow.



Philli



Phi

Demop

turnin

Wind

was

rity

stum

whon

the

ther)

of A

turni

ing a

tion

Phil

Epist

P Hill

Fa

How w

And se

How d

Within



# Phillis to Demophoon.

By Mr. E. D. FLOYD.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, the Son of Theseus and Phædra, returning from the Trojan Wars, was by adverse Winds driven on the Thracian Shore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by Phillis, Daughter to Lycurgus and Crustumena, King and Queen of Thrace: With whom, after he had a while remain'd, hearing of the Death of Mnestheus (the Deposer of his Father) he went to take Possession of his own Realm of Athens, yet with earnest Protestations of returning within the Space of one Month. But being detain'd past the appointed time by the Distractions his People were under, he gave occasion to Phillis (impatient of delays) to write him this Epistle.

**P**hillis (who entertain'd thy Love and Thee,  
Faithless Demophoon) blames thy Perjury:  
How when with pain we parted didst thou mourn,  
And seem'dst to live alone for thy return!  
How didst thou limit my distress, and swear  
Within one Month thy speedy presence here!

Yet now four Moons are weary'd out, and see  
 Thee still regardless of thy Vows and me.  
 Hadst thou a tender Sense to know the Pain  
 Of absent Lovers, who expect in vain,  
 Thou wouldst not call me hasty, nor upbraid  
 These humble Murmurs of a Wife betray'd.  
 We're slow in our believing Ills, for I  
 Flatter'd my self that yet I shou'd not die:  
 My self I've oft deluded,----thought thee kind---  
 ---Thy Ship returning with a prosp'rous Wind:  
*Thesens* I've curst, and yet unjustly him,  
 For thou perhaps art Author of thy Crime.  
 The dang'rous Shoals of *Hebrus* made me mourn,  
 As fancying thee expos'd in thy return.  
 Oft for thy Health I've sought the Gods by Pray'r,  
 And Incense burnt to place thee in their Care.  
 Whene'er the Wind stood fair, I fancy'd freight  
 Thy sudden Presence, or thy certain Fate.  
 Then have I study'd Reasons for thy stay,  
 And urg'd my Wit to favour thy delay:  
 Yet dost not thou the Sense of Vows retain,  
 To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.  
 Thy strictest Vows did mix with common Air,  
 Nor does thy tardy Fleet the Fault repair.  
 Thy Absence fully does my Crime reprove,  
 And seems design'd to pay so cheap a Love.  
 My only fault was loving easily,  
 And yet that fault claims gratitude in Thee. [where  
 Where's now thy Faith,---thy suppliant Hands, and  
 The God prophand by thy fallacious Pray'r?

Where's

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 31

Where's *Hymen* now that should our Hearts unite,  
 Bless and secure our conjugal delight?  
 First, by the Sea thou swor'st thy Meaning just,  
 The Sea that then thou wert about to trust:  
 Thou swor'st by thy pretended Grandfire's Name,  
 The God that does rebellious Storms reclaim:  
 By *Venus* and by Love's Artillery,  
 The Instruments of mighty Woes to me:  
 By *Juno*, who of Marriage Vows takes care,  
 And *Ceres*, who the hallow'd Torch does bear:  
 Shou'd these wrong'd Pow'rs be just, cou'dst thou with-  
 The angry stroke of an Almighty Hand? [stand  
 Thy Ships I did repair, thy Sails improve,  
 And strengthen'd the deserter of my Love.  
 I gave thee Ours as Instruments of speed,  
 And sharpen'd all the Darts by which I bleed.  
 Thy Words,—thy Kindred Gods—whate'er was feign'd  
 With Joy I heard, with Faith I entertain'd:  
 View'd with regard thy false commanded Tears,  
 Thy artful Sorrow, and thy seeming Fears.  
 Thy Arts of Love to me thou might'st have spar'd,  
 For I was too unhappily prepar'd.  
 Nor shou'd I grieve to have well treated thee,  
 And limited my Hospitality,  
 But to admit thee loosely to my Breast,  
 Is Treason, fatal to my present Rest.  
 Ah! had I dy'd before that Evening came,  
 I then had dy'd in Peace, secure of Fame.  
 Yielding I hop'd thy Gratitude might move,  
 And shewing mine, deserve thy utmost Love.

But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd  
 (All pitiless) a frail believing Maid:  
 A Maid that lov'd thee thou hast robb'd of Fame,  
 And may no greater Honour reach thy Name.  
 In *Athens* when thy Statue shall be plac'd  
 Near thy great Father with his Trophies grac'd;  
 When *Scyron* and *Procrustes* shall be read,  
*Scinis* and *Minotaure* in triumph lead:  
*Thebes* quite reduc'd, the *Centaures* overcome,  
 Hell storm'd, and the black King disturb'd at home  
 Thy hated Image thus inscrib'd shall end---  
 ---He who betray'd his Mistress and his Friend,  
 Of all thy mighty Father has achiev'd,  
 Thou lik'st that *Ariadne* was deceiv'd:  
 What he repented, thou dost still admire,  
 And only to his Treachery art Heir:  
 (Unenvy'd) she enjoys a nobler Mate,  
 And drawn by harness'd Tygers, rides in State.  
 The *Thracians*, whom I scorn'd, now shun my Bed,  
 As one by strange polluted hands mis-led:  
 Says one, Let learned *Athens* be her place,  
 Some nobler Hand shall govern warlike *Thrace*.  
 The End proves all---and may he never hit  
 His rash Presage, who dares condemn thee yet,  
 For shou'dst thou now return, each will conclude  
 I study'd with my own my Country's Good:  
 I've fail'd, alas! Thou no review dost make  
 Or of my Palace or the Chrystal Lake.  
 My Eyes retain thy graceful Image, when  
 With mournful Bows thou bad'st me hope again.

Thou

# PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 33

Thou did'st embrace me, and with such delay,  
 That long-breath'd Kisses seem'd to mean thy stay;  
 Thou didst exchange, and mix our Tears, and swear  
 The Wind was inauspicious, when 'twas fair;  
 When our Divorce thou cou'dst no more decline,  
 Thou said'st, *Expect me---Phillis, I am thine* :  
 Him I expect, who meant to come no more,  
 And Ships no more design'd to touch this Shore :  
 Yet still I hope---ah! come, tho' past thy time,  
 That thy delay may be thy only Crime.  
 Some wanton Maid (perhaps) seduces thee,  
 And buys thy Love with cheap Discourse of me.  
 Thou can'st not be unmindful who I am,  
 Consult thy self for my neglected Name;  
*Phillis*, thy constant, hospitable Friend,  
 Who did her Harbour and Assistance lend:  
 Love, Empire, All submitted to thy Will,  
 Who gave thee much, and wish'd to give thee still;  
*Lycurgus*' Land surrender'd to thy sway,  
 And to thy Hand its Scepter did convey,  
 As far as *Rhodope* and *Hemus* go,  
 And the soft Streams of sacred *Hebrus* flow;  
 Thee my last Blushes blest, thy Loves long Toils  
 Rewarded with my conquer'd Virgin Spoils.  
 The howling Fiends and ominous Birds of Night  
 With dismal Notes perform'd each Nuptial Rite:  
 With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alesto* came,  
 To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.  
 On Rocks I walk---and o'er the barren Sand,  
 Far as my Eyes can reach the spacious Strand;



Look out all Hours to see what Wind stands fair,  
 By Earth's cold damp untir'd, or Heav'n's bleak Air;  
 When any distant Sail I chance to spy,  
 I fancy thy loose Streamers drawing nigh;  
 Launch'd into Sea, the tardy Gales I chide,  
 And to meet thee I stem th' impetuous Tide;  
 When their Approach declares my Hopes are vain,  
 I fainting crave th' Assistance of my Train.  
 Above the Bay, which the spent Billows blocks,  
 And forms a Precipice of pendent Rocks,  
 Thence my Despair presented me a Grave,  
 And nought but thy return my Life shall save.  
 May some kind Wave to thy own Shore convey,  
 And at thy Feet thy floating *Phyllis* lay,  
 Thy melting Heart this dismal sound will groan,  
 In these Embraces join'd, we meet too soon---  
 Oft have I thirsted for a pois'nous draught,  
 As oft a Death from some kind Ponyard sought;  
 Oft round that Neck a silken Twine I cast,  
 Which once thy dear perfidious Arms embrac'd.  
 By Death I'll heal my present Infamy,  
 But stay to choose the speediest way to die.  
 This sad short Epitaph shall speak my Doom,  
 And fix my mournful Story on my Tomb,  
*This Monument did false Demophoon build,*  
*With the cold Ashes of his Mistress fill'd;*  
*He was the Cause, and hers the Hand that kill'd.*



*Hyperme*

*2000*

*Hy*

Danaus

*Daug*

Dana

*Broth*

*In R*

*Mur*

*All*

*Hush*

*wara*

*Epi*

**T** O

Writes

Unhap

For sav

Had I l

Let me

Is Guil

Torme

Thoug

# *Hypermnestra to Linus.*

By Mr. W R I G H T.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Danaus, King of Argos, had by several Wives fifty Daughters, his Brother Egyptus as many Sons. Danaus, refusing to Marry his Daughters to his Brother's Sons, was at last compelled by an Army. In Revenge, he Commands his Daughters each to Murder her Husband on the Wedding Night: All obey'd but Hypermnestra, who assisted her Husband Linus to escape; for which being afterwards Imprisoned and put in Irons, she writes this Epistle.*

**T**O that dear Brother who alone survives  
 Of Fifty, late, whose Love betray'd their Lives,  
 Writes she that suffers in her Lord's Defence:  
 Unhappy Wife, whose Crime's her Innocence!  
 For saving him I love, I'm Guilty call'd:  
 Had I been truly so, I'd been extoll'd.  
 Let me be Guilty still, since this they say  
 Is Guilt, I glory thus to disobey.  
 Torments nor Death shall draw me to repent:  
 Though against me they use that Instrument

From

*Hypermn*

From which I sav'd a Husband's dearer Life,  
 And with one Sword kill *Linus* in his Wife;  
 Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,  
 Or blush t' have lov'd: That let my *Sisters* do:  
 Such Shame, and such Repentance is their due.  
 I'm seiz'd with Terror, while I but relate,  
 And shun Remembrance of a Crime I hate!  
 The frightful Memory of that dire Night  
 Enervates so my Hand I scarce can write.  
 Howe'er I'll try. With Ceremony gay,  
 About the Set of Night, and Rise of Day,  
 The wicked Sisters were in Triumph led,  
 And I among 'em, to the Nuptial Bed.  
 The Marriage Lights, as Fun'ral Lamps appear,  
 And threatening Omens meet us ev'ry where.  
 As they call: *Hymen* neglects their Cries:  
 Nay *Juno* too from her own *Argos* flies.  
 Now come the Bridegrooms, high with Wine, to find  
 Something with us, more lov'd than Wine, behind.  
 Full of impatient Love, careless and brave,  
 They seize the Bed, nor seeing there a Grave.  
 What follow'd, Shame forbids me to express;  
 But who so Ignorant as not to guess.  
 Now their tir'd Senses they to Sleep commit,  
 A Sleep as still as Death; ah, too like it!  
 'Twas then, methought, I heard their Groans that dy'd;  
 Alas! 'twas more than Thought! I, terrify'd,  
 Lay trembling, cold, and without Pow'r to move  
 In that dear Bed, which you had made me love.

While

While you  
 Charm'd  
 Fearing t  
 Witness, f  
 Bewixt th  
 Thrice o'  
 In such a  
 I rais'd th  
 But ah!  
 My Soul  
 A thousa  
 'Dost th  
 'Dost th  
 'How ca  
 'Can I  
 'What  
 'Eye, th  
 'Thy Si  
 'With S  
 'If not  
 'No, I  
 'Linus  
 'What  
 'For h  
 'Were  
 'Prefer  
 'Pony  
 'Soft  
 'As I la  
 Dropt

# HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS. 37

While you in the soft Bonds of Sleep lay fast,  
Charm'd with the Joys of Love, then newly past:  
Fearing to disobey, I rise at last.

Witness, sweet Heav'ns, how tender was the Strife  
Betwixt the Name of Daughter and of Wife.

Thrice o'er your Breast, which did so lately join  
In such an Ecstasie of Love to mine,

I rais'd the pointed Steel to pierce that Part;

But ah! th' Attempt strook nearer my own Heart.

My Soul divided thus, these Words, among

A thousand Sighs, fell softly from my Tongue.

'Dost thou not heed a Father's awful Will?

'Dost thou not fear his Pow'r? On then, and kill.

How can I kill, when I consider who?

Can I think Death? against a Lover too?

What has my Sex with Blood and Arms to do?

'Ere, thou art now by Love to Shame betray'd:

Thy Sister-Brides by this have all obey'd.

With Shame their Courage and their Duty see:

If not a Daughter, yet a Sister be.

No, I will never strike: If one must die,

Linus shall live, and my Death his supply.

What has he done, or I, what greater Ill?

For him to die, and I, much worse, to kill?

Were he as guilty as my Father wou'd

Present him, why must I be stain'd with Blood?

Ponyards and Swords ill with my Sex agree:

Soft Looks, and Sighs of Love, our Weapons be.

As I lamented thus, the Tears apace

Dropt from my pitying Eyes, on thy lov'd Face.

While

While

While you, with kind and am'rous Dreams possess,  
 Threw carelessly your dear Arm o'er my Breast,  
 There thinking to repeat Joys lately known,  
 Your Hand upon my Sword was almost thrown.  
 'Twas time to call; no longer I forbore,  
 Dreading the Day's approach my Father's more.  
 Wake, *Linus*, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,  
 Or sleep for ever here: Th' Alarm you take,  
 Start up; ask twenty Questions in one Breath:  
 To all I answer thus--- Delay is Death;  
 Fly while 'tis dark, and 'scape eternal Night.  
 While it was dark you made a happy Flight:  
 I stay'd to meet the Terrors of the Light.  
 With Day my Father comes, the Dead to view;  
 And finds the dismal Sum one short, by you.  
 Enrag'd to see his Treachery betray'd,  
 By his Command, I'm thus in Fetters laid.  
 Is this Reward due to my Love from Fate?  
 Ah, wretched Flame! Passion unfortunate!

Since *Io* suffer'd under *Juno*'s Rage,  
 Nothing that Rivall'd Goddesses can assuage;  
 Th' unhappy Mistress of the mighty *Jove*,  
 Chang'd to a Cow, a Form unapt for Love,  
 Views in her Father's Streams her Head's Array,  
 Sees her own Horns, and frighted, starts away.  
 When she'd complain, she lows; and equal Fears  
 From her new self surprise her Eyes and Ears,  
 In vain to lose the frightful Shape she tries,  
 For *Io* follows still, where *Io* flies,

H  
 In vain f  
 Can she  
 Sadly sev  
 Whose B  
 Gulls an  
 Her only  
 What ne  
 Is a fresh  
 A doubl  
 Both for  
 Yet, as i  
 'Cause I,  
 But, m  
 Or of th  
 If any M  
 Or of th  
 Now, L  
 Who wa  
 If I life f  
 And Dea  
 Yet my  
 And giv  
 When I'  
 Then let  
 Here l  
 Who c  
 Here I n  
 'Tis qui

# HYPERMNESTA to LINUS. 39

In vain she wanders over Lands and Seas;  
 Can she find Cure whose self is the Disease?  
 Sadly severe the Change in her appear'd,  
 Whose Beauty *Jove* has lov'd, and *Juno* fear'd.  
 Grass and the Springs her Food and Drink supply:  
 Her only Lodging's the unsheltring Sky.

What need I urge Antiquity? my Fate  
 Is a fresh Instance of the Goddess' Hate.  
 A double stock of Tears by me are spilt,  
 Both for my Brothers Death, and Sisters Guilt.

Yet, as if that were small, these Chains arrive,  
 'Cause I, alone, am guiltless, you alive.

But, my dear Lord, if any Thought you have,  
 Of the Love, or of the Life I gave:  
 If any Memory with you does last,

Of the Pleasures, or the Dangers past,  
 Now, *Linus*, now some Help to her afford,  
 Who wants the Liberty she gave her Lord.

If Life forsake me e'er I you can see,  
 And Death, before my *Linus*, set me free,  
 Yet my unhappy Earth from hence remove,  
 And give those Obsequies are due to Love.  
 When I'm interr'd I know some Tears will fall:  
 Then let this little Epitaph be all.

*Here lies a Love compleat, tho' hapless Wife,  
 Who catch'd the Death aim'd at her Husband's Life,  
 Here I must rest my Hand, tho' much remains,  
 'Tis quite disabled with the Weight of Chains.*

*Ariadne*





## Ariadne to Theseus.

### The A R G U M E N T.

Minus, King of Crete, by a sharp War compell'd the Athenians, (who had treacherously slain his Son Androgeos,) to send yearly seven young Men and as many Virgins, to be devour'd by the Minotaure; a Monster begotten by a Bull upon the Wife Pasiphae, while he was engaged in that War. The Chance at last fell upon Theseus to be sent among those Youths; who by the Instructions of Ariadne escaped out of the Labyrinth, after he had kill'd the Minotaure, and, together with her, fled to the Isle of Naxos. But, being commanded by Bacchus, he forsook her, while she slept. When she awak'd, and found her self deserted, she writes this Letter.

**T**HAN savage Beasts more fierce, more to be fear'd  
 Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am spar'd!  
 These Lines from that unhappy Shore I write,  
 Where you forsook me in your faithless Flight,  
 And the most tender Lover did betray,  
 While lock'd in Sleep, and in your Arms she lay.  
 When Morning Dew on all the Fields did fall,  
 And Birds with early Songs for Day did call;

Th

seus.

ar compell  
ssly slain  
young Ma  
by the M  
ull upon  
in that W  
s to be se  
structions  
after he h  
ith her, f  
command  
slept. Wh  
eserted, f

to be fear'd  
n spar'd!  
write,  
s Flight,

ns she lay.  
lid fall,  
d call;

Th



Then I  
And so  
Oft sou  
My fol  
Startle  
Then o  
Beat the  
And to  
By the  
But all  
Then e  
But ill  
Weary  
Refusin  
To all  
The Hi  
Oft the  
And kin  
Tho'  
To clim  
(My fun  
From th  
Far off  
In your  
(They c  
I saw, c  
And my  
Thus di  
In new

ARIADNE to THESEUS. 41

Then I, half sleeping, stretch'd metow'rd's your Place,  
 And sought to press you with a new Imbrace:  
 Oft sought to press you close, but still in vain;  
 My folding Arms came empty back again.  
 Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,  
 Then on my widow'd Bed fell raging down:  
 Beat the fond Breast, where, spight of me, you dwell,  
 And tore that Hair, which you once lik'd so well.  
 By the Moon's Light I the wide Shore did view,  
 But all was Desart, and no Sight of you.  
 Then every Way with Love's mad Haste I fly,  
 But ill my Feet with my Desires comply;  
 Weary they sink in the deep yielding Sands,  
 Refusing to obey such wild Commands.  
 To all the Shore of *Theseus* I complain,  
 The Hills and Rocks send back that Name again:  
 Oft they repeat aloud the mournful Noise,  
 And kindly aid a hoarse and dying Voice.  
 Tho' faint, yet still impatient, next I try  
 To climb a rough steep Mountain which was nigh:  
 (My furious Love unusual Strength supply'd:)  
 From thence, casting my Eyes on every side,  
 Far off the flying Vessel I espy'd.  
 In your swell'd Sails the wanton Winds did play,  
 (They court you since they see you false as they)  
 I saw, or fancy'd that I saw you there,  
 And my chill Veins froze up with cold Despair:  
 Thus did I languish, 'till returning Rage  
 In new Extreams did my fir'd Soul ingage.

*Theseus,*

*Thesens*, I cry, perfidious *Thesens* stay!

(But you are deaf, deaf as the Winds, or Sea!)

Stay your false Flight, and let your Vessel bear

Hence the whole Number which she landed here!

In loud and doleful Shrieks I tell the rest;

And with fresh Fury wound my hated Breast.

Then all my shining Ornaments I tear,

And with stretch'd Arms wave them in open Air,

That you might see her whom you could not hear.

But when out of my Sight the Vessel flew,

And the Horizon shut me from the View;

From my sad Eyes, what Floods of Tears did fall!

(Till then Rage would not let me weep at all.)

Still let them weep, for losing sight of you,

'Tis the whole Business which they ought to do.

Like *Bacchus* raving Priests sometimes I go:

With such wild Haste, with Hair dishevel'd so.

Then on some craggy Rock sit silent down,

As cold, unmov'd, and senseless as the Stone.

To our once happy Bed I often fly;

(No more the Place of mutual Love and Joy.)

See where my much lov'd *Thesens* once was laid,

And kiss the Print which his dear Body made.

Here we both lay, I cry, false Bed restore

My *Thesens*; kind and faithful as before.

I brought him here, here lost him while I slept.

How well, false Bed, you have my Lover kept!

Alone and helpless in this desert Place,

The steps of Man or Beast I cannot trace,

ARIADNE to THESEUS. 43

On ev'ry side the foaming Billows bear,  
 But no kind Ship does offer a Retreat.  
 And should the Gods send me some lucky Sail,  
 Calm Seas, good Pilots, and a prosp'rous Gale;  
 Yet then my Native Soil I durst not see,  
 But a sad Exile must for ever be.  
 From all *Crete's* hundred Cities I am curst,  
 From that fam'd Isle where Infant *Jove* was nurs't.  
*Crete* I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,  
 Betray'd my Father, who that Crown does wear,  
 When to your Hands the fatal Clew I gave,  
 Which thro' the winding Lab'rinth led you safe:  
 Then how you lov'd, how eagerly imbrac'd!  
 How oft you swore, by all your Dangers past,  
 That with my Life your Love should ever last!  
 Ah, perjur'd *Theseus*, I thy Love survive,  
 If one forsaken and expos'd does live.  
 Had you slain me, as you my Brother slew,  
 You'd then absolv'd your self from ev'ry Vow;  
 Now both my present Grief denies me Rest,  
 And all, that a wild Fancy can suggest  
 Of dreadful Ills to come, distracts my Breast.  
 Before my Eyes a thousand Deaths appear,  
 I live, yet suffer all the Deaths I fear.  
 Sometimes I think that Lions there do go,  
 And scarce dare trust my Sight, that 'tis not so.  
 Imagine that fierce Wolves are howling there,  
 And at th' imagin'd Noise shrink up with Fear.  
 Then think what Monsters from the Sea may rise,  
 Or fancy bloody Swords before my Eyes.

But



But most I dread to be a Captive made,  
 And see these Hands in servile Works imploy'd,  
 Unworthy my Extraction from a Line  
 On one side Royal, and on both Divine :  
 And, (which my Indignation more would move,)  
 Unworthy her whom *Theseus* once did love.

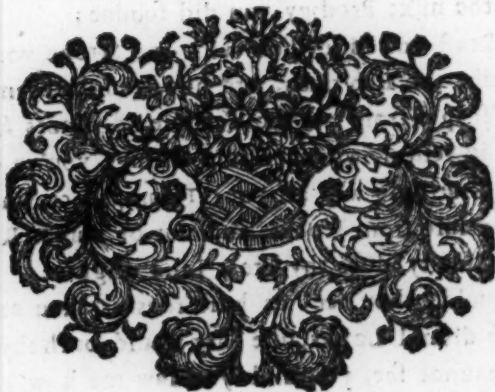
If tow'rs the Sea I look, or tow'rs the Land,  
 Objects of Horror still before me stand.  
 Nor dare I look tow'rs Heav'n, or hope to find  
 Aid from those Gods who chang'd my *Theseus'* Mind.  
 If Beasts alone within this Island stay,  
 Behold me left to them a helpless Prey !  
 If Men dwell here they must be Savage too ;  
 This Soil, this Heaven made gentle *Theseus* so.  
 Would *Athens* never had my Brother slain,  
 Nor for his paid so many Lives again.  
 Would thy strong Arm had never giv'n the Wound  
 Which strack the doubtful Monster to the Ground,  
 Nor I had giv'n the guiding Thread to thee,  
 Which, to my own Destruction, set thee free.  
 Let the unknowing World thy Conquest praise,  
 It does not *Ariadne's* Wonder raise :  
 So hard a Heart, unarm'd, might safely scorn  
 The Strength and Sharpness of the Monster's Horn.  
 If Flint or Steel could be secure of Wound,  
 No room for Fear could in that Breast be found.  
 Curst be the Sleep which seal'd these Eyes so fast !  
 Curst, that begun, it did not ever last !  
 For ever curst be that officious Wind,  
 Which fill'd thy Sails, and in my Ruin join'd !

Curst

# ARIADNE to THESEUS. 45

Curst Hand, which me, and which my Brother kill'd!  
 (With what Misfortunes our sad House't has fill'd!)  
 And curst the Tongue, which with soft Words betray'd,  
 And empty Vows, a poor believing Maid!  
 Sleep and the Winds against me had combin'd  
 In vain, if perjur'd *Theseus* had not join'd.  
 Poor *Ariadne*, thou must perish here,  
 Breathe out thy Soul in strange and hated Air,  
 Nor see thy pitying Mother shed one Tear:  
 Want a kind Hand which thy fix'd Eyes may close,  
 And thy stiff Limbs may decently compose.  
 Thy Carcass to the Birds must be a Prey.  
 Thus *Theseus* all thy Kindness does repay!  
 Mean while to *Athens* your swift Ship does run;  
 There tell the wondring Crowd what you have done:  
 How the mixt Prodigy you did subdue;  
 The Beast and Man, how with one Stroke you slew.  
 Describe the Lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,  
 You 'scap'd from all those perplex'd Mazes free.  
 Tell, in return, what gen'rous Things you've done:  
 Such Gratitude will all your Triumphs crown!  
 Sprung sure from Rocks, and not of human Race!  
 Thy Cruelty does thy great Line disgrace.  
 Yet couldst thou see, as barb'rous as thou art,  
 These dismal Looks, sure they would touch thy Heart.  
 You cannot see, yet think you saw me now  
 Fix'd to some Rock, as if I there did grow,  
 And trembling at the Waves which roll below.  
 Look on my torn and my disorder'd Hairs,  
 Look on my Robe wet through with show'rs of Tears.  
 With

With the cold Blasts see my whole Body shakes,  
 And my numm'd Hand unequal Letters makes.  
 I do not urge my hated Merit now,  
 But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe. |  
 I neither sav'd your Life, nor set you free:  
 Yet therefore must you force this Death on me?  
 Ah! see this wounded Breast worn out with Sighs,  
 And these faint Arms stretch'd to the Seas and Skies,  
 See these few Hairs yet spar'd by Grief and Rage,  
 Some Pity let these flowing Tears engage.  
 Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,  
 Yet lay my Ashes in their peaceful Urn.



*Herm*

*Her*

*By*

*Hermion  
 was  
 Mene  
 House  
 Her  
 bethro  
 who,  
 away.  
 lows.*

*THI  
 Fr  
 Your Co  
 Of Wife  
 What V  
 Yet I'm  
 With m  
 I strove  
 Stand  
 My in  
 Yet he  
 To his*

# Hermione to Orestes.

By JOHN PULTNEY, Esq;

## The ARGUMENT.

*Hermione, the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather (to whom Menelaus had committed the Government of his House when he went to Troy) contracted to Orestes. Her Father Menelaus, not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to Pyrrhus, the Son of Achilles, who, returning from the Trojan Wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to Orestes as follows.*

**T**HIS, dear *Orestes*, this, with Health to you,  
 From her that was your Wife and Cousin-too;  
 Your Cousin still, but oh! that dearer Name  
 Of Wife, another now does falsely claim.  
 What Woman can, I have already done,  
 Yet I'm confin'd by rough *Achilles'* Son.  
 With much of Pain, and all the Art I knew,  
 I strove to shun him, yet all would not do.  
 Stand off, said I, foul Ravisher take heed,  
 My injur'd Husband will Revenge this Deed;  
 Yet he, more deaf than angry Tempests are,  
 To his loath'd Chamber drag'd me by the Hair.

HAQ

*Herm*

Had *Troy* still stood, had every *Grecian* Dame  
 Become a Prey to th' haughty Victor's Flame,  
 What could I more have suffer'd than I do?  
 Far more than poor *Andromache* e'er knew.  
 But oh, my Dear! if, as I have for thee,  
 Thou hast a tender Care, or Thought for me,  
 Come bravely on, and as robb'd Tygers bold,  
 Snatch me half Murther'd from the Monster's hold.  
 Can you pursue each petty Robber's Life?  
 And yet thus tamely lose a ravish'd Wife?  
 Think how my Father *Menelaus* rag'd  
 For his lost Queen, think what a War he wag'd,  
 When pow'rful *Greece* was in his Cause engag'd.  
 Had he sat quietly, and nothing try'd,  
 As once she was, she'd still been *Paris*' Bride.  
 Prepare no Fleet, you will no Forces need,  
 By you, and only you, I would be freed.  
 Not but wrong'd Marriage is a Cause alone  
 Sufficient for th' engaging World to own.  
 Sprung from the Royal *Pelopean* Line,  
 You are no less by Blood than Marriage mine.  
 These double Ties a double Love persuade,  
 And each sufficient to deserve your Aid.  
 I to your Arms was by my Guardian giv'n,  
 The only Bliss I would have begg'd from Heav'n.  
 But that unknown, (O my unhappy Fate!)  
 My Father gave me to the Man I hate.  
 Just were those Infant Vows to you I made,  
 But this last Act has all those Vows betray'd.

## HERMIONE to ORESTES. 49

Too well he knows what 'tis to be in Love;  
 How can he then my Passion disapprove?  
 Since Love himself has felt, he will, nay must,  
 Allow this Passion in his Daughter just.  
 My Fate resembles my wrong'd Father's Case,  
 And *Pyrrhus* is that Thief that *Paris* was.  
 Let my proud Goaler the brave Deeds run o'er,  
 Count all the Laurels his great Parents wore,  
 What e'er his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.  
 Let him claim Kindred with some God above,  
 You are descended from the mighty *Jove*.  
 Brave as you are, I wish 'twere understood  
 By something else, than by *Ægisthus*' Blood;  
 Yet you are Innocent, Fate drew the Sword,  
 And a religious Duty gave the Word.  
 With this the Tyrant does my Lord disgrace,  
 And what's still worse, dares do it to my Face:  
 Whilst burst with Envy, I am forc'd to be  
 Rackt, and tormented with his Blasphemy.  
 Shall my *Orestes* be abus'd, and I  
 As one that's unconcern'd sit careless by?  
 No, though disabled, and of Arms bereft,  
 Yet as a Woman I have one way left,  
 Tears I can shed, such as will yield Relief  
 To my sick Mind, choak'd with excess of Grief;  
 For when the big-charg'd Storm hath lost its Pow'r,  
 It sighs it self into a silent Show'r.  
 This I can do, whilst by each other prest,  
 The dewy Pearls run trickling o'er my Breast.



50 OVID'S EPISTLES.

But how shou'd I this fatal Woe escape?  
 All our whole Race was subject to a Rape:  
 I need not tell, how, in soft Feathers dress,  
 The wanton God his softer Nymph possess;  
 How thro' the Deep in unknown Ships convey'd  
*Hippodame* was from her Friends betray'd;  
 How the fair *Tyndaris*, by Force detain'd,  
 By th' *Amyclean* Brethren was regain'd,  
 How afterwards by all the *Grecian* Pow'r  
 She was brought back from the *Idaan* Shore.  
 I scarce remember that sad Day, and yet,  
 Young as I was, I do remember it.  
 Her Brothers wept, her Sister, to remove  
 Her Fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own *Jove*.  
*Mother*, said I, in a weak mournful Tone,  
*Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?*  
*When you are gone why shou'd I stay behind?*  
 All this I spoke, but spoke it to the Wind.  
 Now like the rest of my curst Pedigree,  
 By this loath'd Wretch I am detain'd from thee.  
 The brave *Achilles* wou'd have blam'd his Son,  
 Nor, had he liv'd, would this have e'er been done.  
 He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide  
 Those two, whom Marriage had so firmly ty'd.  
 What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your Hate,  
 Or what curs'd Star rules my unhappy Fate?  
 Why am I plagu'd by your injurious Pow'r,  
 Robb'd of my Parents in a tender Hour?  
 He to the War, she with her Lover fled,  
 Though living both, yet both to me were dead.

HERMIONE to ORESTES. 51

No babling Words half fram'd upon thy Tongue  
 Lull'd me to soft Répose when I was young.  
 Your tender Neck was ne'er imbrac'd by me,  
 Nor sat I ever smiling on your Knee;  
 You never tended me, nor was I led  
 By thee (dear Mother) to my Marriage-Bed.  
 At your Return, I saw, but knew you not;  
 So sure my Mother's Face I had forgot.  
 I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no Feature there,  
 Yet thought 'twas you, 'cause so divinely Fair.  
 Such was our Ignorance, even you, alas!  
 Ask'd your own Daughter, where your Daughter was.  
 Thou, my *Orestes*, wert my sole Delight,  
 Yet thee too I must lose, unless you fight.  
*Pyrrhus* withholds me from thy Arms, that's all  
*Hermione* has gain'd by *Ilium's* Fall.

Soon as the early Harbinger of Day  
 Gilds the glad Orb with his resplendent Ray;  
 My Grief's made gentler by th'approaching Light,  
 And some Pain seems to vanish with the Night;  
 And when a Darkness o'er the Earth is spread,  
 And I return all pensive to my Bed,  
 Tears from my Eyes, as Streams from Fountains flow,  
 I shun this Husband, as I'd shun a Foe.  
 Oft grown unmindful through distractivè Cares,  
 I've stretch'd my Arms, and touch'd him unawares;  
 Strait then I check the wandring Sense, and fly  
 To the Bed's utmost Limits, yet I lye  
 Restless even there, and think I'm still too nigh.

Oft I for *Pyrrhus* have *Orestes* said,  
But blest the Error which my Tongue had made.  
Now by that Royal God, whose Frown can make  
The Vassal Globe of his Creation shake,  
Th' Almighty Sire of our unhappy Race,  
And by the sacred Urn that does imbrace  
Thy Father's Dust, whose onceloud Blood may boak  
Thou in Repose hast laid his sleeping Ghost;  
I'll either live my dear *Orestes*' Wife,  
Or to untimely Fate resign my Life,



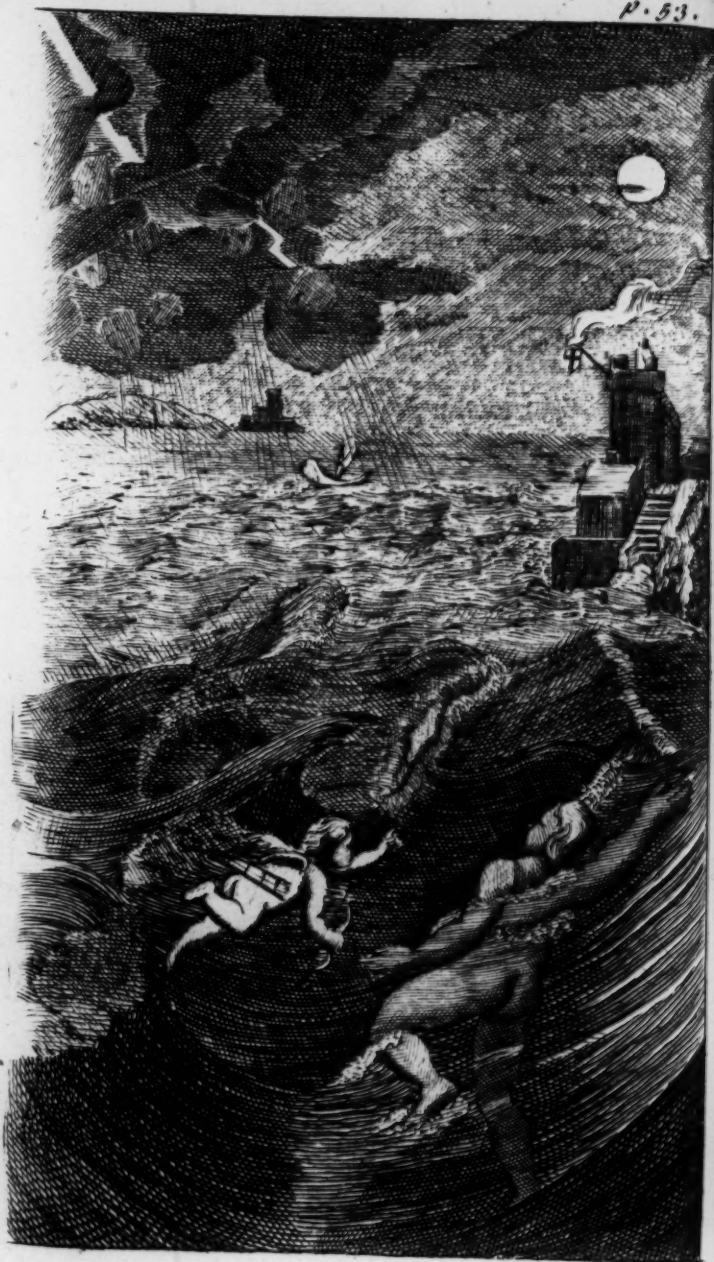
LEAN-

ade.  
a make

ay boat  
t;



EAN-



LE

Leander  
spon  
being  
Cour

R  
w  
Read w  
My wif  
That A  
Cause  
The Se  
With t  
Embar  
My Ste  
As mu  
I writ,  
And o  
Blest L  
To her  
And w

# LEANDER *to* HERO.

By Mr. T A T E.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Leander accusom'd nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero (Priestess of Venus' Temple) being at last hinder'd by Storms from his wonted Course, sends her the following Epistle.*

R Eceive this Letter from *Leander*, fraught  
 With Service, which he rather would have brought.  
 Read with a Smile,---and yet, if thou would'st crown  
 My wiser Wishes, read them with a Frown.  
 That Anger from thy Kindness will proceed,  
 'Cause of *Leander* thou canst only read.  
 The Seas rage high, and scarce could we prevail  
 With the most daring Mariner to sail.  
 Embark'd at last, and sculking in the Hold,  
 My Stealth is to my jealous Parents told,  
 As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.  
 I writ, since Writing was my sole Relief,  
 And o'er the dewy Sheets thus breath'd my Grief.  
 Blest Letter, go, my tend'rest Thoughts convey,  
 To her warm Lip thy Signets she will lay,  
 And with a Kiss dissolve thy Seals away.

D 3

Sev'n



Sev'n tedious Nights guiltless of Sleep I've stood,  
 Sigh'd with the Winds, and murmur'd with the Flood;  
 Then climbing th' utmost Cliffs her Coast to view,  
 My Tears, like Glasses, th' Object nearer drew:  
 By th' adverse Winds and Waves detain'd on shore,  
 My Thoughts run all our former Pleasures o'er,  
 And in soft Scenes of Fancy re-injoy  
 The Bliss that did our Infant Loves employ.

'Twas Night (a Curse on the Impert'nent Light  
 That pry'd and marr'd the Pleasures of that Night)  
 When first I swam the Ford; while *Cynthia's* Beam  
 Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the Streams.  
 My drooping Arms, in hopes they shall at length  
 Imbrace thy Neck, feel fresh Supplies of Strength,  
 The wond'ring Waves to their new Fury yield,  
 Not *Tritons* faster plow the liquid Field.

Soon on the Temple's Spire your Torch I spy'd,  
 Fixt like a Star my wat'ry Course to guide;  
 Which, Planet-like, shoots Vigour through my Veins;  
 The Warmth of my Immortal Love sustains,  
 In the cold Flood, Life's perishing Remains.

But now the gentlest Star that blest my Way,  
 Your bright self on the Turret I survey.  
 Then with redoubled Strokes the Waves divide,  
 And by my *Hero* am at last deserv'd:  
 Scarce could your careful Confident restrain,  
 But you would plunge, and meet me in the Main;  
 And made so far your kind Endeavours good,  
 That Ankle-deep on the Ford's Brink you stood;  
 And seem'd the new ris'n *Venus* of the Flood.

The

The Shore now gain'd, to your dear Arms I flew,  
 All dropping as I was with briny Dew ;  
 Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome Guest ;  
 Your warm Lip to my bloodless Cheek you prest,  
 Nor felt my Locks distilling on your Breast.  
 Your hasty Robes are o'er my Shoulders thrown,  
 To shroud my shiv'ring Limbs, you stript your own :  
 Forgetting how your too officious Care,  
 Left thee (my tend'rest Part) expos'd to Air.  
 The Night and we are conscious to the rest,  
 Delights that ought not, cannot be express'd.  
 We knew short Space was to our Pleasures set,  
 And therefore lov'd not at the common rate.  
 But th' utmost Fury of our Flames imploy'd,  
 The Minutes flew less fast than we enjoy'd.  
 With such dispatch that Night's dear Joys we wrought,  
 To recollect would make an Age of Thought.  
 At length the sickning Stars began t' expire,  
 And I with them am summon'd to retire.  
 Confus'dly then we our Love-Task dispatcht,  
 Ten thousand Kisses in a Minute snatcht.  
 Your Woman chid that I so long delay'd,  
 You prest me close, then ask'd me why I staid.  
 My Stay you first reprov'd, and then my Haste,  
 Nor cry'd Farewel, 'till you had clasp'd me fast.  
 Day broke e'er we our Am'rous Strife could end ;  
 Then sighing I to the cold Beach descend.  
 Trust me, the Seas from your dear Coasts seem sleep,  
 And all the Way methinks I climb the Deep.

But when revisiting your Shores, I seem  
 Descending still, and rather fall than swim.  
 I leath my Native Soil, and only prize  
 That Region where my Love's dear Treasure lyes.  
 Why is not *Sestos* to *Abydos* join'd?  
 Since we united are in Heart and Mind.  
 The same our Hopes, our Fears, and our Desires,  
 Love is our Life, and one Love both inspires.  
 But ah! what Mis'ries on that Love attend,  
 Whose Joys on hum'rous Seas and Winds depend?  
 I by their Quarrel lose, forc'd to delay  
 My tender Visit, 'till they end the Fray.

When first I crost the Gulph, the *Dolphins* gaz'd,  
 The Sea Nymphs fled, the *Tritons* were amaz'd.  
 But now no more I seem a Prodigy,  
 But pass for an Inhabitant o'th' Sea.  
 And since my Passage is by Storms withstood,  
 I'm nightly miss'd by th' Brothers of the Flood.  
 Oft have I curs'd the tedious Way, but oh!  
 I wish in vain that tedious Passage now.  
 Yield me again, kind Floods, my tiresome Way,  
 'Twas never half so tiresome as my Stay.  
 Must then my Halcyon Love all Winter sleep,  
 And ne'er launch forth into a troubled Deep?  
 Must I desist my Homage to perform,  
 And sculk at home for ev'ry peevish Storm?  
 If thus the Summer Gusts detain my Course,  
 How shall I through the Winter Surges force?  
 Absence ev'n then I shall not long sustain,  
 But boldly plunge into the raging Main;

And

And if the swelling Floods not soon assuage,  
 I'll make my Boasting good, and dare their Rage.  
 My vent'rous 'Scape shall in your Arms be blest,  
 Or if I'm lost, my Anxious Love find rest,  
 The Waves at least will do my Corps the grace  
 To waft it to my wonted landing Place:  
 Or of its own accord the Am'rous Clay  
 Will thither float, nor lose so known a Way!  
 I guess your Kindness will ev'n then perform:  
 To the cold Trunk, what you were wont when warm;  
 Your self dismantling, you will shroud me o'er,  
 And grieve to find your Bosom's Warmth no more }  
 Have Pow'r, my vital Spirits to restore.  
 If this sad Fancy discompose thy Breast,  
 Think 'twas but Fancy, and resume thy Rest.  
 Invoke the wat'ry Pow'rs, (thy Pray'rs are Charms)  
 T' assuage the Storm, and yield me to thy Arms.  
 But when to your dear Mansion I arrive,  
 Loose ev'ry Wind, and let the Tempest drive.  
 'Twill give my Stay Pretence, nor can you chide  
 Whilst Thunder pleads so loudly on my side.  
 'Till then permit this Letter to supply  
 The Author's Place, and in thy Bosom lye.  
 Lodg'd in thy Breast, my Passion 'twill impart,  
 And whisper its soft Message to thy Heart.



D 5

HERO.



# HERO'S Answer.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**ITH such Delight I read your Letter o'er,  
 Your Presence only could have giv'n me more  
 Excuse my Passion, if it soar above  
 Your Thought ; no Man can judge of Woman's Love  
 With Bus'ness you, or Pleasures, may sustain  
 The Pangs of Absence, and divert the Pain.  
 The Hills, the Vales, the Woods, and Streams are stor'd  
 With Game, and Profit with Delight afford.  
 Whilst Gins for Beasts, and Snares for Fowl you set,  
 You smile, and your own am'rous Chains forget.  
 Ten thousand Helps besides affect your Cure,  
 Whilst Woman's sole Relief is to endure.  
 Or with my Confident I hold Discourse,  
 Debating what should interrupt your Course:  
 Or viewing from aloft the troubled Tide,  
 Mix in the Fray, and with the Tempest chide.  
 Or in the Storm's least Interval suspect  
 Your stay, and almost charge you with Neglect.  
 I seek your Footsteps on the Sands in vain,  
 The Sands no more confess thee than the Main.  
 I watch th' arriving Barks, and never fail  
 T' inquire of you, and write by ev'ry Sail.

Still

Still as the setting Sun restores the Night,  
 (The Night to me more welcome than the Light,)  
 I fix my flaming Torch to guide my Love,  
 Nor shines there any friendlier Star above.  
 Then with my Work or Book the Time I cheat.  
 And 'midst the Task *Leander's* Name repeat.  
 My wedded Thoughts no other Theme pursue,  
 I talk a hundred things----but all of you.  
 What think'st thou, Nurse, does my *Leander* come?  
 Or waits he 'till his Parents sleep at home?  
 For he is forc'd to steal his Passage there,  
 As nightly we by stealth admit him here.  
 Think'st thou that now he strips him in the Bay,  
 Or is already plung'd, and on his Way?  
 Whilst she, poor Soul, with tedious Watching spent,  
 Makes half Replies, and Nodding gives Assent.  
 Yet cannot I the smallest Pause allow,  
 But cry, He is lanch'd forth for certain now.  
 Then ev'ry Moment thro' the Window peep;  
 With greedy Eyes examine all the Deep;  
 And whisper to the Floods a tender Pray'r  
 In your behalf, as if I spy'd you there.  
 Or to beguile my Griefs my Ear incline,  
 And take each gentle Breeze's Voice for thine:  
 At last, surpris'd with Sleep, in Dreams I gain  
 That Bliss for which I wak'd so long in vain.  
 To shroud you then my Shoulders I divest,  
 And clasp you shiv'ring, to my warmer Breast;  
 A Lover need not be inform'd the Rest.

These



These Pleasures oft my slumb'ring Thoughts employ,  
 But still th' are Dreams, and yield no solid Joy.  
 Tho' ne'er so lively the Fruition be,  
 To fill my Bliss I must have very thee.  
 At present, I confess, the Seas are rough,  
 But were last Night compos'd, and calm enough;  
 Why did you then my longing Hopes delay?  
 Why disappoint me with a total Stay?  
 Is it your Fear that makes my Wishes vain?  
 When rougher, you have oft ingag'd the Main;  
 If it be Fear, that friendly Fear retain,  
 Nor visit me 'till you securely may;  
 Your Danger would afflict me more than Stay.  
 Dread ev'ry Gust that blows, but oh! my Mind  
 Misgives, lest you prove various as that Wind.  
 If e'er you change, your Error secret keep,  
 And in blest Ignorance permit me sleep.  
 Not that I am inform'd y' are chang'd at all,  
 But absent Lovers fear whate'er may fall.  
 Detain'd by th' Floods, your Stay I will not blame;  
 But less I dread the Floods than some new Flame.  
 Be hush'd ye Winds, ye raging Billows sleep,  
 And yield my Love safe Passage thro' the Deep.  
 Blest Sign, the Taper sparkles whilst I pray,  
 A Guest i' th' Flame! *Leander's* on his Way!  
 Our Household Altar yields propitious Signs,  
 From which my Nurse your swift Approach divines:  
 The Crickets too of your Arrival warn,  
 And say our Number shall increase e'er Morn-

Come,

Come, g  
 The glad  
 And mar  
 To me a  
 My Bed  
 There is  
 Dost tho  
 Or want  
 If this d  
 'I'll plung  
 Thus in  
 And Dan  
 Our Lov  
 Like Mi  
 'Twixt I  
 Whilst E  
 How art  
 To dare  
 Yet be a  
 Nor in  
 Think n  
 Nor dar  
 With m  
 And al  
 Yet wh  
 Methin  
 Nor do  
 (Tho'  
 A spon  
 Lay hi

## HERO to LEANDER.

61

Come, gentle Youth, and with thy Presence make  
 The glad Conjecture true; the Day will break,  
 And marr our Bliss; prevent the hast'ning Morn;  
 To me and Love's forsaken Joys return.  
 My Bed without thee will afford no Rest,  
 There is no Pillow like *Leander's* Breast.  
 Dost thou suspect the Time will be too short?  
 Or want'st thou Strength th' Adventure to support?  
 If this detain thee, Oh! no longer stay,  
 I'll plunge and meet thee in the Flood half way.  
 Thus in the verdant Waves our Flames shall meet,  
 And Danger make the soft Embrace more sweet.  
 Our Love's our own, which yet we take by Stealth,  
 Like Midnight Misers from their hidden Wealth.  
 Twixt Decency and Love unhappy made,  
 Whilst Fame forbids what our Desires persuade.  
 How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away,  
 To dare the Flood, when Sailors keep the Bay?  
 Yet be advis'd, thou Conqueror of the Tide,  
 Nor in thy youthful Strength so much confide.  
 Think not thine Arms can more than Oars prevail;  
 Nor dare to swim, when Pilots fear to fail.  
 With much Regret I cautiously persuade,  
 And almost with my Counsel disobey'd.  
 Yet when to the rough Main my Eyes I turn,  
 Methinks I never can enough forewarn:  
 Nor does my last Night's Vision less affright,  
 (Tho' expiated with many a sacred Rite,)  
 A sporting *Dolphin*, whilst the Flood retir'd,  
 Lay hid i' th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.

What

What e'er the Dream portend, as yet reside  
 In the safe Port, nor trust th' inconstant Tide.  
 The Storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,  
 Then with redoubled Speed redeem your Stay.  
 'Till then these Sheets some Pleasure may impart;  
 They bring what most you prize, your Hero's Heart.



*Laoda*

*Laoda*

By

Protesila  
 cian  
 Wife  
 Him.

H  
 w  
 The W  
 Why w  
 Let the  
 Were h  
 Ten the  
 Ten the  
 In Haft  
 (The W  
 The Se  
 (Protes  
 As from  
 (Scarce  
 A mer  
 Fill'd

# Laodamia to Protefilaus.

By THO. FLATMAN, Esq;

## THE ARGUMENT.

Protefilaus, lying Wind-bound at Aulis, in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the Trojan War, his Wife Laodamia sends this following Epistle to Him.

Health to the gentle Man of War, and may  
 What Laodamia sends, the Gods convey.  
 The Wind that still in Aulis holds my Dear,  
 Why was it not so cross to keep him here?  
 Let the Wind raise an Hurricane at Sea,  
 Were he but safe and warm ashore with me.  
 Ten thousand Kisses I had more to give him,  
 Ten thousand Cautions, and soft Words to leave him:  
 In Haste he left me, summon'd by the Wind,  
 (The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)  
 The Seaman's Pleasure is the Lover's Pain,  
 (Protefilaus is from my Bosom ta'en!)  
 As from my fault'ring Tongue half Speeches fell,  
 (Scarce could I speak that wounding Word, Farewel,)  
 A merry Gale (at Sea they call it so)  
 Fill'd ev'ry Sail with Joy, my Breast with Wo;  
 There

There went my dear *Protesilaus*-----

While I could see thee, full of eager Pain,  
My greedy Eyes epicuriz'd on thine.

When thee no more, but thy spread Sails I view,  
I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had lost them too;

But when nor thee, nor them I could descry,  
And all was Sea that came within my Eye,

They say, (for I have quite forgot) they say  
I strait grew pale, and fainted quite away;

Compassionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old Man,  
My Mother too, to my Assistance ran;

In haste, cold Water on my Face they threw,  
And brought me to my self with much ado;

They meant it well, to me it seem'd not so,  
Much kinder had they been to let me go;

My Anguish with my Soul together came,

And in my Heart burst out the former Flame:

Since which, my uncomb'd Locks unheeded flow,

Undrest, forelorn, I care not how I go;

Inspir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolick' Rout

Stagger'd of old, and straggled all about.

Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies say,

Thy Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia*.

Alas! before *Troy's* Walls my Dear does lye,

What Pleasure can I take in *Tyrian* Dye?

Shall Curls adorn my Head, an Helmet thine?

I in bright Tissues, thou in Armour shine?

Rather with studied Negligence I'll be

As ill, if not disguised worse than thee,

LAO

O Par

As fatal

O that th

Or thou

O Menela

With how

From me

And brin

But my k

The sad

I tremble

Of ev'ry

Besides t

The safer

In noble

With Go

He back

Thus sto

Against t

There's r

Hector

A Man

My Dear

Of that

Fly him

Least ea

Rememb

Thy La

For wha

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 65

O *Paris*! rais'd by Ruins! may'st thou prove  
 As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!  
 O that the *Grecian Dame* had been less fair,  
 Or thou less lovely hadst appear'd to her!  
 O *Menelaus*! timely cease to strive;  
 With how much Blood wilt thou thy Loss retrieve?  
 From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy Doom,  
 And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home.  
 But my Heart fails me, when I think of War;  
 The sad Reflections cost me many a Tear:  
 I tremble when I hear the very Name  
 Of ev'ry Place where thou shalt fight for Fame,  
 Besides th' adventurous *Ravisher* well knew  
 The safest Arts his Villany to pursue;  
 In noble Dress he did her Heart surprize,  
 With Gold he dazzled her unguarded Eyes,  
 He back'd his Rape with Ships and armed Men,  
 Thus storm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortress in,  
 Against the Power of Love, and Force of Arms,  
 There's no Security in the brightest Charms.  
*Hector* I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,  
 A Man (they say) experienc'd in War.  
 My Dear, if thou hast any Love for me,  
 Of that same *Hector* pr'ythee mindful be,  
 Fly him be sure, and ev'ry other Foe,  
 Least each of them should prove an *Hector* too.  
 Remember, when for Fight thou shalt prepare,  
 Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,  
 For what Wounds thou receiv'st, are given to her.



If by thy Valour *Troy* must ruin'd be,  
 May not the Ruin leave one Scar on thee;  
 Sharer in th' Honour, from the Danger free!  
 Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his Way  
 Through the false *Ravisher's* Troops to his *Helena*  
 Great by his Vict'ry, as his Cause is good,  
 May he swim to her in his Enemies Blood.  
 Thy Case is different---May'st thou live to see  
 (Dearest) no other Combatant but me!

Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away  
 From his dear Breast, find out a nobler Prey,  
 Why should you harmless *Laodamia* slay?  
 My poor good-natur'd Man did never know  
 What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;  
 Yet in Love's Field what Wonders can he do!  
 Great is his Prowess, and his Fortune too;  
 Let them go fight, who know not how to wor.  
 Now I must own, I fear to let thee go;  
 My trembling Lips had almost told thee so.  
 When from thy Father's House thou didst withdraw  
 Thy fatal Stumble at the Door I saw,  
 I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the Sign might be  
 Of thy Return a happy Prophecy!  
 I cannot but acquaint thee with my Fear,  
 Be not too brave,---Remember, Have a care  
 And all my Dreads will vanish into Air.

Among the *Grecians* some one must be found  
 That first shall set his Foot on *Trojan* Ground;  
 Unhappy he that shall his Loss bewail,  
 Grant, O ye Gods, thy Courage then may fail.

Of all the  
 Thou the  
 To meet a  
 Thou'lt la  
 At thy Ro  
 And nimbl  
 All the  
 Black Tho  
 Darknes,  
 Augments  
 I court e'  
 False Joy  
 What's th  
 What Wa  
 I wake, a  
 The Grec  
 The wan  
 Which m  
 When sh  
 These lo  
 When sh  
 To learn  
 Which y  
 With m  
 Such Int  
 A Kifs  
 But w  
 I fear th  
 Contrar  
 In spire

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 67

Of all the Ships, be thine the very last,  
Thou the last Man that lands; there needs no haste  
To meet a potent and a treach'rous Foe;  
Thou'lt land, I fear, too soon, tho' ne'er so slow.  
At thy Return ply ev'ry Sail and Oar,  
And nimbly leap on thy deserted Shoar.

All the Day long, and all the lonely Night,  
Black Thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:  
Darkness, to other Womens Pleasures kind,  
Augments, like Hell, the Torments of my Mind;  
I court e'en Dreams, on my forsaken Bed,  
False Joys must serve, since all my true are fled.  
What's that same airy *Phantom* so like thee?  
What Wailings do I hear, what Paleness see?  
I wake, and hug my self, 'tis but a Dream.—  
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their Flame.  
The want of hallow'd Wine my Tears supply,  
Which make the sacred Fire burn bright and high.  
When shall I clasp thee in these Arms of mine,  
These longing Arms, and lye dissolv'd in thine?  
When shall I have thee by thy self alone,  
To learn the wond'rous Actions thou hast done?  
Which when in rapt'rous Words thou hast begun,  
With many and many a Kiss, pr'ythee tell on;  
Such Interruptions graceful Pauses are,  
A Kiss in Story's but an Halt in War.

But when I think of *Tray*, of Winds, and Waves,  
I fear the pleasant Dream my Hope deceives:  
Contrary Winds in *Part* detain thee too,  
In spite of Wind and Tide why wouldst thou go?

Thus

Thus to thy Country thou wouldst hardly come,  
 In spite of Wind and Tide thou went'st from home,  
 To his own City *Neptune* stops the Way,  
 Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.  
 Return, ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;  
 Your Stay is not of Chance, but Destiny:  
 How can your Arms expect desir'd Success,  
 That thus contend for an *Adulteress*?  
 But, let not me forespeak you, no,---set Sail,  
 And Heav'n befriend you with a prosp'rous Gale!

Ye *Trojans*! with Regret methinks I see  
 Your first Encounter with your Enemy;  
 I see fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,  
 To buckle on her lusty Bridegroom's Arms;  
 She gives him Arms, and Kisses she receives,  
 (I hate the Transports each to other gives)  
 She leads him forth, and she commands him come  
 Safely victorious, and triumphant home;  
 And he (no doubt) will make no nice Delay,  
 But diligently do whate'er she say.  
 Now he returns!----see with what am'rous Speed  
 She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his Head,  
 And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.

*We Women, too too credulous, alas!*

*Think what we fear will surely come to pass.*  
 Yet, while before the Leaguer thou dost lye,  
 Thy Picture is some Pleasure to my Eye;  
 That I carefs in Words most kind and free,  
 And lodge it on my Breast, as I would thee;

There

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 69

There must be something in it more than Art,  
Were very thee, could it thy Mind impart;  
Kiss the pretty *Idol*, and complain,  
As if (like thee) 'twould answer me again.

By thy Return, by thy dear Self, I swear,  
By our Leves Vows, which most Religious are,  
By thy beloved Head, and those gray Hairs  
Which time may on it snow, in future Years,  
I come, where-e'er thy Fate shall bid thee go,  
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,  
So thou but live, tho' all the Gods say No.

Farewel,---but pr'ythee very careful be  
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.



OENONE



# OENONE to PARIS

By Mr. JOHN COOPER.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, being with Child of Paris, dream'd  
 was deliver'd of a Firebrand: Priam, consulting  
 the Prophets, was answer'd, the Child should be  
 Cause of the Destruction of Troy; where  
 Priam commanded it should be deliver'd to  
 Beasts as soon as born, but Hecuba convey'd  
 secretly to Mount Ida, there to be foster'd by  
 Shepherds, where he falls in Love with the Nymph  
 OEnone, but at length being known and own'd  
 he sails into Greece, and carries Helen to Troy  
 which OEnone hearing, writes him this Epistle

**R**ead this, (if your new Bride will suffer) read  
 And no Upbraidings from Mycena dread.  
 Only OEnone here does of her Swain  
 (If he will let her call him hers) complain.  
 What God has robb'd me of your Love and you  
 Or from what Crime of mine proceeds my Woe?  
 Misfortunes, when deserv'd, we may endure,  
 But when unjustly born, can find no Cure,



*V. J. G. 1789.*



Tho' now  
When a fair  
A Slave you  
Slave as you  
Often, am  
On Leaves  
As oft, up  
In some lo  
When you  
Surpris'd t  
Companio  
And cheer  
Upon the  
And ev'ry  
Well I rem  
(its Trunk  
Which, m  
Has on its  
When Pari  
Back Xan  
Turn! tur  
The faith  
Calm v  
Till a b  
When th  
Design'd  
As from  
A swift  
To anch  
And all

Tho' now a Prince, not yet so great you was,  
 When a fam'd Nymph, I stoop'd to your Imbrace:  
 A Slave you was. (forgive what I have said)  
 Slave as you was, I took you to my Bed.  
 Often, amidst your Flocks, beneath some Shade,  
 On Leaves and Flow'rs we am'roully were laid.  
 As oft, upon the Straw our Joys we prov'd  
 In some low Shed from Winter Storms remov'd.  
 When you rose up to hunt, I shew'd you Game,  
 Surpris'd the Infant Savage and his Dam:  
 Companion of your Sports, the Toils did place,  
 And chear'd the swift-pac'd Hounds upon the Chace;  
 Upon the Trees your Sickle carv'd my Name,  
 And ev'ry Beach is conscious of your Flame.  
 Well I remember that tall Poplar Tree,  
 (its Trunk is fill'd, and with Records of me,)  
 Which, may it live! on the Brook's Margin set,  
 Has on its knotty Bark these Verses writ:  
*When Paris lives not to OEnone true,*  
*Back Xanthus' Streams shall to their Fountains flow.*  
 Turn! turn ye Streams! and Xanthus backwards go!  
 The faithless Paris has forgot his Vow.  
 Calm was our Love, blest with delightful Ease,  
 Till a black Storm o'ercast my former Peace,  
 When the three Heav'nly Beauties blest thine Eyes,  
 Design'd thee Umpire to bestow the Prize.  
 As from your Mouth the fatal Story came,  
 A swift cold Trembling shot thro' all my Frame.  
 To ancient Sages my just Doubts I bear,  
 And all conclude some dreadful Mischief near.

Now

Now the tall Pines into strong Barks you shape,  
 Which sweep the Surface of the yielding Deep.  
 From your swollen Eyes the Tears at Parting creep,  
 Deny it not, nor be ashamed you wept:  
 (Your Love was then no Injury to your Fame,  
 You daily burn in a more shameful Flame.)  
 You wept, and on my Eyes you gazing stood,  
 Whose falling Tears increas'd the briny Flood.  
 About my Neck your wreathing Arms you flung,  
 Closer than Vines to their lov'd Elms you clung:  
 When for your Stay you did the Tempests blame  
 How oft they laugh'd who knew the Ocean calm  
 'Midst thousand Kisses, when you bid Farewel,  
 Scarce could your Tongue the fatal Message tell  
 You are embark'd: Against your Gally's Side  
 The plying Oars beat up the foaming Tide:  
 'Till hurry'd from my Sight, your Ships I view,  
 Then my salt Tears the parched Sands bedew.  
 Soon, ye Sea Gods, again soon may he come,  
 (I fondly pray'd) but to my Ruin soon.  
 The Gods my Wishes do successful make,  
 But all, alas! for that curst Strumpet's sake,  
 My Pray'rs into another's Arms have brought you  
 back.

A vast high Rock there is, whose craggy Sides  
 Sustain the Fury of incroaching Tides;  
 Your Sails hence spy'd, I hardly could delay,  
 Plung'd in the Deep to meet you by the way;  
 When one I saw, while a short Pause I made,  
 Upon the Deck in glorious Purple clad:

Gods

Gods! With Ho  
 As near  
 I spy'd,  
 Nay mo  
 Why lea  
 'Twas th  
 With all  
 I fill'd t  
 And Ida  
 Thence  
 Unto th  
 Hear m  
 As wret  
 May sho  
 And pin  
 Now the  
 And the  
 When a  
 Then I,  
 Nor thi  
 And ow  
 Tho' yo  
 When  
 A Scept  
 So much  
 Despise  
 And pat  
 For thy  
 Not wis

Gods! How I shook! Fear did my Soul possess  
 With Horror, to behold th' unusual Dress.  
 As nearer to the Shoar your Vessel came,  
 I spy'd, O blasting Sight! the charming Dame;  
 Nay more,---her wanton Head (into the Sea  
 Why leapt I not!) upon your Bosom lay.  
 'Twas then I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,  
 With all the Symptoms of a deep Despair.  
 I fill'd the Air with my distracted Cries,  
 And *Ida's* Mount resounded with the Noise.  
 Thence with dire Imprecations I remov'd  
 Unto those conscious Caves, where once we lov'd.  
 Hear me, ye Gods! May the curst *Helen* be  
 As wretched full as she has render'd me;  
 May she complain of false and broken Vows,  
 And pine, like me, for a regardless Spouse.  
 Now they do Charm, who from their Husbands fly,  
 And the wide Ocean plow, to follow thee;  
 When a poor Shepherd, a small Flock you fed,  
 Then I, and only I, vouchsaf'd my Bed.  
 Nor think I sue to be in Courts ador'd,  
 And own'd the Daughter of all *Asia's* Lord;  
 Tho' your great Parents need not be ashamed  
 When 'mongst their many Children I am nam'd,  
 A Scepter would not ill become this Hand,  
 So much I wish and merit to command.  
 Despise me not, because with you I lay,  
 And pass'd, on new-fall'n Leaves, the well-spent Day;  
 For thy *OEnone's* worthy of a Bed,  
 Not with green Leaves but gaudy Purple spread.

Safe you may Sleep and harmless in my Arms,  
Your Joys uninterrupted with Alarms :

But with my Rival thus you must not live,  
For *Greece* in Arms demands the Fugitive;  
Ruin is all the Dow'ry she can give.

Ask your grave Friends, with piercing Wisdom fraught,  
Whom many Years have much Experience taught,  
Ask Sage *Antenor*, and your aged Sire,  
If she's to be restor'd whom they require.

Base Man! your Country for her sake destroy'd,  
Shame's on your part, and Justice on their side.  
Or can you think that she will constant prove,  
Who was so easily entic'd to love?

When once debauch'd, our Sex for ever burn  
In lawless Fire; Virtue knows no Return;  
Dishonour never gives a second Blow;  
And once a Whore she will be ever so.

But her firm Love that Scruple has remov'd;  
Vain Man! ev'n thus *Atrides* once she lov'd.  
Alone he lyes, poor cred'lous Cuckold, now!  
And does deplore what you e'erwhile must do.  
Fool that he was to think she could be true!

Happy *Andromache*! who justly art  
Possessed of a firm and loyal Heart!

A Faith like hers thou hast beheld in me,  
And *Hector's* Virtue should have shin'd in thee;  
But thou art lighter than the sapless Leaf,  
Of which the Autumn Blasts the Trees bereave;  
Or than the Stalks of the well ripen'd Wheat,  
Made the Winds sport by the Sun's parching Heat.

Well

Well I  
When  
OEnor  
And f  
The G  
The B  
She co  
Now,  
Now i  
It brin  
She fa  
As thr  
Too t  
Does  
And a  
Fair t  
Whom  
With  
But he  
Ah wh  
His V  
A Lov  
And i  
Misca  
Her w  
But I,  
Tho'  
Lo  
The

Well I remember what your Sister said,  
 When the strange God possess'd the furious Maid;  
 OEnone, cease to plow up fruitless Lands,  
 And sow the Seed upon the barren Sands.  
 The Grecian Heifer comes, who reaps thy Joys,  
 The Bane of Troy, and Priam's ancient House.  
 She comes! forbid it Heav'n: And in the Deep,  
 Now, now ye Gods, sink down the guilty Ship;  
 Now is the time to plunge it in the Flood,  
 It brings Destruction, and is fraught with Blood.  
 She said: Her People snatch'd her from my View;  
 As thro' the Woods full of the God she flew.  
 Too true she spoke! my Joys that Heifer prove,  
 Does in my Groves and Flowry Meadows move,  
 And all the pleasant Pastures of my Love.  
 Fair tho' she be, your Helen is a Whore,  
 Whom each new Face draws from her Native shore.  
 With *Theseus* thus the false Inconstant fled;  
 But he untouch'd restor'd the spotless Maid.  
 Ah who can Faith to the forg'd Story yield?  
 His Veins with youthful Blood and Vigour fill'd,  
 A Lover too! could he his Joys forbear?  
 And in Possession of his Heaven despair?  
 Miscal not thus her ready Flight a Rape,  
 Her wicked self contriv'd the wish'd Escape.  
 But I, false as you are, have kept my Vows,  
 Tho' your Example would my Crimes excuse,  
 Long time I liv'd a Tenant of the Groves,  
 The common Object of the Satyr's Loves,



Me, *Faunus* too, who o'er the Mountains fled,  
 Pursu'd, with Leafy Chaplets on his Head;  
 And *Phæbus*, who, but with much Force, obtain'd  
 That Bliss for which the rest in vain complain'd.  
 I tore my Hair, while my soft Limbs he prest,  
 And that curst Face for which I was disgrac'd.  
 No sordid Recompence of Wealth I sought,  
 That Creature's mean whose Love is to be bought;  
 But me the grateful God with Knowledge stor'd,  
 And the same Gifts for which himself's ador'd.  
 For no one Plant the fertile Earth does yield,  
 But in its Virtues I am amply skill'd.  
 Wretch! of what use does thy vain Knowledge prove?  
 No Drug, alas! can cure the Wounds of Love.  
 Not *Phæbus*' self, the Author of our Art,  
 Could in this Case guard his Immortal Heart:  
 Nought or from Earth, or Heav'n can cure my Wound,  
 In thee alone must my Relief be found:  
 My *Paris* can, and he must Pity show,  
 To her who merits all he can bestow:  
 For I am yours, with you of old did pass,  
 In childish Innocence, my Infant Days;  
 And I beseech you, Gods, to fix my Doom,  
 And give that Blessing to the time to come.  
 So in his Arms, to whom my Youth I lent,  
 Shall the Remains of my blest Life be spent.





A  
PARAPHRASE

On the Foregoing

E P I S T L E

O F

OENONE *to* PARIS.

By Mrs. A. B E H N.

**T**O thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,  
Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;  
To thee I write, mine, whilst a Shepherd's Swain,  
But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.  
Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide  
What Love, and all our Vows so firmly ty'd!  
What God, our Loves industrious to prevent,  
Curst thee with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content?  
Greatness, which does at best but ill agree  
With Love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me.

Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,  
 My raging Passion can have no Redress.  
 Wou'd Heav'n, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been  
 This Great, this Cruel Celebrated Thing,  
 That without Hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,  
 And mix'd my Adoration with the Crowd;  
 Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,  
 Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.  
 Not that less Charms their fatal Pow'r had dress'd,  
 But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress'd:  
 My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,  
 But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.  
 I might have wonder'd, and have wish'd that he,  
 Whom Heav'n should make me love, might look  
 like thee,

More in a silly Nymph had been a Sin,  
 This had the height of my Presumption been.  
 But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,  
 And hadst no Title, but *The Lovely Swain*.  
 A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,  
 Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.  
 Whilst me a harmless Neighb'ring Cottager  
 You saw, and did above the rest prefer.  
 You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,  
 Nor cou'd I hide the Wounds receiv'd from you.  
 Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,  
 For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,  
 Thou hadst my Heart, and they my cold Disdain.  
 Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and First-born  
 Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my native Scorn.

My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,  
 Cou'd only, where 'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.  
 And yet how long my Maiden Blushes strove  
 Not to betray the easie new-born Love.  
 But at thy sight the kindling Fire wou'd rise,  
 And I, unskill'd, declare it at my Eyes.  
 But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecstasie  
 Possess thy Soul at this Discovery?  
 Speechless, and panting at my Feet you lay,  
 And short-breath'd Sighs told what you could not say.  
 A thousand times my Hand with Kisses prest,  
 And look'd such Darts, as none cou'd e'er resist.  
 Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,  
 New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine!  
 You saw the Fears my kind Disorder shows,  
 And broke your Silence with a thousand Vows!  
 Heav'n's, how you swore! by ev'ry Pow'r Divine!  
 You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!  
 Each God, a sacred Witness you invoke,  
 And wish'd their Curse, when e'er those Vows you broke.  
 Quick to my Heart the perjur'd Accents ran,  
 Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.  
 Vows are Love's poison'd Arrows, and the Heart  
 So wounded, rarely finds a Cure in Art.  
 At least this Heart which Fate has destin'd yours,  
 This Heart unpractis'd in Love's mystick Pow'rs;  
 For I am soft, and young as *April* Flow'rs. }  
 Now uncontrol'd we meet, uncheck'd improve  
 Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!

Soft were our Hours! and lavishly the Day  
 We gave intirely up to Love and Play.  
 Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,  
 And, seated on some shady flowry Bed,  
 Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed.  
 And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung  
 Upon the charming Musick of thy Tongue.  
 And never thought the blessed Hour too long.  
 No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,  
 Or had so soft an Art in whispering Love.  
 No wonder that thou art ally'd to *Jove*.  
 And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,  
 The God appear'd in ev'ry Grace, and Look.  
 Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,  
 The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids.  
 Thus whilst all Hearts you rul'd without Controul,  
 I reign'd the absolute Monarch of your Soul.  
 Each *Beach* my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,  
*Paris* and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;  
 And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,  
 Grow still a Witness of my Wrongs when dead!

Cloſe by a ſilent Silver Brook there grows  
 A Poplar, under whoſe dear gloomy Boughs  
 A thouſand times we have exchang'd our Vows!  
 Oh may'ſt thou grow! to an endleſs Date of Years!  
 Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;  
*When Paris to OEnone proves untrue,*  
*Back Xanthus' Streams ſhall to their Fountain flow.*  
 Turn! turn your Tide! back to your Fountains run!  
 The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!

Curſt

Curſt be  
 As Omin  
 When V  
 Deſcende  
 In ſhinin  
 Naked th  
 But ev'ry  
 Left Hea  
 To bribe  
*Pallas* m  
 With W  
 Of all t  
 Crowns;  
 And pro  
 This wh  
 Did ove  
 And I p  
 The Bl  
 The Bl  
 You in  
 Of par  
 Sach V  
 But ſo  
 Decla  
 And  
 That  
 Heav'  
 At th  
 Yet t  
 You f

Curst be that Day, may Fate point out the Hour,  
 As Ominous in his black Kalender;  
 When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*  
 Descended to thee in the Myrtle Grove,  
 In shining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds;  
 Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty shrouds;  
 But ev'ry Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,  
 Left Heav'n to be survey'd and judg'd by you.  
 To bribe thy Voice, *Juno* wou'd Crowns bestow;  
*Pallas* more gratefully wou'd dress thy Brow  
 With Wreaths of Wit; *Venus* propos'd the Choice  
 Of all the fairest *Greeks*; and had thy Voice.  
 Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didst despise,  
 And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!  
 This when you told, Gods! what a killing Fear  
 Did over all my shivering Limbs appear?  
 And I presag'd some ominous Change was near!  
 The Blushes left my Cheeks, from ev'ry Part  
 The Blood ran swift to guard my fainting Heart.  
 You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd  
 Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd  
 Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd.  
 But soon the envying Gods disturb our Joys,  
 Declare thee great! and all my Bliss destroys!  
 And now the Fleet is anchor'd in the Bay  
 That must to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.  
 Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace  
 At their first Homage beautify'd your Face!  
 Yet this no Wonder or Amazement brought,  
 You still a Monarch were in Soul and Thought!

E 5

Nor

Curst



Nor cou'd I tell which most the Sight augments,  
 Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Discontents.  
 You kist the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,  
 And mingled yours with the soft falling Tide,  
 And 'twixt your Sighs a thousand times you said,  
*Cease, my OEnone! cease, my charming Maid!*  
*If Paris lives his Native Troy to see,*  
*My lovely Nymph, thou shalt a Princess be!*  
 But my prophetick Fear no Faith allows,  
 My breaking Heart resisted all thy Vows.  
*Ah must we part! I cry'd; Those killing Words*  
*No further Language to my Grief affords.*  
 Trembling, I fell upon thy panting Breast,  
 Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppress'd,  
 Whilst Sighs and Looks, all dying, spoke the rest.  
 About thy Neck my feeble Arms I cast,  
 Not Vines, nor Ivy circle Elms so fast.  
 'To stay, what dear Excuses didst thou frame,  
 And fancied Tempests when the Seas were calm!  
 How oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,  
 When they, alas, were only so to me!  
 How oft new Vows of lasting Faith you swore,  
 And 'twixt your Kisses all the old run o'er.

But now the wisely Grave, who Love despise,  
 (Themselves past Hope) do busily advise,  
 Whisper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,  
 Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear,  
 For Troy, they cry, these Shepherds Weeds lay down!  
 Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!

Be sure that Crown does far less easie sit  
 Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, less innocent and sweet.  
 Nor can thy Beds of State so grateful be,  
 As those of Moss, and new fall'n Leaves with me!  
 Now tow'rds the *Beach* we go, and all the Way  
 The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and Springs survey;  
 That were so often conscious to the Rites  
 Of sacred Love, in our dear stol'n Delights.  
 With Eyes all languishing, each Place you view,  
 And sighing, cry'd, *Adieu, dear Shades Adieu!*  
 Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to do,  
 Refuse a Crown, or those dear Shades forgo!  
 Glory and Love! the great Dispute pursu'd,  
 But the false Idol soon the God subdu'd.

And now on Board you go, and all the Sails  
 Are loosen'd, to receive the flying Gales.  
 Whilst I half dead on the forsaken Strand,  
 Beheld thee sighing on the Deck to stand,  
 Wasting a thousand Kisses from thy Hand.  
 And whilst I cou'd the lessening Vessel see,  
 I gaz'd, and sent a thousand Sighs to thee;  
 And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore  
 Quick to return thee to our Rustick Shore.

Now like a Ghost I glide thro' ev'ry Grove,  
 Silent, and sad as Death, about I rove,  
 And visit all our Treasuries of Love!  
 This Shadeth' account of thousand Joys does hide,  
 As many more this murmur'ing River's side,  
 Where the dear Grass, as sacred, does retain  
 The Print, where thee and I so oft have lain.

Upon

Upon this Oak thy Pipe and Garland's plac'd,  
That *Sycamore* is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.  
Here feed thy Flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy scorn  
Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd survey  
From far the blueish Shore, and distant Sea,  
Whose hanging Top with Toil I climb each Day,  
With greedy View I run the Prospect o'er,  
To see what wish'd-for Ships approach our Shoar.  
One Day all hopeless on its Point I stood,  
And saw a Vessel bounding o'er the Flood,  
And as it nearer drew, I could discern  
Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern,  
Upon the Deck a Canopy was spread  
Of Antick Work in Gold and Silver made,  
Which, mix'd with Sun-beams, dazling Light  
display'd.

But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State  
(Curst be the Sight) a fatal Beauty fate,  
And fondly you were on her Bosom lay'd,  
Whilst with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd:  
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that Hair  
Of which, as sacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadst thou seen me then in that mad State,  
So ruin'd, so design'd for Death and Fate,  
Fix'd on a Rock, whose horrid Precipice  
In hollow Murmurs Wars with angry Seas,  
Whilst the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,  
Ruffling my careless and dishevel'd Hair,  
I look'd like the sad Statue of Despair,

With

With out-stretch'd Voice I cry'd, and all around  
 The Rocks and Hills my dire Complaints resound,  
 I rend my Garments, tear my flatt'ring Face,  
 Whose false deluding Charms my Ruin was.  
 Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Despair,  
 Or Winds let loose in unresisting Air,  
 Raging and frantick through the Woods I fly,  
 And *Paris* ! lovely, faithless *Paris* ! cry.  
 But when the Echo's found thy Name again,  
 I change to new Variety of Pain.  
 For that dear Name such Tenderneſs inſpires,  
 As turns all Paſſion to Love's ſofter Fires.  
 With Tears I fall to kind Complaints again;  
 So Tempeſts are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.

Say, lovely Youth, why wouldſt thou thus betray  
 My eaſie Faith, and lead my Heart aſtray?  
 I might ſome humble Shepherd's Choice have been,  
 Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, thoſe Eyes ne'er ſeen,  
 And in ſome homely Cott, in low Repoſe,  
 Liv'd undiſturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:  
 All Day by ſhaded Springs my Flocks have kept,  
 And in ſome honeſt Arms at Night have ſlept.  
 Then unupbraided with my Wrongs thou'dſt been  
 Safe in the Joys of the fair *Grecian* Queen:  
 What Stars do rule the Great? No ſooner you  
 Became a Prince, but you were perjur'd too.  
 Are Crowns and Falſhoods then conſiſtent Things?  
 And muſt they all be faithleſs who are Kings?  
 The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,  
 Even tho' it renders me my *Paris*' Scorn.

And

And I had rather this way wretched prove,  
 Than be a Queen, and faithless in my Love.  
 Nor my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,  
 To come prophan'd by others Joy to thee.  
 A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,  
 Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in Thought.  
 Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,  
 And brings thee but the Leavings of a Feast:  
 With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,  
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape:  
 So now from *Atreus*' Son, with thee is fled,  
 And still the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.  
 And is it thus great Ladies keep intire  
 That Virtue they so boast, and you admire?  
 Is this a Trick of Courts? can Ravishment  
 Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?  
 Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,  
 Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.  
 How much more happy are we rural Maids,  
 Who know no other Palaces than Shades?  
 Who want no Titles to enslave the Crowd,  
 Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud:  
 No Arts our Good to show, our Ills to hide,  
 Nor know to cover Faults of Love with Pride.  
 I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,  
 And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.  
 To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;  
 For one soft Hour with thee, my charming Swain,  
 Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of Shame,  
 Cou'd it as well but satisfie my Fame,

But

But oh those tender Hours are fled and lost,  
 And I no more of Fame, or thee can boast!  
 'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:  
 'Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,  
 No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy.  
 'Tis false and broken Vows make Love a Sin,  
 Hadst thou been true, we innocent had been.  
 But thou less Faith than *Autumn* Leaves dost show,  
 Which ev'ry Blast bears from their native Bough.  
 Less Weight, less Constancy, in thee is born  
 Than in the slender mildew'd Ears of Corn.

Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my Hair,  
 Where mystick Pinks and Dazies mingled were,  
 You swore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:  
 And when with eager Kisses prest my Hand,  
 Have said, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd Command:*

And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry Green,  
 With charming, wishing Eyes survey my Mien,  
 And cry, The Gods design'd thee for a Queen!

Why then for *Helen* dost thou me forsake?  
 Can a poor empty Name such Diff'rence make?  
 Besides, if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,  
 Since *Helen* does to *Menelaus* belong.

Be Just, restore her back, she's none of thine,  
 And, charming *Paris*, thou art only mine.

'Tis no ambitious Flame that makes me sue  
 To be again belov'd, and blest with you;  
 No vain Desire of being ally'd t' a King;  
 Love is the only Dowry I can bring,  
 And tender Love is all I ask again,

Whilst

But



88 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Whilst on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War must wait  
 With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace Gate,  
 Rouze your soft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,  
 And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:  
 Turn then, fair Fugitive, e'er 'tis too late,  
 E'er thy mistaken Love procures thy Fate;  
 E'er a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,  
 And pierce that dear, that faithless Heart of thine.



PARIS

S.  
must wait  
Gate,  
h Alarms,  
Arms:  
e,  
;  
esign,  
f thine.



PARIS



# PAR

By

Paris, har  
Helen,  
Reward  
her, w  
Helen's  
Crete,  
his Gra  
the Can  
her, an

ALL  
Tho  
Shall I th  
To tell a  
Do's not  
And all  
If nor, o  
'Till Tin  
'Till all  
Nor lose  
In vain  
Which d



# PARIS to HELENA.

By Mr. RICHARD DUKE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having sail'd to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the Reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by Menelaus, Helen's Husband; but he being call'd away to Crete, to take Possession of what was left him by his Grandfather Atreus, commends his Guest to the Care of his Wife. In his Absence Paris Courts her, and writes to her the following Epistle.

ALL Health, fair Nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,  
 Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.  
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown  
 To tell a Passion that it self has shown?  
 Do's not my Love it self too open lay,  
 And all I think in all I do betray?  
 If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,  
 'Till Time with our kind Wishes shall comply,  
 'Till all our Joys may to us come sincere,  
 Nor lose their Price by the allay of Fear.  
 In vain I strive; who can that Fire conceal,  
 Which do's it self by its own Light reveal?

But

But if you needs would hear my trembling Tongue  
 Speak what my Actions have declar'd so long,  
 I Love; you've there the Word that do's impart  
 The truest Message from my bleeding Heart.  
 Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess  
 To you, my fair Physician, my Disease,  
 And with such Looks this suppliant Paper grace,  
 As best become the Beauties of that Face.  
 May that smooth Brow no angry Wrinkle wear,  
 But be your Looks as kind as they are fair.  
 Some Pleasure 'tis to think these Lines shall find  
 An Entertainment at your Hands so kind,  
 For this creates a Hope, that I too may,  
 Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.  
 Ah! may that Hope be true! nor I complain  
 That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.  
 For know, least you through Ignorance offend  
 The Gods, 'tis Heav'n that me does hither send.  
 None of the meanest of the Pow'rs Divine  
 That first inspir'd, still favours my Design.  
 Great is the Prize I seek, I must confess,  
 But neither is my Due or Merit less:  
*Venus* has promis'd she would you assign,  
 Fair as her self, to be for ever mine.  
 Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,  
 Nor fear'd the Dangers of the faithless Sea.  
 She with a kind and an auspicious Gale  
 Drove the good Ship, and stretch'd out ev'ry Sail.  
 For she, who sprung out of the teeming Deep,  
 Still o'er the Main does her wide Empire keep.

Will may she keep it, and as she with ease  
Allays the Wrath of the most angry Seas,  
So may she give my stormy Mind some Rest,  
And calm the raging Tempest of my Breast,  
And bring home all my Sighs and all my Vows  
To their wish'd Harbour, and desir'd Repose.  
Hither my Flames I brought, not found 'em here;  
My whole Course by their kind Light did steer:  
For I by no Mistake or Storm was tost  
Against my Will upon this happy Coast.  
Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main  
To venture Life, like sordid Fools, for Gain.  
No; may the Gods preserve my present Store,  
And only give me you to make it more.  
Nor to admire the Place came I so far;  
I have Towns richer than your Cities are.  
'Tis you I seek, to me from *Venus* due,  
You were my Wish, before your Charms I knew.  
Bright Images of you my Mind did draw  
Long e'er my Eyes the lovely Object saw.  
Nor wonder that with the swift-winged Dart,  
At such a Distance you could wound my Heart:  
So Fate ordain'd, and left you fight with Fate;  
Hear and believe the Truth I shall relate.

Now in my Mother's Womb shut up I lay,  
Her fatal Burthen longing for the Day,  
When she in a mysterious Dream was told,  
Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;  
Frighted she rises, and her Vision she  
To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he;

They



They sing that I all *Troy* should set on Fire,  
 But sure Fate meant the Flames of my Desire.  
 For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,  
 My native Greatness every thing disclos'd.  
 Beauty, and Strength, and Courage join'd in one,  
 Through all Disguise spoke me a Monarch's Son,  
 A Place there is in *Ida's* thickest Grove  
 With Oakes and Fir-trees shaded all above,  
 The Grass here grows untoucht by bleating Flocks,  
 Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.  
 From hence *Troy's* Tow'rs, Magnificence and Pride,  
 Leaning against an aged Oak, I spy'd. [Ground  
 When straight methought I heard the trembling  
 With the strange Noise of trampling Feet resound.  
 In the same Instant *Jove's* great Messenger,  
 On all his Wings born through the yielding Air,  
 Lighting before my wond'ring Eyes did stand,  
 His Golden Rod shone in his sacred Hand:  
 With him three charming Goddesses there came,  
*Juno* and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.  
 With an unusual Fear I stood amaz'd,  
 'Till thus the God my sinking Courage rais'd;  
*Fear not; Thou art Jove's Substitute below,*  
*The Prize of heav'nly Beauty to bestow;*  
*Contending Goddesses appeal to you,*  
*Decide their Strife;* He spake, and up he flew.  
 Then Bolder grown, I throw my Fears away,  
 And ev'ry one with curious Eyes survey.  
 Each of 'em merited the Victory,  
 And I, their doubtful Judge, was griev'd to see,  
 That One must have it, when deserv'd by Three.

yet that O  
 d with more p  
 ! would you  
 ho could it b  
 th mighty B  
 o will Empt  
 hilt I stand  
 pire's soft I  
 Venus gent  
 're dang'ro  
 make Thee  
 and Jags that  
 if you Ju  
 or Leda's f  
 e spake: a  
 th to her I  
 Mean while  
 am acknow  
 l the glad  
 th a new  
 ad as I la  
 o did the B  
 ou in full  
 or which a  
 or did Qu  
 at Nymph  
 all their  
 nce Hope  
 our charm  
 and when

yet that One there was which most prevail'd,  
 and with more powerful Charms my Heart assail'd,  
 would you know who thus my Breast could move?  
 No could it be but the fair Queen of Love?  
 With mighty Bribes they all for Conquest strive,  
 who will Empires, *Pallas* Valour give,  
 whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,  
 Empire's soft Ease, or glorious Toils of War;  
 yet *Venus* gently smil'd, and thus she spake,  
 'Tis dangerous Gifts, O do not, do not take!  
 I make Thee Love's immortal Pleasures know,  
 and Joys that in full Tides for ever flow.  
 If you Judge the Conquest to be mine,  
 for *Leda's* fairer Daughter shall be thine.  
 I spake: and I gave her the Conquest due,  
 and to her Beauty, and her Gift of you.  
 Mean while (my angry Stars more gentle grown)  
 am acknowledg'd Royal *Priam's* Son,  
 all the glad Court, all *Troy* do's celebrate,  
 with a new Festival, my Change of Fate.  
 And as I languish now, and die for thee,  
 I did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.  
 Thou in full Pow'r over a Heart do reign,  
 for which a thousand Virgins sigh'd in vain:  
 nor did Queens only fly to my Embrace,  
 but Nymphs of Form Divine, and Heav'nly Race:  
 all their Loves with cold Disdain repress,  
 since Hopes of you first fir'd my longing Breast.  
 Your charming Form all Day my Fancy drew,  
 and when Night came, my Dreams were all of you.

What

What Pleasures then must you your self impart,  
 Whose Shadows only so surpris'd my Heart ?  
 And oh ! how did I burn approaching nigh'r,  
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a Fire !

For now no longer could my Hopes refrain  
 From seeking their wish'd Object thro' the Main,  
 I fell the stately Pine, and ev'ry Tree  
 That best was fit to cut the yielding Sea,  
 Fetch'd from *Gargarian Hills*, tall Firs I cleave,  
 And *Ida* naked to the Winds I leave,  
 Stiff Oaks I bend, and solid Planks I form,  
 And ev'ry Ship with well-knit Ribs I arm.  
 To the tall Mast I Sails and Streamers join,  
 And the gay Poops with painted Gods do shine.  
 But on my Ship does only *Venus* stand  
 With little *Cupid* smiling in her Hand,  
 Guide of the Way she did her self command.  
 My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my Thoughts on thee,  
 I long to plow the vast *Ægean Sea* ;  
 My anxious Parents my Desires withstand,  
 And both with pious Tears my Stay command ;  
*Cassandra* too, with loose dishevel'd Hair,  
 Just as our hasty Ships to sail prepare,  
 Full of Prophetick Fury cries aloud,  
*Oh whither steers my Brother thro' the Flood ?*  
*Little, ah ! little dost thou know or heed,*  
*To what a raging Fire these Waters lead.*  
 True were her Fears, and in my Breast I feel  
 The scorching Flames her Fury did foretel,

out I sail  
 your blest  
 our Husband  
 his own Ho  
 ews me wha  
 e curious T  
 I, who on  
 ould taste n  
 at thy Sigh  
 ut from my  
 ung forth  
 ch, or less  
 hen with h  
 t Fairest, h  
 en she the  
 our Beauty  
 and all the W  
 or lives th  
 o claim wi  
 o I speak  
 etracting f  
 ore here I  
 o much yo  
 Well then r  
 think none  
 this bold  
 e ever wo  
 Ah ! woul  
 Or could I

out I sail, and favour'd by the Wind,  
 your blest Shore my wish'd-for Haven find:  
 our Husband then, so Heav'n, kind Heav'n ordains,  
 his own House his Rival entertains.  
 shows me whate'er in *Sparta* does delight  
 the curious Travellers enquiring Sight:  
 I, who only long'd to gaze on you,  
 could taste no Pleasure in the idle Show.  
 at thy Sight: oh! where was then my Heart!  
 from my Breast it gave a sudden Start,  
 sprung forth and met half-way the fatal Dart.  
 oh, or less charming, was the Queen of Love,  
 when with her Rival Goddesses she strove.  
 at Fairest, hadst thou come among the Three,  
 when she the Prize must have resign'd to Thee.  
 your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,  
 and all the World sounds with fair *Helen's* Name;  
 nor lives there She whom Pride it self can raise  
 to claim with you an equal Share of Praise:  
 do I speak false? rather Report does so,  
 detracting from you in a Praise too low.  
 more here I find than that could ever tell,  
 so much your Beauty does your Fame excel.  
 Well then might *Theseus*, he who all Things knew,  
 think none was worthy of his Theft but you:  
 this bold Theft admire; but wonder more  
 he ever would so dear a Prize restore:  
 Ah! would these Hands have ever let you go?  
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?

No;

No; sooner I with Life it self could part,  
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding Heart.  
 But could I do as he, and give you back,  
 Yet sure some Taste of Love I first would take,  
 Would first in all your blooming Excellence  
 And Virgin Sweets feast my luxurious Sense;  
 Or if you would not let that Treasure go,  
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,  
 And let me smell the Flow'r as it did grow.  
 Come then into my longing Arms, and try  
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal Constancy,  
 Which never 'till my fun'ral Pile shall waste;  
 My present Fire shall mingle with my last.  
 Scepters and Crowns for you I did disdain,  
 With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.  
 And when bright *Pallas* did her Bribes prepare,  
 One soft Embrace from you I did prefer  
 To Courage, Strength, and all the Pomp of War.  
 Nor shall I ever think my Choice was ill,  
 My Judgment's settled, and approves it still.  
 Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true  
 As they were plac'd above all Things but you.  
 I am, as well as you, of Heav'nly Race,  
 Nor will my Birth your mighty Line disgrace;  
*Pallas* and *Jove* our noble Lineage head,  
 And them a Race of God-like Kings succeed.  
 All *Asia's* Scepters to my Father bow,  
 And half the spacious East his Pow'r allow.  
 There you shall see the Houses roof'd with Gold,  
 And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.

Troy

O  
 Troy you sha  
 Built to the  
 What need  
 That over  
 You shall g  
 And Trojan  
 How often  
 The Empti  
 How often  
 Contains r  
 I speak no  
 For where  
 Must be to  
 Yet *Sparta*  
 In all the  
 Should un  
 Suits with  
 That Face  
 Should shi  
 When you  
 What, thi  
 Oh! then  
 A Trojan  
 He was a  
 That to  
*Tithonus*  
 The God  
 So was  
 Yet *Venus*

Troy you shall see, and Divine Walls admire,  
 Built to the Consort of *Apollo's* Lyre.  
 What need I the vast Flood of People tell,  
 That over its wide Banks does almost swell?  
 You shall gay Troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,  
 And *Trojan* Wives shining in ev'ry Street.  
 How often then will you your self confess  
 The Emptiness and Poverty of *Greece*?  
 How often will you say, one Palace there  
 Contains more Wealth than do whole Cities here?  
 I speak not this your *Sparta* to disgrace,  
 For wheresoe'er your Life began its Race  
 Must be to me the happiest, dearest Place.  
 Yet *Sparta's* poor; and you, that should be dress'd  
 In all the Riches of the shining East,  
 Should understand how ill that sordid Place  
 Suits with the Beauty of your Charming Face.  
 That Face with costly Dress and rich Attire  
 Should shine, and make the gazing World admire.  
 When you the Habit of my *Trojans* see,  
 What, think ye, must that of their Ladies be?  
 Oh! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor disdain  
 A *Trojan* in your Bed to entertain.  
 He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,  
 That to the Gods does mix Immortal Wine;  
*Tithonus* too, whom to her rose Bed  
 The Goddess of the Morning blushing led;  
 So was *Anchises* of our *Trojan* Race,  
 Yet *Venus* self to his desir'd Embrace,



With all her Train of little Loves, did fly,  
 And in his Arms learn'd for a while to lye:  
 Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can,  
 Compar'd with me, appear the greater Man.  
 I'm sure my Father never made the Sun  
 With frightened Steeds from his dire Banquet run:  
 No Grand-father of mine is stain'd with Blood,  
 Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* Flood.  
 None of our Race does in the *Stygian* Lake  
 Snatch at those Apples he wants Pow'r to take.  
 But stay; since you with such a Husband join,  
 Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.  
 He (Gods!) a Wretch unworthy of those Charms,  
 Does all the Night lye melting in your Arms,  
 Does ev'ry Minute to new Joys improve,  
 And riots in the luscious Sweets of Love.  
 I but at Table one short View can gain,  
 And that too only to increase my Pain:  
 O may such Feasts my worst of Foes attend,  
 As often I at your spread Table find.  
 I loath my Food, when my tormented Eye  
 Sees his rude Hand in your soft Bosom lye.  
 I burst with Envy when I him behold  
 Your tender Limbs in his loose Robe infold.  
 When he your Lips with melting Kisses seal'd,  
 Before my Eyes I the large Goblet held.  
 When you with him in strict Embraces close,  
 My hated Meat to my dry'd Palate grows.  
 Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again to see  
 That Sigh with scornful Smiles repaid by thee.

Oft I wit  
 In vain;  
 Oft have  
 You strai  
 What sha  
 But it's a  
 With all  
 But throu  
 Too well  
 And O t  
 How oft  
 Left he t  
 What Ta  
 To your  
 In borro  
 They the  
 Sometim  
 Fer my  
 Once I r  
 And did  
 Breasts w  
 When to  
 Whilst w  
 The Cup  
 If you y  
 Straight  
 Sometim  
 And wa  
 Your W  
 With al

Oft I with Wine would quench my hot Desire  
 In vain; for so I added Fire to Fire.  
 Oft have I turn'd away my Head in vain,  
 You straight recall'd my longing Eyes again.  
 What shall I do? your Sports with Grief I see,  
 But it's a greater, not to look on Thee.  
 With all my Art I strive my Flames to hide,  
 But through the thin Disguise they are descry'd;  
 Too well, alas! my Wounds to you are known,  
 And O that they were so to you alone!  
 How oft turn I my weeping Eyes away,  
 Lest he the Cause should ask, and I betray?  
 What Tales of Love tell I, when warm'd with Wine?  
 To your dear Face applying ev'ry Line.  
 In borrow'd Names I my own Passion shew,  
 They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.  
 Sometimes more Freedom in Discourse to gain,  
 For my Excuse I Drunkenness would feign.  
 Once I remember your loose Garment fell,  
 And did your naked, swelling Breasts reveal,  
 Breasts white as Snow, or the false Down of *Jove*,  
 When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love;  
 Whilst with the Sight surpriz'd I gazing stand,  
 The Cup I held, dropt from my careless Hand.  
 If you your young *Hermione* but kiss,  
 Straight from her Lips I snatch the envy'd Bliss.  
 Sometimes supinely laid, Love-Songs I sing,  
 And wafted Kisses from my Fingers fling.  
 Your Women to my Aid I try to move  
 With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,

100 OVID'S EPISTLES.

But they, alas! speak nothing but Despair,  
 And in the midst leave my neglected Pray'r.  
 Oh! that by some great Prize you might be won,  
 And your Possession might the Victor Crown:  
 As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won,  
 Then had you seen what I for you had done.  
 But now I've nothing left to do but pray,  
 And my self prostrate at your Feet to lay.  
 O thou, thy House's Glory, brighter far  
 Than thy Two shining Brothers friendly Star!  
 O worthy of the Bed of Heav'n's great King,  
 If ought so fair but from himself could spring!  
 Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,  
 Or here a wretched banish'd Lover dye.  
 With no slight Wound my tender Breast does smart,  
 My Bones and Marrow feel the piercing Dart;  
 I find my Sister true did Prophecie,  
 I with a Heav'nly Dart should wounded dye;  
 Despise not then a Love by Heav'n design'd,  
 So may the Gods still to your Vows be kind.  
 Much I could say, but what, will best be known  
 In your Apartment, when we are alone.  
 You blush, and with a superstitious Dread  
 Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed:  
 Ah! *Helen*, can you then so simple be,  
 To think such Beauty can from Faults be free?  
 Or change that Face, or you must needs be kind;  
 Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.  
*Jove* and bright *Venus* do our Thefts approve,  
 Such Thefts as these gave you your Father *Jove*.

And

And if in  
 Can *Jove*  
 Yet then b  
 (For she w  
 But let us  
 Then Mar  
 Ev'n your  
 Silent him  
 For me th  
 He'll spoil  
 Had he ne  
 Oh! how  
 He went,  
 Instead of  
 But you fo  
 Nor take  
 And thin  
 The Trea  
 No: did h  
 He durst  
 If neither  
 We're for  
 We shoul  
 should fo  
 Alone th  
 In a cold  
 Let mutu  
 That hap  
 Then wi  
 And in t

And if in you ought of your Parents last,  
Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Daughter well be chaste?  
Yet then be chaste when we to *Troy* shall go;  
(For she who sins with one alone, is so.)  
But let us now enjoy that pleasing Sin,  
Then Marry, and be Innocent again.  
Ev'n your own Husband doth the same persuade,  
Silent himself, yet all his Actions plead:  
For me they plead, and he, good Man, because  
He'll spoil no Sport, officiously withdraws.  
Had he no other Time to visit *Crete*?  
Oh! how prodigious is a Husband's Wit!  
He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My Dear,  
Instead of me, you of your Guest take care.  
But you forget your Lord's Command, I see,  
Nor take you any care of Love or me.  
And think you such a thing as he does know  
The Treasure that he holds in holding you?  
No: did he understand but half your Charms,  
He durst not trust 'em in a Stranger's Arms.  
If neither his nor my Request can move,  
We're forc'd by Opportunity to Love;  
We should be Fools, ev'n greater Fools than he,  
Should so secure a Time unactive be.  
Alone these tedious Winter Nights you lye  
In a cold Widow'd Bed, and so do I.  
Let mutual Joys our willing Bodies join,  
That happy Night shall the Mid-day out-shine,  
Then will I swear by all the Pow'rs above,  
And in their awful Presence seal my Love.

Then, if my Wishes may aspire so high,  
 I with our Flight shall win you to comply;  
 But if nice Honour little Scruples frame,  
 The Force I'll use shall vindicate your Fame.  
 Of *Thesens* and your Brothers I can learn,  
 No Precedents so nearly you concern;  
 You *Thesens*, they *Leucippus*' Daughter stole,  
 I'll be the Fourth in the illustrious Roll.  
 Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my Fleet does stay,  
 And waiting Winds murmur at our Delay.  
 Thro' *Troy*'s throng'd Streets you shall in Triumph go,  
 Ador'd as some new Goddess here below.  
 Where-e'er you tread, Spices and Gums shall smoke,  
 And Victims fall beneath the fatal Stroke.  
 My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,  
 All *Troy* to you with Presents shall resort.  
 Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said,  
 What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.  
 Nor fear, lest War pursue our hasty Flight,  
 And angry *Greece* should all her Force unite.  
 What ravish'd Maid did ever Wars regain?  
 Vain the Attempt, and Fear of it as vain.  
 The *Thracians* *Orithya* stole from far,  
 Yet *Thrace* ne'er heard the Noise of following War.  
*Jason* too stole away the *Colchian* Maid,  
 Yet *Colchos* did not *Thessaly* invade.  
 He who stole you, stole *Ariadne* too,  
 Yet *Minos* did not with all *Crete* pursue.  
 Fear in these Cases than the Danger's more,  
 And when the threat'ning Tempest once is o'er,  
 Our Shame's then greater than our Fear before.

P  
 But say fro  
 Know I ha  
 In Men an  
 Our Empir  
 Nor does y  
 In Gen'rou  
 Ev'n but a  
 My stollen  
 Ev'n then  
*Deiphobus* a  
 Nor Hand  
 Than whe  
 You for hi  
 Nor can h  
 But could  
 And he al  
 You know  
 Of him th  
 Either no  
 Or if it d  
 Nor think  
 That Priz  
 All After  
 If you alo  
 To-Sea, t  
 And all l

But say from *Greece* a threatned War pursue,  
 Know I have Strength and wounding Weapons too.  
 In Men and Horse more numerous than *Greece*  
 Our Empire is, nor in its Compass less.  
 Nor does your Husband *Paris* ought excel  
 In Gen'rous Courage, or in Martial Skill.  
 Ev'n but a Boy, from my slain Foes I gain'd  
 My stollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd;  
 Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce  
*Deiphobus* and great *Ilioneus*.  
 Nor Hand to Hand more to be fear'd am I,  
 Than when from far my certain Arrows fly.  
 You for his Youth can no such Actions feign,  
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd Skill attain.  
 But could he, *Hector's* your Security,  
 And he alone an Army is to me.  
 You know me not, nor the hid Prowess find  
 Of him that Heav'n has for your Bed design'd.  
 Either no War from *Greece* shall follow thee,  
 Or if it does, shall be repell'd by me.  
 Nor think I fear to fight for such a Wife,  
 Thar Prize would give the Coward's Courage life.  
 All After Ages shall your Fame admire,  
 If you alone set the whole World on fire.  
 To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,  
 And all I promise, you in *Troy* shall find.







# HELEN to PARIS.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of MULGRAVE,  
and Mr. DRYDEN.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer: Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opininn of her Virtue; then owns her self to be sensible of the Passion which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspected his Constancy; and at last discovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter shewing the extreme Artifice of Woman-kind.

**W**HEN loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,  
She half Consents, who silently Denies:  
How dares a Stranger, with Designs so vain,  
Marriage and Hospitable Rights prophane?  
Was it for this, your Fate did shelter find  
From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind?  
(For tho' a distant Country brought you forth,  
Your Usage here was equal to your Worth.)  
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?  
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?

YOUNG

Your partial  
And think  
Ill bred the  
Nor my cle  
Tho' in my  
Nor in my  
I keep my  
Nor has my  
Your Boldn  
What Hope  
Because a  
Am I thou  
Had I been  
But sure m  
Yet the ba  
I'scap'd un  
Rude Forc  
But that w  
You on fu  
Were he l  
Untouch'd  
And mode  
'Tis Virtue  
Did he rej  
Sure 'tis f  
Yet still e  
I'll not c  
If it since  
But that  
Or doubt

Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,  
 And think me barb'rous for my just Disdain;  
 Ill bred then let me be, but not unchaste,  
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd;  
 Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,  
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown,  
 I keep my Honour still without a Stain,  
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.  
 Your Boldness I with Admiration see;  
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me?  
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away,  
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey?  
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame,  
 But sure my Part was nothing but the Shame:  
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did bear,  
 I escap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.  
 Rude Force might some unwilling Kisses gain,  
 But that was all he ever cou'd obtain.  
 You on such Terms would ne'er have let me go;  
 Were he like you, we had not parted so.  
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my Friends,  
 And modest Usage made me some amends.  
 'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed;  
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed?  
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above Wrongs,  
 Yet still exposes me to busie Tongues.  
 I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with Love,  
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?  
 But that I fear; not that I think you base,  
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face,

F 5

But

You

But all your Sex is subject to deceive,  
 And ours, alas, too willing to believe.  
 Yet others yield: and Love o'ercomes the best:  
 But why should I not shine above the rest?  
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be  
 A fit Example ready found for me;  
 But she was Cozen'd by a borrow'd Shape,  
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape:  
 If I should yield, what Reason could I use?  
 By what Mistake the loving Crime excuse?  
 Her Fault was in her pow'rful Lover lost,  
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast?  
 Tho' you to Heroe's, and to Kings succeed,  
 Our Famous Race does no Addition need,  
 And great Alliances but useles prove  
 To one that's come her self from mighty *Jove*.  
 Go then and boast in some less haughty Place  
 Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam's* ancient Race,  
 Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;  
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the first.  
 The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confess,  
 But I have reason to think ours no less.  
 Your Letter fill'd with Promises of all  
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant, call;  
 Gives Expectation such an ample Field,  
 As wou'd move Goddesses themselves to yield.  
 But if I e'er offend great *Juno's* Laws,  
 Your self shall be the dear, the only Cause;  
 Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,  
 Or follow you, without mean Thoughts of Gain.

Not

Not that I  
 We like the  
 But 'tis you  
 Such Pains,  
 I have per  
 A thousand  
 Your eager  
 In which (  
 Sometimes  
 And with  
 Contive ju  
 Nor wou'd  
 When oft  
 And blushi  
 Then murd  
 Do any th  
 Oft have  
 Under my  
 I frowning  
 But now,  
 If I were  
 I could ne  
 For oh! y  
 That who  
 But what  
 May some  
 Pleasure n  
 O learn o  
 What you  
 As you h

Not that so fair a Present I despise;  
 We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize.  
 But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take  
 Such Pains, and run such Hazards for my sake;  
 I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too)  
 A thousand Things that Love has made you do:  
 Your eager Eyes would almost dazle mine, [shine.  
 In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd  
 Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,  
 And with unusual Ardor press my Hand;  
 Contrive just after me to take the Glass,  
 Nor wou'd you let the least Occasion pass,  
 When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,  
 And blushing fate for Things which you have done:  
 Then murmur'd to my self, He'll for my sake  
 Do any thing; I hope 'twas no Mistake:  
 Oft have I read within this pleasing Grove,  
 Under my Name, those charming Words, *I Love*.  
 I frowning, seem'd not to believe your Flame,  
 But now, alas, am come to Write the same.  
 If I were capable to do amiss,  
 I could not but be sensible of this.  
 For oh! your Face has such peculiar Charms,  
 That who can hold from flying to your Arms!  
 But what I ne'er can have without Offence,  
 May some blest Maid possess with Innocence.  
 Pleasure may tempt, but Virtue more should move;  
 O learn of me to want the Thing you Love.  
 What you desire is sought by all Mankind:  
 As you have Eyes, so others are not Blind,

Like

Like you they see, like you my Charms adore,  
 They wish not less, but you dare venture more.  
 Oh! had you then upon our Coasts been brought,  
 My Virgin Love when thousand Rivals fought,  
 You had I seen, you should have had my Voice;  
 Nor cou'd my Husband justly blame my Choice.  
 For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;  
 Another now is Master of my Fate.  
 More to my Wish I cou'd have liv'd with you,  
 And yet my present Lot can undergo.  
 Cease to sollicit a weak Woman's Will,  
 And urge not her you Love, to so much Ill.  
 But let me live contented as I may,  
 And make not my unspotted Fame your Prey.  
 Some Right you claim, since naked to your Eyes  
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauty's Prize.  
 One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns, but she  
 Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd me,  
 But first I am not of Belief so light,  
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such a Sight,  
 Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd;  
 A Bribe so mean, your Sentence had not gain'd,  
 With partial Eyes I shou'd my self regard,  
 To think that *Venus* made me her Reward:  
 I humbly am content with human Praise;  
 A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise:  
 But be it as you say, for 'tis confess'd,  
 The Men, who flatter highest, please us best,  
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease;  
 For Miracles are not believ'd with ease.

One Joy I  
 A greater  
 That profi  
*Juno* and  
 Am I you  
 What Hea  
 And yet b  
 How rude  
 My Hand  
 This is th  
 Happy th  
 I think a  
 Ev'n whi  
 Look oft  
 For now  
 At Cour  
 Dissenbl  
 To leave  
 Yet if yo  
 Love sec  
 More Fr  
 Long is  
 Call'd b  
 To go o  
 I bid hi  
 Then ki  
 All to  
 I smil'd  
 And on

One Joy I have, that I had *Venus*' Voice ;  
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice ;  
 That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'reignty,  
*Juno* and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.  
 Am I your Empire then, and your Renown ?  
 What Heart of Rock but must by this be won ?  
 And yet bear Witness, O you Pow'rs above,  
 How rude I am in all the Arts of Love !  
 My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men :  
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen :  
 Happy those Nymphs, whom Use has perfect made ;  
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.  
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious Eyes  
 Look often back, misdoubting a Surprise.  
 For now the Rumour spreads among the Croud,  
 At Court in Whispers, but in Town aloud :  
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say :  
 To leave off Loving were your better Way,  
 Yet if you will dissemble it you may.  
 Love secretly : the Absence of my Lord  
 More Freedom gives, but does not all afford :  
 Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay ;  
 Call'd by Affairs of Consequence away.  
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,  
 I bid him make what swift Return he cou'd :  
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend  
 All to thy Care, but most my *Trojan* Friends.  
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,  
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.



# 110 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Propitious Winds have born him far from hence,  
 But let not this secure your Confidence.  
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:  
 You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands*.  
 My Fame's my Burthen; for the more I'm prais'd,  
 A juster Ground of Jealousie is rais'd.  
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest;  
 Great Beauty through great Danger is possest.  
 To leave me here his Venture was not hard,  
 Because he thought my Virtue was my Guard.  
 He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my Life,  
 The Beauty doubred, but believ'd the Wife.  
 You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,  
 Put in our Hands by the good easie Man.  
 I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear,  
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.  
 Our Flames are mutual, and my Husband's gone:  
 The Nights are long; I fear to lye alone.  
 One House contains us, and weak Walls divide,  
 And you're too pressing to be long deny'd:  
 Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conspires  
 To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.  
 You court with Words, when you shou'd Force employ,  
 A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd Joy.  
 Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,  
 Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.  
 What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,  
 Our kindling Fire if each of us suppress.  
 The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,  
 And, like themselves, their wand'ring Passions range.

*Hypsi-*

H  
*Hypsipile*, and  
 Were both l  
 How can I  
 When you y  
 But lest I sh  
 You make a  
 Yet grant y  
 Your weary  
 Should you  
 Your Sails  
 Some bawl  
 And break  
 But I with  
 To view th  
 Shown whi  
 And fill a  
 In *Asia* wh  
 And what  
 What will  
 And what  
 Ev'n you,  
 My future  
 And what  
 Conclude  
 I from yo  
 While yo  
 You, my  
 Deep und  
 You boar  
 And prom

*Hypsipyle*, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,  
Were both by trusting of their Guests betray'd,  
How can I doubt that other Men deceive,  
When you your self did fair *OEnone* leave?  
But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,  
You make a Merit of that Crime to me;  
Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,  
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.  
Should you prevail; while I assign the Night,  
Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your Flight:  
Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,  
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd Joys.  
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,  
To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam's* Court.  
Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame;  
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.  
In *Asia* what Reception shall I find?  
And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?  
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,  
And what will all your modest Matrons say?  
Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,  
My future Conduct justly may suspect:  
And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coast,  
Conclude me, by your own Example, lost.  
I from your Rage a Strumper's Name shall hear,  
While you forget what Part in it you bear.  
You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:  
Deep under Ground Oh let me first be laid!  
You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,  
And promise all shall be at my Command:

Your

Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise;  
 My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.  
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,  
 What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?  
*Medea* was by *Jason's* Flatt'ry won:  
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone.  
 Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no Cheat,  
 And Love contributes to its own Deceit.  
 The Ships, about whose Sides loud Tempests roar,  
 With gentle Winds were wafted from the Shoar.  
 Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand  
 Sprung from her Womb consum'd the *Trojan* Land.  
 To second this, old Prophecies conspire,  
 That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire:  
 Both give me Fear, nor is it much allay'd,  
 That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.  
 For they who lost their Cause, Revenge will take,  
 And for one Friend two Enemies you make.  
 Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you,  
 The Sword would soon our fatal Crime pursue:  
 A Wrong so great my Husband's Rage would rouse,  
 And my Relations would his Cause espouse.  
 You boast your Strength and Courage, but, alas!  
 Your Words receive small Credit from your Face,  
 Let Heroes in the dusty Field delight,  
 Those Limbs were fashion'd for another Fight.  
 Bid *Hector* sally from the Walls of *Troy*,  
 A sweeter Quarrel should your Arms employ.  
 Yet Fears like these shou'd not my Mind perplex,  
 Were I as Wife as many of my Sex,

But

H  
 But Time an  
 And I perha  
 You last der  
 These are y  
 Your unripe  
 Be rul'd by  
 This is eno  
 For now m  
 My Woma  
 And may h

# HELEN to PARIS. 113

But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inspire;  
 And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.  
 You last demand a private Conference,  
 These are your Words, but I can guess your Sense,  
 Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must attend:  
 Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend,  
 This is enough to let you understand,  
 For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand;  
 My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,  
 And may hereafter better News impart.



*Penelope*



# Penelope to Ulysses.

By Mr. R H T M E R.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Rape of Helen having carry'd all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of Troy; Ulysses, among the rest, there signaliz'd his Manhood and Prudence particularly. But the Siege at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains, Penelope sends this Letter in quest of him. She had render'd her self as deservedly famous on her part by resisting all the while the Importunity of her Suitors with an unusual Constancy and Fidelity. She complains to Ulysses of their Carriage, she likewise tells him her Apprehensions and Fears for him during the War and since; acquaints him with the ill Posture of his Family through his Absence, and desires him to hasten Home as the only means to set all right again.*

**T**O Your Penelope at length break home,  
Send no Excuse, nor stay to write, but come.  
Our Trouble long, Troy does not hold you now;  
Nor twenty Troy's were worth all this ado.

Wou'd

PEN

You'd some  
the Russian,  
should not  
or cold a-N  
for should th  
and work, a  
always fea  
As always L  
fancy'd thee  
And Hector's  
When told o  
areight Nest  
When for hi  
wept to fin  
Tlepolemus b  
Through all  
Wherever G  
fainted, a  
Heav'n for  
My Hubban  
Our Captai  
And Temp  
For their f  
And Trojan  
All stand a  
And list'ni  
Some on r  
And spilli  
This Simo  
And there

PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 115

You'd some just Storm and raging Sea had drown'd  
 The Ruffian, when for *Lacedamon* bound;  
 Should not then of tedious Days complain,  
 Nor cold a-Nights, and comfortless have lain;  
 Nor should this Pains to pass the Ev'nings take,  
 And work, and weave, ev'n till my Fingers ake.  
 As always Love unquiet Fears pursue)  
 Fancy'd thee by fierce *Trojans* compass'd round,  
 And *Hector's* Name still struck me to the Ground.  
 When told of *Nestor's* Son, by *Hector* slain,  
 Straight *Nestor's* Son rous'd all my Fears again.  
 When for his Sham how dear *Patroclus* paid:  
 Wept to find that Wit no better sped.  
*Polemus* by *Trojan* Jav'lin kill'd,  
 Through all my Veins an Icy Terror thrill'd:  
 Whatever *Greeks* miscarry'd in the Fray,  
 I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.  
 Heav'n for chaste Love has better Fate in store,  
 My Husband lives, and *Troy* is now no more.  
 Our Captains well return'd, each Altar flames,  
 And Temples all Barbarian Booty crams;  
 For their safe Loves the Women Off'rings bring,  
 And *Trojan* Fates by ours defeated Sing.  
 All stand amaz'd to hear both old and young,  
 And list'ning Wives upon their Husbands hung.  
 Some on the Table draw each bloody Fight,  
 And spilling Wine the whole sad *Iliad* write.  
 This *Simois*, that the *Sigeon* Land,  
 And there did *Priam's* lofty Palace stand,

Here



116 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Here skulkt *Ulysses*, there *Achilles* dar'd,  
 There *Hector* torn, the foaming Horses scar'd.  
 All did old *Nestor* to your Son explain:  
 To seek you sent, who told me all again,  
 Your Sword how *Dolon*, no, nor *Rhesus* 'scap'd,  
 Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.  
 Fool-hardy you, and us remembring ill,  
 Nightly amidst those *Thracian* Tents to steal,  
 There Numbers slay, one only aiding thee,  
 Thou hast been Wise, and woud'st have thought on me.  
 Still pant I, told, how all in Triumph brave,  
 Round your Friends Camp those *Thracian* Steeds  
 you dave.

But what avails it me that *Troy* did yield,  
 And by your Prowess now the Town's a Field?  
 As when *Troy* stood, I still remain alone,  
 Th' Effect continues, tho' the Cause is gone:  
 To others sack'd, to only me upheld,  
 Ev'n whilst it lies by *Greek* Abiders till'd.  
 For *Priam's* Tow'rs, now lofty Corn appears,  
 And *Phrygian* Blood a pond'rous Harvest rears.  
 No House remains, nought of a *Trojan* found,  
 Unless you dig their Bones from under Ground.  
 Where art thou, Conqu'ror? what detains thee now?  
 Or may not I your new Atchievements know!  
 What-ever Skipper hither comes a shore,  
 For thee I ask, and ask him o'er and o'er;  
 Nor parts he, 'till I scribble half a Sheet,  
 To give thee, should ye ever chance to meet.

PE

We sent to  
 From Pylas  
 To Sparta  
 What Cour  
 Wou'd those  
 (Now I Repe  
 Then where  
 Nor save for  
 Now, what  
 And a wild  
 By Sea, or  
 Those I sus  
 Whilst thus  
 Perhaps ab  
 Perhaps to  
 Who know  
 No; vanish  
 He wou'd  
 My Sire w  
 Blames my  
 Let him c  
 Penelope, T  
 Yet by my  
 His Temp  
 From Cre  
 To Court  
 Who reve  
 And eat,  
 Of Medo  
 Eurymach

We

PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 117

We sent to *Pylus*, *Nestor's* ancient Seat,  
 From *Pylus* we no certain Tidings get:  
 To *Sparta* sent, the *Spartans* nothing know,  
 What Course you steer, nor where you wander now.  
 Wou'd those same God-built Walls were standing still,  
 (Now I Repent that e'er I wish'd 'em ill) [learn'd,  
 Then where thou fought'st, I surely should have  
 Nor save for War, the common Grievance, mourn'd.  
 Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,  
 And a wild Field lies open to my Care.  
 By Sea, or Land whatever Dangers sway,  
 Those I suspect the Causes of your Stay.  
 Whilst thus I simply muse, who knows your Mind,  
 Perhaps abroad some other Love you find:  
 Perhaps to her your dowdy Wife define,  
 Who knows no more, so that her Cup-board shine.  
 No; vanish jealous Thoughts, nor fright me more,  
 He wou'd be with me, were it in his Pow'r.  
 My Sire would force me from my Widow's Bed,  
 Blames my Delay, and chides and shakes his Head.  
 Let him chide on, yours still, yours only, I,  
*Penelope*, *Ulysses'* Wife will die.  
 Yet by my chaste Desires, and Virtue bent,  
 His Temper does a little now Relent.  
 From *Crete* and *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zant* set out,  
 To Court me come a wild unruly Rout;  
 Who revel in your House without controul,  
 And eat, and waste your Means, our Blood and Soul.  
 Of *Medon*, *Polybus*, *Pisander* fell  
*Eurymachus*, alas, why should I tell?

With

118 OVID'S EPISTLES.

With many more (you sadly out o'th' way)  
Feed here, and on your Substance let 'em prey.  
The Beggar *Irus*, and that Goat-herd Clown,  
*Melanchius*, range and rummage up and down.  
So kept your House, such stout Defenders we,  
A helpless Wife, old Man, and little Boy;  
Whom late by Treach'ry we had well nigh lost,  
'Gainst all our Minds as he to *Pylos* crost:  
But Heav'ns preserve him 'till he die in Course,  
Having first clos'd mine Eyes, and also yours.  
Thus the old Nurse, the *Hind*, and *Hogherd* pray;  
True Servants all, and faithful in their Way.  
Disarm'd by Age, *Laertes* is not fit  
Amidst those Bullies to maintain your Right.  
Age, if he lives, *Telemachus* may bring  
To Strength, but yet he needs his Father's Wing.  
I, what am I? Alas my Help is small?  
Come you, the Strength and Safety of us all,  
So may your Son in virtuous Arts increase,  
So may the Old *Laertes* die in Peace;  
Who in my Bloom did at your Parting mourn,  
I wither'd grow, in waiting your Return.



*Pene-*



*Pen*

*By the*

*P*enelope to  
To him

'Tis your  
Who asks

*Priam* and

Have long

For which

O'er

Why did

I should

Courting

But all in

Nor Day

My tend

Nor my

Still d

To kill

Love, ie

To spy

I fancy

To slay



## Penelope to Ulysses.

By the Honourable Mrs. WHARTON.

**P**enelope this slow Epistle sends  
 To him on whom her future Hope depends;  
 'Tis your *Penelope*, distress'd, forlorn,  
 Who asks no Answer, but your quick Return.  
*Priam* and *Troy*, the *Grecian* Dames just Hate,  
 Have long e'er this, 'tis known, receiv'd their Fate,  
 For which thy Absence pays too dear a Rate.

O e'er my Hopes and Joys had found their Graves,  
 Why did not *Paris* perish by the Waves?  
 I should not then pass tedious Nights alone,  
 Courting with fervent Breath the rising Sun;  
 But all in vain, for Day is Night to me,  
 Nor Day nor Night brings Comfort, only thee.  
 My tender Hands with weaving would not tire,  
 Nor my soft Thoughts with unobtain'd Desire.

Still did my Mind new fearful Forms present  
 To kill my Hopes, and raise my Discontent.  
 Love, jealous Love, has more than Eagles Eyes  
 To spy out Sorrows, but o'er-look our Joys;  
 I fancy'd furious *Trojans* still were nigh  
 To slay my Lord, and all my Hopes destroy.

As there the Arms of *Hector* still prevail,  
 Here at his very Name my Cheeks grew pale;  
 When told *Antilochus* by him was slain,  
 My Hopes decay'd, my Fears reviv'd again.  
 I wept when young *Patroclus* was o'erthrown,  
 To find how weak the Arts of Wit were grown,  
 The Deeds of fierce *Tlepolemus* alarm'd  
 My tender Soul, and all my Spirits charm'd.  
 Each fatal Scene Grief to my Heart did show,  
 Whate'er they felt, I suffer'd here for you.  
 But virtuous Love propitious Heav'n befriends,  
 My Husband's safe, on whom my Life depends;  
*Troy* is o'erthrown, and all our Sorrow ends.  
 The *Grecians* Triumph, they at large declare  
 The Fall of *Ilium*, and the Foes Despair.  
 Old Men and tender Maids with Pleasure hear  
 The fatal End of all their Grievs and Fear.  
 The joyful Wife from soft Embraces now  
 Will hardly time to hear these Tales allow,  
 Forgets long Absence, and renews her Vow.

Some on the Tables their feign'd Combats draw,  
 With sparing Bowls the Victor speaks his Joy,  
 And with spilt Wine describes the famous *Troy*;  
 Here, says he, *Priam's* Palace did appear,  
 The far-fam'd River *Simois* glided here;  
 Here 'twas *Achilles* fought, *Ulysses* too;  
 At that to guard my Heart my Spirits flew:  
*Achilles'* mighty Name pass'd careless by,  
 But at this Name *Penelope* could dye.

One shows  
 To fierce  
 Describes  
 Taught by  
 To fear th  
 Breathless  
 The Army

This Ne

Sent to en

He told h

These red

I listen'd

How tr

You little

When in

The *Thra*

Assisted b

Too stron

But wh

If, like t

Your Pre

Would I

Others

Driving

Th'unha

And wh

Pl

Where b

Expect

PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 121

One shows the Place where mangled *Hector* lay,  
To fierce *Achilles*' Fury made a Prey,  
Describes the Horses which his Body drēw,  
Taught by an Instinct they before ne'er knew,  
To fear the Man, who could no more pursue.  
Breathless on Earth was laid the Soul of *Troy*,  
The Army's Triumph, and the City's Joy.

This *Nestor* told your Son, whom my fond haste  
Sent to enquire of Dangers which were past.

He told how *Refus* was with *Dolon* slain;  
These tedious Tales did but augment my Pain,  
I listen'd still to hear of you again.

How truly Valiant were you, tho' Unkind?  
You little thought of what you left behind,  
When in the Night you ventur'd to invade  
The *Thracian* Camp, my Soul was fill'd with dread.  
Assisted but by one their Strength you prove,  
Too strong your Courage, but too weak your Love.

But what remains to me for Conquests past,  
If, like that City, still my Hopes lye waste?  
Your Presence would my springing Joy renew;  
Would *Troy* were glorious still, so I had you.

Others I see their Victories enjoy,  
Driving along the fatted Spoils of *Troy*:  
Th' unhappy Beasts compell'd turn Rebels now,  
And where their Captive Masters mourn, must  
Plough.

Where barren Walls were once, now fruitful Fields  
Expect the Sickle, and glad Harvest yield.



Still they insult upon the conquer'd Foes,  
 Raising their bury'd Limbs with crooked Ploughs;  
 Ev'n Death to them is not the End of Woes.  
 Grass grows, where once the Tow'rs erected high  
 Of stately *Ilium* durst out-face the Sky.  
 But why do I glad Victories relate?  
 I have no Conquest, but the conquer'd's Fate.  
 Thou, mighty Victor, from my Arms art fled,  
 Despair here triumphs, and my Comfort's dead;  
 Thy Image still I find within my Heart,  
 But if thou stay'st, with that and Life I part.

Whatever Stranger lands upon our Shore,  
 Thither I run, wing'd Hope flies on before;  
 I ask, Where is my Lord? Will he return?  
 Is he in Health? Or must I ever mourn?  
 Then to his Hands a Letter strait I give,  
 And cry, Give this to him in whom I live.  
 But if no quick Reply the Stranger makes,  
 The springing Blood my trembling Cheeks forsakes.  
 I fear your Death, and more I fear your Scorn,  
 I think *Penelope* is now forlorn,  
*Ulysses* false, and all his Vows forsworn.  
 I sent to *Pylis* to enquire for thee,  
 But found thee there a Stranger as to me;  
 To *Sparta*, but could there no Tydings hear:  
 Where art thou, my *Ulysses*, tell me where?  
 Where dost thou hide thy self t'encrease my Fear.  
 None of thy Victories to me return,  
*Apollo's* City's vanquish'd, yet I mourn:

Ah!

Ah! would  
 Then I shou  
 But now, a  
 My Vows a  
 What may  
 I know no  
 My Sorrow  
 I fear all  
 Forgive me  
 My eager  
 I sometime  
 Have mad  
 Where to  
*Penelope* ea  
 Thou tell  
 I know no  
 The home  
 But never  
 When thu  
 Then strai  
 I think th  
*Ulysses* we  
 My Fat  
 Bidding m  
 And laug  
 Rather th  
 But let h  
 Tho' muc  
 My fix'd  
 He think

PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 123

Ah! would it stood, that Scene of Pomp and Pride,  
 Then I should know where all my Hopes reside :  
 But now, alas! I know not where thou art,  
 My Vows are turn'd, and help to break my Heart.  
 What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my Care,  
 I know not where to limit now my Fears;  
 My Sorrows wander in so large a Field,  
 I fear all Dangers Sea and Earth can yield.  
 Forgive me, dear *Ulysses*, if sometimes  
 My eager Love dares tax thy Heart of Crimes.  
 I sometime think some crafty Stranger may  
 Have made thy absent wandring Heart a Prey;  
 Where to make sure the Vows to her are sworn,  
*Penelope* each Day is made a Scorn.  
 Thou tell'it her, the weak Distaff is my Care,  
 I know no Art the Conqu'ror to ensnare;  
 The homely Duties of a Wife I prove,  
 But never knew to fix a wandring Love.  
 When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep Despairs,  
 Then strait I rave, and chide away those Fears;  
 I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy Pow'r  
*Ulysses* were *Penelope's* this Hour.

My Father adds to my insulting Fate,  
 Bidding me quit those Robes and widow'd State;  
 And laughs to hear me feign some weak Excuse,  
 Rather than all my Vows and Hopes abuse:  
 But let him laugh, I'm thine and only thine,  
 Tho' much I fear *Ulysses* is not mine;  
 My fix'd Resolves at length have conquer'd him,  
 He thinks I may be true without a Crime.

Slaves I have many, who affect to move,  
 But vainly tempt my fix'd and constant Love;  
 Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all those Arts  
 Which captive and secure less faithful Hearts;  
 They Lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,  
 Thy Wealth is theirs, who bless thy kind Delay,  
 All but thy Wife to them is made a Prey.  
 Why should I reckon up each hated Name,  
 Hateful to me, and cruel to thy Fame?

*Pylander, Polypus and Medon* here

Are fierce thro' Pow'r, I feeble thro' Despair.

Why should I name the sly *Eurymachus*,

The curs'd and covetous *Alcinous*?

*Ulysses*, these and more to thy Disgrace

Live on thy Riches, while thy Herds decrease;

The mean *Melanthus* and poor *Irus* too

Are ever in the way t' assist the Crew,

Whose careless Riots all my Hopes undo:

Alone upon thy Succour we depend,

We are but Three, and weakly we defend;

I am a Woman, and *Laertes* old,

*Telemachus* too young, the Foe too bold;

*Telemachus* nigh lost the other Day,

For he for *Pylas* had prepar'd his way

Against my Will, who ne'er could have design'd

Parting with th' only Pledge you left behind.

O may he live, that when I'm freed by Death,

*Ulysses'* Soul may in his Bosom breath.

The little Family you left behind

Thus pray for him, whom all the Gods design'd

Heir to thy Wealth, and to thy richer Mind.

*Laertes* 'mo

His Pow'r

Your Son

As yet the

Return, my

Of all our

Return, an

The Arts t

Instruct his

His Blood

Return, an

With thy

Return, a

With shed

Return, L

PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 125

*Laertes* 'mongst his Foes is old and weak,  
 His Pow'r decays, in vain his Help I seek.  
 Your Son may live, the Foe may grow less strong,  
 As yet they're pow'rful, and their Hopes are young.  
 Return, my wandering Lord, the only Scope  
 Of all our Pray'rs, the End of all our Hope;  
 Return, and teach your Son, like you, to know  
 The Arts to govern, and subdue a Foe;  
 Instruct his tender Years for Learning fit,  
 His Blood is thine, and thine may be his Wit;  
 Return, and blefs *Laertes*, e'er he dies,  
 With thy dear Sight, then close his willing Eyes;  
 Return, and blefs thy Wife, whose Youth decays  
 With shedding Tears at thy unkind Delays,  
 Return, Life of our Hopes, Light of our Days.



# *Hypsipyle to Jason.*

By Mr. SETTLE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece, put Jason upon a Voyage to Colchos. In his Passage, he stopp'd at the Island of Lemnos, of which Place Hypsipyle was then Queen, fam'd for her Pious saving of her Father Thoas, in a general Massacre of the Men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of Jason was so kind, as induced him to stay there two Years, at the End of which he left the Island, and the Queen, (then big with Child;) and after a thousand Vows of Constancy, and a speedy Return, pursues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at Colchos, where Aeta was King. Medea his Daughter falls in Love with Jason, and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden Fleece; with which, and Medea, he sail'd home to Theffaly. Hypsipyle, hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival Medea, writes him this Epistle.*

**L** Aden, they say, with Jason's Golden Prize,  
Proud *Argo* in Theffalia's Harbour lies.  
I would Congratulate your safe Return;  
But from your Pen I should that Safety learn.

When



Jason  
 ge, he  
 Place  
 Pious  
 Mas-  
 that  
 to kind,  
 at the  
 Queen,  
 ousand  
 pursues  
 olchor,  
 ughter  
 ms he  
 d Me-  
 hea-  
 Rival

When



When fr  
Spight o  
If 'twas  
Sure I d  
Why did  
How Wa  
How th'  
By their  
How in  
Whilst y  
When d  
Would I  
But tho'  
Your He  
But ah,  
My fan  
Would I  
Would I  
Lately a  
My Doo  
How fa  
Fixt wit  
My Ro  
Lives he  
He lives  
He swor  
My Sen  
That th  
The Sna  
Whilst a

When from my flighted Coast you bore away,  
 Spight of the Winds, you show'd less Faith than They.  
 If 'twas too much t' enjoy my dearest Lord,  
 Sure I deserv'd one Line, one tender Word.  
 Why did Fame first, and not their Conqu'ror, show,  
 How War's fierce God saw his tam'd Bulls at Plow.  
 How th' Earth-born Warriors rose, and how they fell  
 By their own Swords, without your conqu'ring Steel.  
 How in your Charms the fetter'd Dragon lay,  
 Whilst your bold Hand bore the curl'd Gold away.  
 When doubtful Tongues shall *Jason's* Wonders tell,  
 Would I could say, See here's my Oracle.  
 But tho' unkind Loves Silence I deplore,  
 Your Heart still mine, I would desire no more.  
 But ah, that Hope is vain;----a Witch destroys  
 My fancy'd Pleasures, and my promis'd Joys.  
 Would I could say (but oh, Loves Fear's too strong!)  
 Would I could say, I guiltless *Jason* wrong.  
 Lately a Guest came from th' *Hemonian* Land:  
 My Door scarce reach'd, with Transport I demand  
 How fares my *Jason*? His sad Look he bore,  
 Fixt with an ominous Silence on the Floor.  
 My Robes I tore; and thus, with Horror, cry'd,  
 Lives he? or with one Wound both Hearts must bleed?  
 He lives, said he; to which I made him swear:  
 He swore by Heav'n, yet I retain'd my Fear.  
 My Sense return'd to ask your Deeds; he said,  
 That the yok'd Bulls of *Mars* in Chains you led:  
 The Snakes own Teeth a Crop of Heroes bore,  
 Whilst a rough-native Case their Limbs huskt o'er:

And by their own Intestine Fury slain;  
 One Day's short Age compleats their active Reign;  
 Again I ask, Do's my dear *Jason* live?  
 Such Ebbs and Flows Love's Fears and Hopes do give;  
 He fatally proceeds, and with much Art  
 Would hide, yet shews the Falseness of your Heart.  
 Ah, where's your Nuptial Faith, that flatt'ring Stile,  
 Love's Torch, more fit to light my Fun'ral Pile!  
 I have no lawless Plea to *Jason's* Love;  
*Juno* and *Hymen* our just Chaplets wove:  
 Ah no! nor these mild Gods: *Erinnys's* Hand,  
 At our curst Rites, held her infernal Brand.  
 Why to my *Lemnos* did your Vessel steer?  
 Or why, fond Fool, did I admit you here?  
 Here no bright Ram with golden Glory shone,  
 Nor was my *Lemnos* the *Atean* Throne.  
 At first--- (but Fates all faint Resolves withstand)  
 I thought t' expel you with a female Hand.  
 The *Lemnian* Ladies are in Arms well skill'd:  
 Their Guard has been my Life's securest Shield:  
 But in my City, Roof, my Soul receiv'd,  
 For two blest Years my darling *Jason* liv'd.  
 Forc'd the third Summer to a sad Farewel,  
 Mixt with his Tears these parting Accents fell.  
 Do not at our divided Fates repine,  
 Thine I depart, to return ever Thine.  
 May our yet unborn Pledge live long, to prove  
 The Object of its Rival Parents Love.  
 'Twixt Sighs and Tears, thro' those false Gales did pour  
 These falser Show'rs, till Grief could speak no more.

You

You were th  
 Whose swell  
 The furrowi  
 You to the  
 In haste I  
 My Tears  
 There my v  
 And ev'n b  
 A thousand  
 You are re  
 My Vows  
 My Heart  
 Shall I de  
 For that f  
 I never wa  
 You by yo  
 To no Gr  
 My Woun  
 One who  
 Nor are h  
 She from h  
 The Sun l  
 She curbs  
 And from  
 With her  
 Does half  
 In molte  
 Arm'd w  
 Nay, wh  
 By Philo

# HYPsipYLE to JASON. 129

You were the last the fatal *Argo* reach'd,  
 Whose swelling Sails th' o'erhasty Winds had stretch'd.  
 The furrowing Keel the Sea's green Surface plow'd:  
 You to the Shore, to th' Seas I gazing bow'd.  
 In haste I ran to an adjacent Tow'r:  
 My Tears o'er all my Face and Bosom show'r.  
 There my wet Eyes my wasted Soul pursue,  
 And ev'n beyond their natural Opticks flew.  
 A thousand Vows for your Return I made;  
 You are return'd, and they should now be paid.  
 My Vows for curs'd *Medea's* Triumphs pay!  
 My Heart to Grief, my Love to Rage gives way.  
 Shall I deck Temples, and make Altars shine,  
 For that false Man that lives, but lives not mine?  
 I never was secure. 'Twas my long Dread,  
 You by your Father's Choice a *Greek* might Wed,  
 To no *Greek* Bride, t' an unexpected Foe,  
 My Wounds I t' a Barbarian Harlot owe:  
 One who by Spells and Herbs, does Hearts surprise:  
 Nor are her Slaves the Trophies of her Eyes.  
 She from her Course the struggling Moon would hold,  
 The Sun himself in Magick Shades infold;  
 She curbs the Waves, and stops the rapid Floods,  
 And from their Seats removes whole Rocks and Woods,  
 With her dishevell'd Hair the wand'ring Hag  
 Does half-burnt Bones from their warm Ashes drag.  
 In molten Wax, tho' absent, kills by Art,  
 Arm'd with her Needle, goars a tortur'd Heart.  
 Nay, what Desert and Form should only move,  
 By Philters she secures her *Jason's* Love.

G ;

How

## 130 OVID'S EPISTLES.

How can you doat on such infernal Charms,  
 And sleep securely in a *Syren's* Arms?  
 You, as the Bulls, she does t' her Yoke subdue,  
 And as she tam'd the Dragon, Conquers you.  
 Tho' your great Deeds, and no less Race you Boast,  
 Link'd to that Fiend your sullied Fame is lost.  
 Nay by the censuring World 'tis justly thought,  
 Your Conquests by her Sorceries were wrought;  
 And the *Phryxean* Ram's Triumphant Oar,  
 They say, not *Jason*, but *Medea* bore.  
 This Northern Bride your Parents disapprove;  
 Consult your Duty in your Nobler Love.  
 Let some wild *Scythian* her loath'd Bed possess,  
 A Mistress only fit for Savages.  
*Jason*, more false, more changeable than Wind,  
 Have Vows no Weight, and Oaths no Pow'r to bind?  
 Mine you departed: ah, return mine too,  
 Let my kind Arms their long-lost Scenes renew.  
 If high Birth, and great Names your Heart can turn,  
 Know, I'm the Royal *Thoas's* Daughter born.  
*Bacchus* my Grandfire is, whose Bride divine  
 All lesser Constellations does out-shine.  
 My Dow'r These and Fertile *Lemnos* make,  
 All these and me, thy Equal Title, take.  
 Nay I'm a Mother: A kind Father be,  
 And soften all the Pains I've born for thee.  
 Yes Heav'n with Twins has blest our Genial Bed;  
 And would you in their Looks their Father read?  
 Histreach'rous Smiles they are too young to wear,  
 In all things else you'll find your Picture there:

I'ad

# HYPsipyle to JASON. 131

I'ad sent those Envoys in these Letters stead,  
 Both for their own and Mother's Wrongs to plead,  
 Had not their Stepdame's Murthers bid 'em stay;  
 Too dear a Treasure for that Monster's Prey.  
 Would her deaf Rage, that rent her Brother's Bones,  
 Spare my young Blood, or hear their tender Groans?  
 Yet in your Arms this dearer Traitors lies;  
 Above my Truth, you this false Pois'ner prize.  
 This mean Adult'rate Wretch was basely kind;  
 Love's sacred Lamp our chaste Imbraces join'd;  
 Her Father she betray'd, mine lives by me,  
 I Lemnos' Pride, she Colchos' Infamy.  
 And thus her Guilt my Piety outvies,  
 Whilst with her Crimes her Dow'r your Heart she buys.  
 False Man, I blame, not wonder at the Rage  
 O'th' Lemnian Dames: Wrongs do all Armsingage.  
 Suppose, in Vengeance to your Guilt, just Heav'n  
 Had on my Shore the perjurd Jason driv'n;  
 Whilst I with my young Twins to meet you came,  
 And made you call on Rocks to hide your Shame.  
 How could you look upon my Sons and Me?  
 Traitor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?  
 Perhaps indeed I Jason had not hurt,  
 But 'tis my Mercy more than his Desert:  
 The Harlot's Blood had sprinkled all the Place.  
 Dash'd in your faithless, and once charming Face.  
 I to Medea, should Medea prove:  
 And if Jove hears the Pray'rs of injur'd Love,  
 May that loath'd Hag, that has my Bed enjoy'd,  
 Be by my Fate and her own Arts destroy'd.

Like



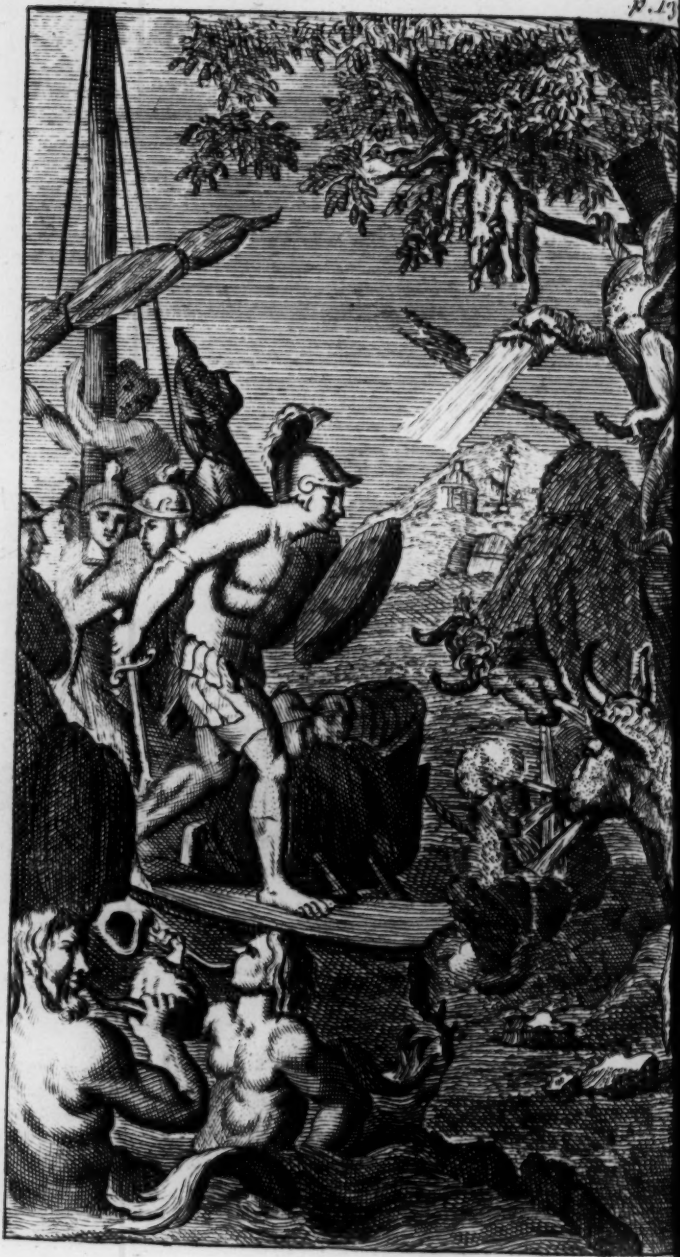
Like me a Mother, and a Wife forlorn,  
Be from her Ravish'd Lord and Children torn.  
May her ill gotten trophies never last,  
But round the World be th' hunted Monster chac'd.  
Those Dooms her Sire, and murther'd Brother met,  
May she t' her Husband and her Sons repeat.  
Driv'n from the World, let her attempt the Skies,  
'Till in Despair by her own Hand she dies.  
Thus wrong'd *Thoantius* prays, your Lives curst Rem-  
nant lead,  
An Execrable Pair, in a Detested Bed.



*M E D E A*

d.  
ner,  
kies,  
Rem-

E A



# M E

Jason ar  
the G  
obtain  
first to  
pent's  
Army.  
to ma  
slept.  
ter to  
Assist  
Prize  
them.  
Limbs  
up, e  
she re  
same  
out th  
Guilty  
Jason  
Creon



# MEDEA to JASON.

By Mr. T A T E.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Jason arrives with his Companions at Colchos, where the Golden Fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake several Adventures; first to yoke the Wild Bulls, then to sow the Serpent's Teeth; from whence should instantly rise an Army, with which he must encounter; and lastly, to make his Passage by the Dragon that never slept. In order to this, he solicits Medea, Daughter to the King, and skilful in Charms, by whose Assistance (on Promise of Love) he gains the Prize. Then flies with her; the King pursues them. Medea kills her little Brother, scatters his Limbs, and whilst the King stays to gather them up, escapes with her Lover into Thessaly; where she restores decrepit Aeson to his Youth. On the same Promise persuades Pelias his Daughters to let out their Father's Blood, but deceitfully leaves them Guilty of Parricide. For this, and other Crimes, Jason casts her off: Marries Creusa Daughter to Creon King of Corinth; on which the enrag'd Medea,

*Medea, according to the various Transports of her Passion, writes this complaining, soothing, and menacing Epistle.*

**Y**ET I found Leisure, tho' a Queen, to free  
 By Magick Arts thy *Grecian* Friends and thee;  
 The Fates shou'd then have finish'd, with my Reign,  
 The Life that since was one continu'd Pain.  
 Who wou'd have dreamt the Youth of distant *Greece*,  
 Shou'd e'er have sail'd to seize the *Phrygian* Fleece!  
 That th' *Argo* shou'd in View of *Colchos* Ride!  
 A *Grecian* Army stem the *Phasian* Tide!  
 Why were those Snares, thy Locks, so tempting made!  
 A Tongue so false, so pow'rful to persuade!  
 No doubt but he that had so rashly fought  
 Our Shore, with the fierce Bulls unspell'd had fought,  
 And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had sown,  
 'Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'erthrown.  
 How many Frauds had then expir'd with thee!  
 As many killing Grievs remov'd from me!  
 'Tis some Relief, when ill Returns are made,  
 With Favours done th' Ingrateful to upbraid:  
 This Triumph will afford some little Ease,  
 False *Jason* leaves me this---

When first your doubtful Vessel reach'd our Port,  
 And you had Entrance to my Father's Court;  
 There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,  
 My Royal Father might with her's compare.  
 With Princely Pomp was your Arrival grac'd,  
 The meanest *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.

Then

Then first  
 And date  
 Fate pus  
 I view'd  
 You soon  
 A Flame  
 But now  
 The Bull  
 With the  
 From w  
 Those I  
 The bal  
 Thus sp  
 And ev  
 Where  
 And wh  
 Sad we  
 I sigh'd  
 n restl  
 Present  
 The Sa  
 But th  
 Thus t  
 My Si  
 Sad an  
 With  
 On yo  
 My A  
 A C  
 Too

Then first I gaz'd my Liberty away!  
 And date my Ruin from that fatal Day!  
 Fate pusht me on, and with your Charms combin'd;  
 I view'd your sparkling Eyes 'till I was blind.  
 You soon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide  
 A Flame that by its own Light is descry'd?  
 But now that Task's propos'd, and thou must tame  
 The Bulls with brazen Hoofs, and Breath of Flame.  
 With these the fatal Field thou art to Plow,  
 From whence a sudden Host of Foes must grow.  
 Those Dangers past, still to the Golden Prey  
 The baleful fiery Dragon guards the Way. [Feast,  
 Thus spake the King; your Knights start from the  
 And ev'n your Cheeks a pale Despair confess.  
 Where then was your ador'd *Cressa*'s Dow'r?  
 And where her Father *Creon*'s boasted Pow'r?  
 Sad went'st thou forth; my pining Eyes pursue,  
 I sigh'd, and after sent a soft Adieu!  
 In restless Tears I spent that tedious Night,  
 Presenting still thy Dangers to my Sight;  
 The Savage Bulls, and more the Savage Host,  
 But th' horrid Serpent did affright me most!  
 Thus tost with Fear and Love, (Fear swell'd the Flame)  
 My Sister early to my Apartment came;  
 Sad and dejected she surpriz'd me there,  
 With Eyes distilling, and dishevell'd Hair;  
 On your behalf she fought me, nor cou'd crave  
 My Aid for you, so freely as I gave!  
 A Grove there is, an awful gloomy Shade,  
 Too close for ev'n the Sun himself t'invade;

These



## 136 OVID'S EPISTLES.

These Woods with great *Diana's* Fane was grac'd,  
 I'th' midst the Goddesses on high Tripods plac'd.  
 There (if that Place you can remember yet,  
 Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met.  
 Then, thus in soft deluding Sounds you said--  
 "Take Pity on our Suff'rings, Royal Maid!  
 "Rest pleas'd, Thou hast the Pow'r to kill, but give  
 "Proofs of Diviner Might, and make us Live!  
 "By our Distresses (which thy Art alone  
 "Has Pow'r to succour.) By th' all-seeing Sun,  
 "By the chaste Deity that governs here,  
 "And what-e'er else you Sacred hold or Dear,  
 "Take pity on our Youth, and bind us still  
 "Eternal Servants to *Medea's* Will!  
 "And if a Stranger's Form can touch your Mind,  
 "(If such blest Fate was e'er for me design'd!)  
 "This Flesh to Dust dissolve, this Spirit to Air,  
 "When I think any but *Medea* Fair.  
 "Be conscious *Juno*, witness to my Vow,  
 "And this dread Goddesses at whose Shrine we bow.  
 Your charming Tongue stopt here, and left the rest  
 To be by yet more pow'rful Tears express'd.  
 I yield---and by my Art instruct you now,  
 To yoke the Brass-hooft Bulls, and make 'em plow,  
 Then with a daring Hand you sow the Field,  
 That for an Harvest does an Army yield;  
 Ev'n I look pale, that gave the pow'rful Charms,  
 To see the wond'rous Crop of shining Arms!  
 'Till th' Earth born Brothers in fierce Battel join'd,  
 Their sudden Lives more suddenly resign'd:

The

The Serpen  
 With scaly  
 O'erhades  
 And brand  
 Where was  
 Where the  
*Medea*, the  
 Despis'd, t  
 'Twas she  
 Gave you  
 To merit  
 My Father  
 And all t  
 Tho', whi  
 My tende  
 And at he  
 Why left  
 Arrests m  
 'This Har  
 What the  
 To the  
 For after  
 Why 'fca  
 For Fald  
 The just  
 And hun  
 Or *Scyll*  
 Wrong'  
*Charybdi*  
 Nor ou

The Serpent next, a yet more dang'rous Toil,  
With scaly Bosom plows the yielding Soil,  
O'er shades the Field with vast expanded Wings,  
And brandishes in Air his threatning Strings!

Where was *Crensa* at this needful Hour? [Dow'r?

Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchless  
*Medea*, that *Medea*, that is now

Despis'd, thought poor, held Guilty too by you,  
'Twas she that Charm'd the wakeful Dragon's Sight,  
Gave you the Fleece, and then secur'd your Flight:

To merit you, what cou'd I more have done?

My Father I betray, my Country shun,

And all the Hazards of an Exile run!

Tho', whilst I yield me thus a Robber's Prize,

My tender Mother in my Absence dies,

And at her Feet my breathless Sister lyes.

Why left I not my Brother too?----cold Fear

Arrests my Hand, and I must finish here!

'This Hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,

What then it dar'd to Act, dreads now to Write.

To the rough Seas undaunted I repair,

For after Guilt, what can a Woman fear?

Why 'scap'd our Crimes those Seas? we should have

For Falshood thou, and I for Parricide, [dy'd;

The justling Isles shou'd there have dash'd our Bones;

And hung us Piece-meal on the ragged Stones;

Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in her rav'nous Den,

Wrong'd *Scylla* thus shou'd use ingrateful Men!

*Charybdis* too shou'd in our Fate have shar'd,

Nor ought of our sad Wreck her Whirl pool spar'd.

Yet

138 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Yet safe we reach your Shore: the *Phrygian* Fleece  
Is made an Off'ring to the Gods of *Greece*.

The *Pelican* Daughters pious Bloody Deed  
I pass, that rashly made their Father bleed;  
Your Safety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud:  
The Guilt that others Blame, you shou'd Applaud!  
But 'stead of Thanks your Court I am forbid:  
Your self forbad me, faithless *Jason* did!  
With none but my two Infants I depart,  
And *Jason's* Form that ne'er forsakes my Heart.  
At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs surprize  
My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes;  
The Rabble shout, the Clamour nearer drew,  
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:  
My Servants weep in Corners, and refuse  
Th'ingrateful Task of such unwelcome News!  
I yet forbear t'enquire, tho' still my Breast  
The dreadful Apprehensions did suggest.  
My youngest Boy now from the Window spy'd  
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,  
" Look, Mother, look! see where my Father rides,  
" With shining Reins his Golden Chariot guides.  
At this, my pale forsaken Breast I tore,  
Nor spar'd the Face, whose Beauties charm no more.  
Alas! what did I spare, scarce cou'd I spare  
My Honour, scarcely thee, cou'd scarce forbear  
To force my Passage to thy Chariot now,  
And tear the Garland from thy perjur'd Brow.  
Offended Father, now thy Griefs discharge!  
My Brother's Blood is now reveng'd at large.

The

The Man (for whom I fled and injur'd thee!  
 Whose Love sole Comfort of my Flight cou'd be)  
 Th'ingrateful Man has now forsaken me!  
 I tam'd the Bulls, and cou'd the Serpent bind,  
 But for perfidious Love no Spell can find:  
 The Dragon's baleful Fires my Arts suppress,  
 But not the Flames that rage within my Breast.  
 In Love my pow'rfull'st Herbs are useless made,  
 In vain is *Hecate* summon'd to my Aid;  
 I sigh the Day, the Night in Watches spend,  
 No Slumbers on my careful Brows descend:  
 With *Poppies* Juice in vain my Eyes I steep,  
 And try the Charm that made the Dragon sleep.  
 I only reap no Profit from my Charms!  
 They sav'd, but sav'd thee for my Rival's Arms!  
 There, 'cause you know the Theam will grateful be,  
 Perhaps y'are so unjust t'exclaim on me!  
 To tax my Manners, rally on my Face,  
 And make th' Adultr'ess sport with my Disgrace!  
 Laugh on, proud Dame; but know thy Fate is nigh  
 When thou shalt yet more wretched be than I!  
 When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd sits still,  
 Sword, Flame, and Poison, have forgot to Kill.  
 If Pray'rs the flinty *Jason's* Breast can move,  
 My just Complaint will sure successful prove,  
 Stretch'd at thy Feet a suppliant Princess see;  
 Such was thy Posture, when she pity'd thee.  
 And tho' a Wife's discarded Title fail,  
 My Infants still are thine, let them prevail!

## 140 OVID'S EPISTLES.

So much th'are thine, so much thy Likeness bear,  
Each Look I cast, is follow'd by a Tear.

Now by the Gods, by all our past Delights,  
By those dear Pledges of our Am'rous Nights,  
Restore me to thy Love; I claim my Due;  
Be to my Merit, and thy Promise true.  
I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,  
To set me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free;  
I only crave thy Love, thy Love restore,  
For which I've done so much, and suffer'd more.  
Do'st thou demand a Dow'r?---'twas paid that Day  
When thou didst bear the Golden Fleece away:  
Thy Life's a Dow'r, and thy dear Foll'wers Health,  
The Youth of *Greece*; weigh these with *Creon's* Wealth.  
To me thou ow'st that thou art *Creon's* Heir,  
That now thou liv'st to call *Cressa* Fair!  
You've wrong'd me all, and on you all---but hold,  
I form Revenge too mighty to be told!  
My Thoughts are now to th'utmost Ruin bent!  
Perhaps I shall the fatal Rage repent.  
But on---for I (whate'er the Mischief be)  
Shall less repent than that I trusted thee!  
The God alone that Rages in my Breast,  
Can see the dark Revenge my Thoughts suggest;  
I only know 'twill soon effected be,  
And when it comes, be Vast, and Worthy me.



*Phædra*

bear,

,  
s,

e;

ore.

at Day

y:

Health,

Wealth.

hold,

or!

gift;

e.

edra





# Phæ

Theseus,  
notaur,  
nos a  
gave h  
her his  
they w  
being  
Marrie  
These  
with E  
ed Co  
she co  
this E

IF Tho  
Yet n  
Read th  
Rather  
Thus Se  
By Lett  
Thrice  
Upon n

# Phædra to Hippolytus.

By Mr. OTWAY.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Theseus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the Assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Sister Phædra they went on Board and sail'd to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and Married her Sister Phædra; who afterwards, in Theseus her Husband's Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd Celibacy, and was a Hunter: Wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.*

**I**F Thou'rt unkind, I ne'er shall Health enjoy;  
Yet much I wish to thee, my Lovely Boy:  
Read this, and reading how my Soul is seiz'd,  
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:  
Thus Secrets safe to farthest Shores may move:  
By Letters Foes converse, and learn to love.  
Thrice my sad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,  
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd:

Long

Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,  
 But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.  
 'Tis dang'rous to resist the Pow'r of Love,  
 The Gods obey him, and he's King above:  
 He clear'd the Doubts that did my Mind confound,  
 And promis'd me to bring Thee hither bound:  
 Oh may he come, and in that Breast of thine  
 Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!  
 Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll lose no Care:  
 Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair.  
 But Love long breeding, to worst Pain does turn;  
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!  
 As the young Bull or Courser yet untam'd,  
 When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd;  
 So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find  
 No Rest, th' unwonted Weight so toils my Mind.  
 When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,  
 But in our riper Years with Rage we love.  
 To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,  
 And pr'ythee let's together be undone.  
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing Rose  
 Or the ripe Fruit that Courts him as it grows?  
 But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd  
 Esteem for Spotless, shall it now be stain'd?  
 Oh in thy Love I shall no Hazard run;  
 'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis couresely done.  
 And now should *Juno* yield her *Jove* to me,  
 I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee:  
 Believe me too with strange Desires I change,  
 Amongst wild Beasts I long with Thee to range,

To

To thy De  
 Make her  
 I long to  
 And o'er r  
 Shaking m  
 Stretch'd  
 Cst in ligh  
 And love  
 Now like  
 Or old *Cyb*  
 When unde  
 Ev'n mad  
 And Water  
 But still ea  
 Easily find  
 Sure on ou  
 And *Venus*  
*Jove* lov'd  
 And, to a  
 She, like n  
 And fill'd  
 The faithl  
 The Mon  
 Now in th  
 I am at la  
 'Twas fata  
 She lov'd  
 Let Monu  
 For two u

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS. 143

To thy Delights and *Delia* I encline,  
 Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine:  
 I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,  
 And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,  
 Shaking my Dart; then, the Chace ended, lye  
 Stretch'd on the Grass: And would'st not thou be by?  
 Oft in light Chariots I with Pleasure ride,  
 And love my self the furious Steeds to guide.  
 Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray,  
 Or old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as they  
 When under *Ida's* Hill they Off'rings pay:  
 Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night  
 And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.  
 But still each little Interval I gain,  
 Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain;  
 Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,  
 And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.  
 Jove lov'd *Europa* whence my Father came,  
 And, to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:  
 She, like my Mother, languisht to obtain,  
 And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:  
 The faithless *Theseus* by my Sister's Aid  
 The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made:  
 Now in that Family my Right to save,  
 I am at last on the same Terms a Slave;  
 'Twas fatal to my Sister, and to me,  
 She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee.  
 Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown  
 For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.

When

When first our Vows were to *Eleusis* paid,  
 Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;  
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,  
 Whilst Love's fierce Feaver rag'd in ev'ry Vein;  
 White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head:  
 A modest Blush thy comely Face o'erspread.  
 That Face which may be terrible in Arms,  
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of Charms:  
 I love the Man whose Fashion's least his Care,  
 And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;  
 For whilst thus plain thy careless Locks let fly,  
 Th' unpolish'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.  
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart,  
 I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:  
 To see thee poise the Jav'lin, moves Delight,  
 And all thou dost is lovely in my Sight:  
 But to the Woods thy Cruelty resign,  
 Nor treat it with so poor a Life as mine:  
 Must cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;  
 Must she have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none!  
 That Pleasure palls if 'tis enjoy'd too long;  
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.  
 For *Cynthia's* sake unbend and ease thy Bow;  
 Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.  
 Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,  
 And by him many a Boar and Pard was slain,  
 Yet to *Aurora's* Love he did incline,  
 Who wisely left old Age for Youth like thine.  
 Under the spreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,  
 The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* cou'd enjoy;

*Atlanta's*

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS. 145

*Atlanta's* Love too *Meleager* fought,  
 And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:  
 Be thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* Pair:  
 Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Desarts are.  
 With thee, thro' dangerous Ways unknown before,  
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar.  
 Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,  
 Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,  
 There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,  
 More blest and pleas'd than in my Native *Crest*.  
 As we could wish, Old *Theseus* is away  
 At *Thessaly*, where always let him stay  
 With his *Perithous*, whom well I see  
 Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.  
 Nor he has only thus exprest his Hate;  
 We both have suffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight:  
 My Brother first he cruelly did slay,  
 Then from my Sister falsly ran away;  
 And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey:  
 A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,  
 A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,  
 From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,  
 Nor tho' she gave him thee, could make him kind,  
 Unwedded too he Murther'd her in spight,  
 To Bastardize, and Rob thee of thy Right:  
 And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,  
 Believe it his, and none of *Phædra's* Fault:  
 Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,  
 I wish at first I'ad dy'd of Mother's Pains:

H

How



## 146 OVID'S EPISTLES.

How can'st thou reverence then thy Father's Bed,  
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?  
 The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;  
 Mother and Son are Notions, very Names  
 Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then  
 When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:  
 But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,  
 And with his Sister did himself begin.  
 Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,  
 When we express it in the closest Love.  
 Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;  
 'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,  
 And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown  
 A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son.  
 No need at Midnight in the Dark to stray,  
 T' unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,  
 No busie Spies our Pleasures to betray. }  
 But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,  
 In publick Kisses take; in publick, give:  
 Tho' in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause  
 From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause:  
 Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;  
 So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.  
 For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;  
 Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone?  
 Swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,  
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right:  
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees;  
 What's decent no true Lover cares or sees:

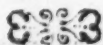
Shame

PHA

Shame, like  
 But Beauty  
 Forgive th  
 And then  
 What thou  
 Tho' my g  
 What thou  
 Drives rou  
 Their Ho  
 Then tho  
 Jove's fan  
 And there  
 For *Venus*  
 So may'st  
 In Fields  
 And ev'ry  
 So may th  
 Be kind,  
 So may th  
 Though t  
 Millions  
 Which as  
 Think th  
 min

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS. 147

Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,  
 But Beauty's Blushes still are in my Face.  
 Forgive this fond Confession which I make,  
 And then some Pity on my Suff'rings take?  
 What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies?  
 Tho' my great Grandfire Thunder from the Skies?  
 What though my Father's Sire in Beams drest gay  
 Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?  
 Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,  
 Then tho' thou wilt not me, their Honour save:  
 Jove's famous Island, *Creet*, in Dow'r I'll bring,  
 And there shall my *Hippolytus* be King:  
 For *Venus*' sake then hear and grant my Pray'<sup>ls</sup>,  
 So may'st thou never Love a scornful Fair;  
 In Fields so may *Diana* grace thee still,  
 And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;  
 So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all  
 Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall.  
 So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,  
 Though thou their Sex despise, thy Thirst allay.  
 Millions of Tears to these my Pray'rs I join,  
 Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes of thine,  
 Think that thou seest the Streams that flow from  
 mine.





# DIDO to ÆNEAS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father and Son Ascanius from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the Shore of Libya, where Queen Dido, (fl'ing from the Cruelty of Pygmalion her Brother, who had killed her Husband Sichæus,) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great Civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promised to him by the Gods) he readily prepared to Obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to ingage him to stay, at last in Despair writes to him as follows.*

**S**O, on *Meander's* Banks, when Death is nigh,  
The mournful *Swan* sings her own *Elegy*.  
Not that I hope, (for oh, that Hope were vain!)  
By Words your lost Affection to regain;

But

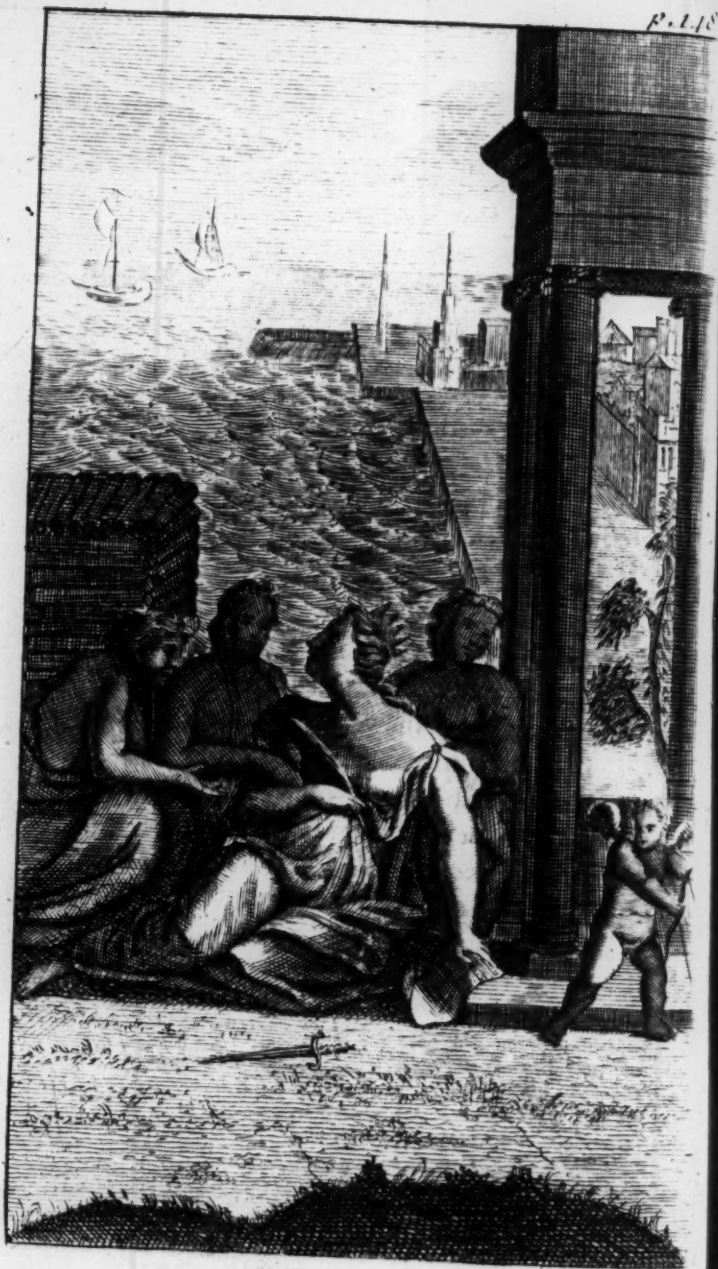
✠

5.

, at  
Fa-  
Sea  
long  
shore  
the  
had  
uilt  
leet  
with  
Fa-  
go  
him  
him.  
y'd  
in

)

But



But having  
 Why should  
 'Tis then re  
 Of Life, of  
 While you,  
 To seek a L  
 Nor can my  
 Nor my new  
 Built Walls  
 Is yet to Co  
 Suppose you  
 Think what  
 What People  
 To vote Suc  
 Yet there ne  
 New Vows t  
 When will y  
 Or when yo  
 If such a To  
 Still wou'd y  
 For, oh, I b  
 Not holy T  
*Aeneas* is m  
 Their daily  
 Yet he's un  
 Fool that I  
 My self I ca  
 Still I comp  
 Have Pity, C  
 And pierce

But having lost whate'er was worth my Care,  
 Why should I fear to lose a dying Pray'r?  
 'Tis then resolv'd poor *Dido* must be left,  
 Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!  
 While you, with loosen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare  
 To seek a Land that flies the Searchers Care.  
 Nor can my rising Tow'rs your Flight restrain,  
 Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.  
 Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that Land  
 Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.  
 Suppose you landed where your Wish design'd,  
 Think what Reception Foreigners would find.  
 What People is so void of common Sense,  
 To vote Succession from a Native Prince?  
 Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek;  
 New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.  
 When will your Tow'rs the height of *Carthage* know?  
 Or when your Eyes discern such Crowds below?  
 If such a Town, and Subjects you cou'd see,  
 Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.  
 For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense bright;  
 Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:  
*Æneas* is my Thoughts perpetual Theme:  
 Their daily longing, and their nightly Dream.  
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:  
 Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill!  
 My self I cannot to my self restore:  
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
 Have Pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,  
 And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.



150 OVID'S EPISTLES.

I rave: Nor canst thou *Venus*' Offspring be,  
 Love's Mother cou'd not bear a Son-like thee.  
 From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,  
 At least thou art from some fierce *Tygres* come,  
 Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,  
 Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born:  
 Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:  
 Like that, whose Rage should still detain thee here.  
 Behold how high the Foamy Billows ride!  
 The Winds and Waves are on the juster side.  
 To Winter Weather and a stormy Sea:  
 I'll owe, what rather I wou'd owe to thee.  
 Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;  
 But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.  
 To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy Fate,  
 'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate.  
 Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease,  
 And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace.  
 May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!  
 And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.  
 Know'st thou nor yet what Dangers Ships sustain?  
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the Main?  
 Which, were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave asleep,  
 Ten thousand Forms of Death are in the Deep.  
 In that Abyss the Gods their Vengeance store,  
 For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.  
 Their winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus*' wait,  
 To vindicate the Justice of her State.  
 Thus, I to thee the Means of Safety show:  
 And, lost my self, would still preserve my Foe.

Falso

D

Falso as tho  
 O rather liv  
 Shou'd som  
 (But Heav'n  
 Then, in th  
 And my w  
 With threat  
 Gasping my  
 Then shou'd  
 What could  
 Lest this sh  
 To shun th  
 Have Piry  
 My Death  
 What has  
 To sink in  
 But neither  
 (Smooth S  
 Falso was  
 Nor yet a  
 Lest to pu  
 By thee, b  
 This, whe  
 That such  
 Nor doub  
 Sev'n Win  
 Thy starv  
 Thy self  
 To harbo  
 Was kin

False as thou art, I not thy Death design:  
 O rather live, to be the Cause of mine!  
 Shou'd some avenging Storm thy Vessel tear,  
 (But Heav'n forbid my Words shou'd Omen bear.)  
 Then, in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;  
 And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy Eye.  
 With threatening Looks, think thou behold'st me stare,  
 Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair;  
 Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;  
 What could'st thou say, but I deserv'd 'em all?  
 Lest this should happen, make not haste away,  
 To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.  
 Have Pity on thy Son, if not on me:  
 My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.  
 What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,  
 To sink in Seas, who were from Fires preserv'd?  
 But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou bear,  
 (Smooth Stories all, to please a Woman's Ear)  
 False was the Tale of thy Romantick Life;  
 Nor yet, am I thy first deluded Wife.  
 Lest to pursuing Foes *Cressa* stay'd,  
 By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd.  
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender Heart,  
 That such Requital follow'd such Desert.  
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,  
 Sev'n Winters kept thee wandering on the Seas.  
 Thy starv'd Companions, cast a-shore, I fed,  
 Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.  
 To harbour Strangers, succour the Distrest,  
 Was kind enough; but oh too kind the rest!

152 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin brought;  
 Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter sought!  
 A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place:  
 The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.  
 I thought so then, but now too late I know  
 The Furies yell'd my Fun'erals from below.  
 O Chastity and violated Fame,  
 Exact your Dues to my dead Husband's Name!  
 By Death redeem my Reputation lost;  
 And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.  
 Close by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,  
 Is rais'd a Chapel to my Murder'd Love;  
 There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue  
 The pious Monument of artful Hands: [stands,  
 Last Night, methought he call'd me from the Dome,  
 And thrice with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.  
 She comes; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hear;  
 But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious Fear,  
 Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed,  
 Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith mis-led.  
 His Goddess Mother, and his Aged Sire,  
 Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire:  
 O such he was, and is, that were he true,  
 Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.  
 But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:  
 And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.  
 My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,  
 Whose Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain:  
 Friendless, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,  
 To Foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;

And

D

And here, a  
 I bought the  
 With all the  
 Ev'n to the  
 Then rais'd  
 At once my  
 For now the  
 My scarce c  
 To Man m  
 An helples  
 Yet thousan  
 And for m  
 Whose jarr  
 That each  
 To Proud  
 (For that m  
 Or to my  
 That to th  
 Gothen; t  
 Go, perjur  
 Touch not  
 Who will  
 Thy Sacri  
 And rathe  
 Perhaps m  
 And Part  
 The Bab  
 And peris  
 Some Go  
 Wou'd th

And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands,  
 I bought the Ground on which my City stands.  
 With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea;  
 Ev'n to the friendly Port that shelter'd thee:  
 Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into the Air,  
 At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.  
 For now they Arm; and round me Leagues are made,  
 My scarce establish'd Empire to invade.  
 To Man my new-built Walls I must prepare,  
 An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.  
 Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend;  
 And for my Person, would my Crown defend:  
 Whose jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,  
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.  
 To Proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey;  
 (For that must follow, if thou go'st away.)  
 Or to my Husband's Murd'rer leave my Life;  
 That to the Husband he may add the Wife.  
 Go then; since no Complaints can move thy Mind:  
 Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.  
 Touch not those Gods by whom thou art forsworn;  
 Who will in impious Hands no more be born.  
 Thy Sacrilegious Worship they disdain,  
 And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires sustain.  
 Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come,  
 And Part of thee lies hid within my Womb.  
 The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,  
 And perish guiltless in his Mother's Fate.  
 Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does command;  
 Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from my Land.

H S.

The

The same, I doubt not, thy *Départure* steers,  
 Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years.  
 Where thy long Labours were a Price so great,  
 As thou to purchase *Troy* would'st not repeat.  
 But *Tyber* now thou seek'st; to be at best,  
 When there arriv'd, a poor precatious Guest.  
 Yet it deludes thy Search: Perhaps it will  
 To thy Old Age lye undiscover'd still.  
 A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,  
 And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.  
 Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy *Troy*;  
 Here young *Ascanius* may his Arms imploy;  
 And, while we live secure in soft Repose,  
 Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.  
 By *Cupid's* Arrows, I adjure thee stay;  
 By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.  
 So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,  
 Live still, and with no future Fortune strive:  
 So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,  
 And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:  
 As thou hast Pity on unhappy me,  
 Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.  
 I am not born from fierce *Achilles' Line*,  
 Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine:  
 To be thy Wife, if I unworthy prove,  
 By some inferior Name admit my Love.  
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
 What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.  
 Our *Libyan* Coasts their certain Seasons know,  
 When free from Tempests Passengers may go.

But

But now w  
 And drive  
 Leave to m  
 When safe  
 Thy weary  
 Their Sails  
 If by no M  
 What thou  
 Stay, 'till  
 And give  
 If not: K  
 My Life's  
 Death hol  
 While cro  
 My Tears  
 And drink  
 How well  
 My Fun'r  
 To no ne  
 The Swor  
 But thou,  
 Shalt my  
*Sichans' V*  
 I lost tha  
 This shor  
 " Unhap  
 " The C  
 " *Aenea*

DIDO to ÆNEAS. 155

But now with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,  
And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shoar.  
Leave to my Care the Time to sail away;  
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.  
Thy weary Men wou'd be with Ease content;  
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are spent.  
If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,  
What thou deny'st my Merit, give my Love.  
Stay, 'till I learn my Loss to undergo;  
And give me Time to struggle with my Woe.  
If not: Know this, I will not suffer long,  
My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too strong.  
Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I say,  
While cross my Lap the Trojan Sword I lay.  
My Tears flow down; the sharp Edge cuts their Flood,  
And drinks my Sorrows, that must drink my Blood.  
How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree!  
My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.  
To no new Wounds my Bosom I display:  
The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.  
But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,  
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.  
Sichæus' Wife, let not the Marble boast,  
I lost that Title when my Fame I lost.  
This short Inscription only let it bear,  
" Unhappy Dido lyes in Quiet here.  
" The Cause of Death, and Sword by which she dy'd  
" Æneas gave: The rest her Arm supply'd.



The





The Foregoing

# EPISTLE

OF

## DIDO to ÆNEAS.

*By another Hand.*

SO in unwonted Notes, when sure to die,  
 The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.  
 I do not hope by this to change my Fate,  
 Since Heav'n and you are both resolv'd to hate:  
 Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no Wonder now  
 That you disdain me when I meanly sue;  
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you resolve to go,  
 And leave th' unhappy you have render'd so.  
 You and your Love, the Winds away must bear,  
 Forgot is all that you so oft did swear:  
 With cruel Haste to distant Lands you fly,  
 Yet know not whose they are, nor where they lye.  
 On *Carthage* and its rising Walls you frown,  
 And shun a Scepter, which is now your own;  
 All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,  
 And fondly seek a fancy'd Diadem.

And

And should  
 Who'll give  
 Another ea  
 And new C  
 When can  
 And see yo  
 But tho' al  
 So true a V  
 Scorch'd  
 Like Incen  
 All Day  
 In all my  
 But see hi  
 And such  
 But the st  
 I call him  
 Goddes  
 And shall  
 His Broth  
 Teach m  
 But the l  
 (Tho' to  
 He was  
 So cruel  
 From R  
 Fierce W  
 Or else  
 To whic  
 How dr  
 These v

And should you reach at least this promis'd Land,  
Who'll give its Power into a Srranger's Hand?  
Another easie *Dido* do you seek;  
And new Occasions new-made Vows to break?  
When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,  
And see your Streets with Crowds of Subjects fill'd?  
But tho' all this succeeded to your Mind,  
So true a Wife no Search could ever find.

Scorch'd up with Love's fierce Fire my Life does  
Like Incense on the flaming Altar cast; [waste,  
All Day *Aeneas* walks before my Sight,  
In all my Dreams I see him ev'ry Night:  
But see him still ingrateful as before,  
And such as, if I could, I should abhor.  
But the strong Flame burns on against my Will,  
I call him False, but love the Traitor still,

Goddeſs of Love, thee all the World adore!  
And shall thy Son slight thy Almighty Pow'r?  
His Brother's stubborn Soul let *Cupid* move,  
Teach me to hate, or him to merit Love!  
But the Impoſtor his high Birth did feign,  
(Tho' to that Tale his Face did Credit gain,)  
He was not born of *Venus*, who could prove  
So cruel, and so faithleſs in his Love.  
From Rocks or Mountains he deriv'd his Birth!  
Fierce Wolves or Savage Tygers brought him forth!  
Or elſe he ſprung from the Tempeſtuous Main,  
To which ſo eagerly he flies again.  
How dreadful the contending Waves appear,  
Theſe winter Storms by force would keep you here.

The

The Storms are kinder, and the Winds more true!  
 Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.  
 You'll shew your Hatred at too dear a Rate,  
 If to fly me, you run on certain Fate.  
 Stay only 'till these raging Tempests cease,  
 And breeding *Halcyons* all my Fears release.  
 Then you perhaps may change your cruel Mind,  
 And will learn Pity from the Sea and Wind.  
 Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and seen?  
 And will you tempt the faithless Floods again?  
 Tho' 'twere calm now, it wou'd not long be so;  
 Think, to what distant Countries you would go.  
 There's not one God who will that Vessel bless,  
 Which Lies, and Frauds, and Perjuries oppress.  
 The Sea let ev'ry faithless Lover fear,  
 The Queen of Love rose thence, and Governs there.  
 Still the dear Cause of all my Ills I love,  
 And my last Words Heav'n for your Safety move;  
 That your false Flight may not as fatal be  
 To you, as your dissembled Love to me.  
 But in the Storm, when the huge Billows roul,  
 (Th' unlucky Omen may kind Heav'n controul)  
 Think what distracting Thoughts will fill your Soul.  
 You'll then remember ev'ry broken Vow,  
 With Horror think on Murder'd *Dido* too.  
 My Ghost all pale and ghastly shall be there,  
 With mortal Wounds still bleeding I'll appear.  
 Then you will own what to such Crimes is due,  
 And think each Flash of Light'ning aim'd at you.

Yet

Your cruel  
 Your quiet  
 I beg not f  
 The Guilt  
 What has y  
 For a worl  
 But sure y  
 Nor on yo  
 But did co  
 A Queen,  
 Your read  
 Nor did i  
 You by li  
 And then  
 I've wept  
 My self r  
 'Tis to r  
 And mak  
 A Ship  
 My Weal  
 Had I st  
 And had  
 Heav'n t  
 When T  
 And ma  
 The Fu  
 And sh  
 I canno  
 Yet full

D I D O to Æ N E A S. 139

Your cruel Flight 'till the next Calm delay,  
Your quiet Passage will reward your Stay.  
I beg not for my self, but do not join  
The Guilt of your *Ascanius*' Death to mine.  
What has your Son, what have your Gods deserv'd?  
For a worse Fate were they from Flames preserv'd?  
But sure you neither sav'd them from the Fire,  
Nor on your Shoulders bore your aged Sire;  
But did contrive that Story, to deceive  
A Queen, so fond, so willing to believe.  
Your ready Tongue told many a pleasing Lie,  
Nor did it practise first these Cheats on me.  
You by like Arts did fair *Cressa* gain,  
And then forsook her with a like Disdain.  
I've wept to hear you tell that Lady's Fate,  
My self now justly more unfortunate.  
'Tis to revenge these Crimes the Gods engage,  
And make you wander out your wretched Age.

A Ship-wrack'd Wretch I kindly did receive,  
My Wealth and Crown to Hands unknown did give.  
Had I stopp'd there, I had been free from Shame,  
And had not stain'd my clear and spotless Fame.  
Heav'n to betray my Honour did comply,  
When Thunder and black Clouds fill'd all the Sky,  
And made us to the fatal Shelter fly.  
The Furies howl'd, and dire Presages gave,  
And shrieking Nymphs forsook the guilty Cave.  
I cannot live that Crime torments me so,  
Yet full of Shame to my *Sichæus* go.

160 OVID'S EPISTLES.

In a fair Temple built by skilful Hands,  
A Sacred Image of *Sichæus* stands;  
With snowy Fleeces drest, and Garlands crown'd,  
From thence of late I've heard a dismal Sound!  
Four times he call'd me with a hollow Voice,  
My loosen'd Joints still trembled at the Noise!  
My dearest Lord, your Summons I obey,  
'Tis Shame to meet you makes this short Delay.

Yet such a Tempter might the Crime excuse,  
His Heav'nly Race, and all his solemn Vows!  
The best of Fathers, the most pious Son!  
Who could suspect, He, who such Things had done,  
So well had acted all the Parts of Life,  
Could have betray'd a Princess and a Wife?  
Had he not wanted Faith, your self must own  
He had deserv'd to fill my Bed and Throne.  
In my first Youth what Cares disturb'd my Peace!  
And my Misfortunes with my Years increase!  
My Husband's Blood was by my Brother spilt,  
And still his Wealth rewards the prosp'rous Guilt.  
Thro' Ways unknown a dang'rous Flight I take,  
His Ashes and my Native Soil forsake;  
Here shelter'd from my Brother's Cruelty,  
I bought this Kingdom, which I gave to thee.  
My City did in Glory daily raise,  
Which all my Neighbours saw with envious Eyes,  
And Force against unfinish'd Walls prepare,  
Threat'ning a helpless Woman with a War.  
Those many Kings, who did my Bed desire,  
Now to revenge their slighted Love conspire,

Go

Go on, m  
Give me up  
Assist my c  
Drunk with  
But then p  
The false a  
Ev'n those  
Are griev'o  
A growing  
Of your w  
You kill m  
The guilt  
With me  
Tho' deat  
But 'tis  
Ah! wou  
Had neve  
And now  
T' endure  
Scarce T  
Were wo  
Cease th  
A Place,  
In searcl  
And cor  
See at y  
And do  
Fix her  
And in

Go on, my People are at your Command,  
 Give me up bound to some fierce Rival's Hand:  
 Assist my cruel Brother's black Design;  
 Drunk with *Sichans'* Blood, he thirsts for mine:  
 But then pretend to Piety no more,  
 The false and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.  
 Ev'n those you snatch'd from *Troy's* devouring Flame  
 Are griev'd that from such Hands their Safety came.  
 A growing Infant in my Womb you leave,  
 Of your whole self, you cannot me bereave,  
 You kill not *Dido* only, if you go,  
 The guiltless and unborn you murder too;  
 With me a new unknown *Ascanius* dies,  
 Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his Cries.

But 'tis the God commands, and you obey:  
 Ah! would that he who now forbids your Stay,  
 Had never led your shatter'd Fleet this way!  
 And now this God commands you out again  
 T' endure another Winter on the Main!  
 Scarce *Troy* restor'd to all her Ancient State,  
 Were worth the seeking at so dear a rate.  
 Cease then thro' such vast Dangers to pursue  
 A Place, which, but in Dreams, you never knew:  
 In search of which you your best Years may waste,  
 And come a Stranger there, and old at last.  
 See at your Feet a willing People lies,  
 And do not offer'd Wealth and Pow'r despise.  
 Fix here the Reliques of unhappy *Troy*,  
 And in soft Peace, all you have sav'd enjoy.

But



But if new Dangers your great Soul desires,  
 If thirst of Fame your Son's young Breast inspires,  
 You'll frequent Tryals here for Valour find;  
 Our Neighbours are as rough as we are kind.  
 By your dear Father's Soul I beg your Stay,  
 By the kind Gods who hither blest your Way,  
 And by your Brother's Dart, which all obey!  
 So may white Conquest on your Troops attend,  
 And all your long Misfortunes here take end.  
 So with his Years may your Son's Hopes increase,  
 So may *Anchises*' Ashes rest in Peace.

Some Pity let a suppliant Princess move,  
 Whose only Fault was an Excess of Love.  
 I am not sprung from any *Grecian* Race,  
 None of my Blood did your lov'd *Troy* deface.  
 Yet if your Pride think such a Wife a Shame  
 I'll sacrifice my Honour to my Flame,  
 And meet your Love by a less glorious Name.

I know the Dangers of this stormy Coast,  
 How many Ships have on our Shelves been lost.  
 These Winds have driv'n the floating Sea-Weed so,  
 That your intangled Vessel cannot go.  
 Do not attempt to put to Sea in vain,  
 'Till happier Gales have clear'd your Way again.  
 Trust me to watch the calming of the Sea,  
 You shall not then, tho' you desir'd it, stay.  
 Besides, your weary Seamen Rest desire,  
 And your torn Fleet new Rigging does require.  
 By all I suffer, all I've done for you,  
 Some little Respite to my Love allow.

Time

D  
 Time and c  
 That Loss,  
 But you res  
 And are no  
 Your Sword  
 And by it,  
 Already sta  
 It shortly f  
 You never  
 'I will soo  
 But this p  
 slain by.  
 Dear guil  
 The last l  
 But do ne  
 Much wro  
 " Of fals  
 " That I  
 " But by

D I D O to Æ N E A S. 163

Time and calm Thoughts may teach me how to bear  
 That Loss, which now alas 'tis Death to hear.  
 But you resolve to force me to my Grave,  
 And are not far from all that you would have.  
 Your Sword before me, whilst I write, does lye,  
 And by it, if I write in vain, I die.  
 Already stain'd with many a falling Tear,  
 It shortly shall another Colour wear.  
 You never could an apter Present make;  
 'Twill soon, the Life you made uneasy, take.  
 But this poor Breast has felt your Wounds before;  
 Slain by your Love, your Steel has now no Pow'r;  
 Dear guilty Sister, do not you deny  
 The last kind Office to my Memory;  
 But do not on my Fun'ral Marble join,  
 Much wrong'd *Sichans*' Sacred Name with mine;  
 "Of false *Aneas* let the Stone complain;  
 "That *Dido* could not bear his fierce Disdain,  
 "But by his Sword, and her own Hand was slain.





# BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

By Sir JOHN CARYL.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*In the War of Troy, Achilles having taken and sack'd Chrynesium, a Town in the Lyrnesian Country, amongst his other Booty he took two very fair Women, Chryseis and Briseis: Chryseis he Presented to King Agamemnon, and Briseis he reserv'd for himself. Agamemnon, after some time, was forced by the Oracle to restore Chryseis to her Father, who was one of the Priests of Apollo: Whereupon the King by Violence took away Briseis from Achilles; at which Achilles incens'd left the Camp of the Grecians, and prepared to sail home; in whose Absence the Trojans prevailing upon the Grecians, Agamemnon was compell'd to send Ulysses and others to offer him rich Presents, and Briseis, that he would return again to the Army: But Achilles with Disdain rejected them all. This Letter therefore is written by Briseis, to move him that he would receive her, and return to the Grecian Camp.*

**C**aptive Briseis in a foreign Tongue. [Wrong,  
More by her Blots, than Words, sets forth her  
And

B

And yet th  
Above all  
Subjects (I  
Yet Pray'r  
When ravi  
Of Agame  
I grant, y  
But for a  
A Warrior  
At the fir  
The Enem  
Stood wo  
I saw the  
Is this th  
Alas! A  
From wh  
No heal  
You turn  
Was it y  
Ah, lov  
He is n  
Who let  
Tygers  
Disting  
Alas! v  
I felt r  
A dead  
Sleep I  
I tore  
Ah! l

BRISEIS to ACHILLES. 165

And yet these Blots, which by my Tears are made,  
 Above all Words, or Writing, should persuade.  
 Subjects (I know) must not their Lords accuse;  
 Yet Pray'rs and Tears we lawfully may use.  
 When ravish'd from your Arms, I was the Prey  
 Of *Agamemnon's* Arbitrary Sway;  
 I grant, you must at last have left the Field,  
 But for a Lover, you too soon did yield:  
 A Warrior's Glory it must needs disgrace,  
 At the first Summons to yield up the Place.  
 The Enemies themselves, no less than I,  
 Stood wond'ring at their easie Victory:  
 I saw their Lips in Whispers softly move,  
 Is this the Man so fam'd for Arms, and Love?  
 Alas! *Achilles*, 'tis not so we part  
 From what we love; and what is near our Heart.  
 No healing Kisses to my Grief you gave,  
 You turn'd me off an unregarded Slave.  
 Was it your Rage, that did your Love suppress?  
 Ah, love *Briseis* more, and hate *Atreides* less!  
 He is not born of a true Hero's Race,  
 Who lets his Fury of his Love take place.  
 Tygers and Wolves can fight, Love is the Test,  
 Distinguishing the Hero from the Beast.  
 Alas! when I was from your Bosom forc'd,  
 I felt my Body from my Soul divorc'd;  
 A deadly Paleness overspread my Face;  
 Sleep left my Eyes, and to my Tears gave place:  
 I tore my Hair, and did my Death decree;  
 Ah! learn to part with what you love, from me.

## 166 OVID'S EPISTLES.

A bold Escape I often did essay,  
 But *Greeks*, and *Trojans* too, block'd up the Way:  
 Yet tho' a tender Maid could not break thro',  
 Methinks *Achilles* should not be so slow:  
*Achilles*, once the Thunderbolt of War,  
 The Hope of conqu'ring *Greece*, and *Troy's* Despair,  
 Me in his Rival's Arms can he behold?  
 And is his Courage with his Love grown cold?  
 But I confess, that my neglected Charms  
 Did not deserve the Conquest of your Arms;  
 Therefore the Gods did, by an easier Way,  
 Our Wrongs atone, and Damages repay:  
*Ajax* with *Phenix* and *Ulysses* bring  
 Humble Submissions from their haughty King:  
 The Royal Penitent rich Presents sends,  
 The strongest Cement to piece broken Friends.  
 When Pray'rs well seconded with Gifts are sent,  
 Both mortal and immortal Pow'rs relent.  
 Twenty bright Vessels of *Corinthian* Brass,  
 Their Sculpture did the costly Mine surpass;  
 Seven Chairs of State of the same Art and Mold,  
 And twice five Talents of persuasive Gold;  
 Twelve fiery Steeds of the *Epirian* Breed,  
 Matchless they are for Beauty, and for Speed;  
 Six *Lesbian* Maids (but these I well cou'd spare)  
 Their Island sack'd, these were the Gen'ral's share;  
 And last a Bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)  
 At your own Choice out of the Royal Line:  
 With these they offer me: But might I chuse,  
 You should take me, and all their Gifts refuse:

But

But me an  
 What have  
 Is it that  
 Whom you  
 Your Arms  
 My House  
 It had bee  
 Rather th  
 With Vow  
 You loud  
 Country,  
 And is it  
 Ev'n with  
 Nay, Fan  
 Leaving y  
 You quit  
 May Thu  
 I all Thi  
 That's a  
 If to *Ac*  
 Leaving  
 Place me  
 And I ne  
 If I'm d  
 Let me  
 Rather  
 I will en  
 A Wife  
 Like St

BRISEIS to ACHILLES. 167

But me and those you sullenly reject;  
 What have I done, to merit this Neglect?  
 Is it that you, and Fortune jointly vow,  
 Whom you make Wretched, still to keep them so?  
 Your Arms my Country did in Ashes lay,  
 My House destroy, Brothers and Husband slay.  
 It had been Kindness to have kill'd me too,  
 Rather than kill me with Unkindness now.  
 With Vows, as faithless as your Mother Sea,  
 You loudly promis'd, that you would to me  
 Country, and Brothers, and a Husband be.  
 And is it thus that you perform your Vow,  
 Ev'n with a Dowry to reject me too?  
 Nay, Fame reports, that with the next fair Wind,  
 Leaving your Honour, Faith, and Me behind,  
 You quit our Coasts: Before that fatal Hour,  
 May Thunder strike me, or kind Earth devour!  
 I all Things, but your Absence, can endure!  
 That's a Disease, which Death must only cure.  
 If to *Achaia* you will needs return,  
 Leaving all *Greece* your sullen Rage to mourn,  
 Place me but in the Number of your Train,  
 And I no servile Office will disdain:  
 If I'm deny'd the Honour of your Bed,  
 Let me at least be as your Captive led:  
 Rather than banish'd from your Family,  
 I will endure another Wife to see;  
 A Wife, to make the great *Aeolian* Line,  
 Like Starry Heav'n, as numerously shine;

That



That so your spreading Progeny may prove  
 Worthy of *Thetis*, and their Grandfire *Jove*.  
 Let me on her an humble Handmaid wait,  
 On her, because to you she does relate.  
 I fear (I know not why) that she may be,  
 Than to her other Maids, more harsh to me :  
 But you are bound to guard your Conquer'd Slave,  
 And to maintain the Articles you gave :  
 Yet should you yield to her imperious Sway,  
 Do what you will, but turn me not away.  
 But why should you depart? the King repents ;  
 The *Grecian* Army wants you in their Tents :  
 You conquer all, conquer your Passion too ;  
 Or else with *Hector*, you will *Greece* undo.  
 Take Arms (*Achilles*) but first take me,  
 Your juster Rage let routed *Trojans* see.  
 For me begun, for me your Anger end ;  
 The Fault I caus'd, let me have Pow'r to mend.  
 In this to me you may with Honour yield,  
 Rul'd by his Wife, *Oenides* took the Field.  
 His Mother's sacred Curses him disarm'd,  
 Rul'd by his Wife's more pow'rful Spells uncharm'd,  
 His Armour once put off, he buckles on,  
 And fights and conquers for his *Calidon* :  
 That happy Wife prevail'd, why should not I ?  
 But you that Title, and my Pow'r deny :  
 Title, and Pow'r, and all ambitious Strife  
 Of being call'd your Mistress, or your Wife,  
 I quietly lay down ; but I must have  
 This Claim allow'd, to be your faithful Slave.

I by those  
 (Alas their  
 Of my dea  
 Of my thr  
 Who for,  
 By all tha  
 And last  
 Whom Lo  
 That I pre  
 That I no  
 That no A  
 O! that  
 Some thin  
 In Love's  
 That some  
 Has lockt  
 And so tr  
 That he v  
 The Trun  
 To Midn  
 He whom  
 He, on wh  
 The Fate  
 Now wicl  
 Avert it  
 To waste  
 And whe  
 Lost he h  
 Ah! cure  
 To see y

## BRISEIS to ACHILLES. 169

I by those dread, ill-cover'd Ashes swear,  
 (Alas their Tomb *Lyrnesian* Ruins are)  
 Of my dead Spouse, and by each sacred Ghost  
 Of my three Brothers honourably lost,  
 Who for, and with their Country bravely fell;  
 By all that's awful both in Heav'n and Hell:  
 And last of all, by thine own Head, and mine,  
 Whom Love, tho' parted now, did sometimes join,  
 That I preserve my Faith entire and chaste,  
 That I no foreign Love, or Pleasure taste:  
 That no Asperſion can my Honour touch;  
 O! that *Achilles* too could ſay as much!  
 Some think he mourns for me; But others ſay,  
 In Love's ſoft Joys he melts his Hours away;  
 That ſome new Miſtreſs with *Circean* Charms  
 Has lockt him up in her laſcivious Arms,  
 And ſo transform'd from what he was before,  
 That he will fight for *Greece* or me no more.  
 The Trumpet now to the ſoft Lute muſt yield:  
 To Midnight Revels, Marches in the Field.  
 He whom of late *Greece*, as her *Mars*, ador'd;  
 He, on whoſe maſſie Spear, and glitt'ring Sword  
 The Fates, and Death did wait, that mighty Man  
 Now wields a Buſk, and brandiſhes a Fan.  
 Avert it Heav'n! can he be only brave  
 To waſte my Country, not his own to ſave?  
 And when his Arms my Family mow'd down,  
 Loſt he his Sting, and ſo became a Drone?  
 Ah! cure theſe Fears; and let me have the Pride  
 To ſee your Jav'lin fixt in *Hector's* Side.

O! that the *Grecians* would send me to try,  
 If I could make your stubborn Heart comply :  
 Few Words I'd use, all should be Sighs, and Tears,  
 And Looks, and Kisses, mixt with Hopes and Fears;  
 My Love like Light'ning thro' my Eyes should fly,  
 And thaw the Ice, which round your Heart does lye:  
 Sometimes my Arms about your Neck I'd throw;  
 And then imbrace your Knees, and humbly bow:  
 There is more Eloquence in Tears, and Kisses,  
 Than in the smooth Harangues of sly *Ulysses* :  
 That noisie Rhetorick of a twanging Tongue,  
 Serves but to lug the heavy Crowd along:  
 But Souls with Souls speak only by the Eye,  
 And at those Windows one another spy :  
 Thus, than your Mother Sea rais'd with the Wind  
 Morce fierce, I would compose your stormy Mind;  
 And my Love shining on my Tears that flow,  
 Should make a Rain-Bow, and fair Weather show.  
 So dreams my Love. Ah! come, that I may try,  
 If I can turn my Dream to Prophecy.  
 So may your *Pyrrhus* live to equalize  
 His Grandfire's Years, his Father's Victories.  
 Let me no longer pin'd in Absence lye;  
 Rather than live without you, let me die:  
 My Heart's already cold, and Death does spread  
 His livid Paleness o'er my lively Red.  
 My Life hangs only on the slender Hope,  
 That your reviving Love your Rage will stop.  
 If that shou'd fail, let me not linger on,  
 But let that Sword (to mine, ah! too well known)

Me

Me to my  
 Your Har  
 But why f  
 Afflicted  
 How muc  
 Your ill-f  
 Then fur  
 Leave no  
 But go o  
 Made yo

BRISEIS to ACHILLES. 171

Me to my Brothers, and my Husband send ;  
Your Hand began, your Hand the Work must end.  
But why such Cruelty ? Come then, and save  
Afflicted *Greece*, and me your humble Slave.  
How much more decently might you employ  
Your ill-spent Rage against *Neptunian Troy* !  
Then furl your Sails, once more your Anchors cast ;  
Leave not your Country, nor your Honour blast.  
But go or stay ; with you I ought to move,  
Made yours by Right of War, and Right of Love.





## Dejanira to Hercules.

By Mr. OLD MIXON.

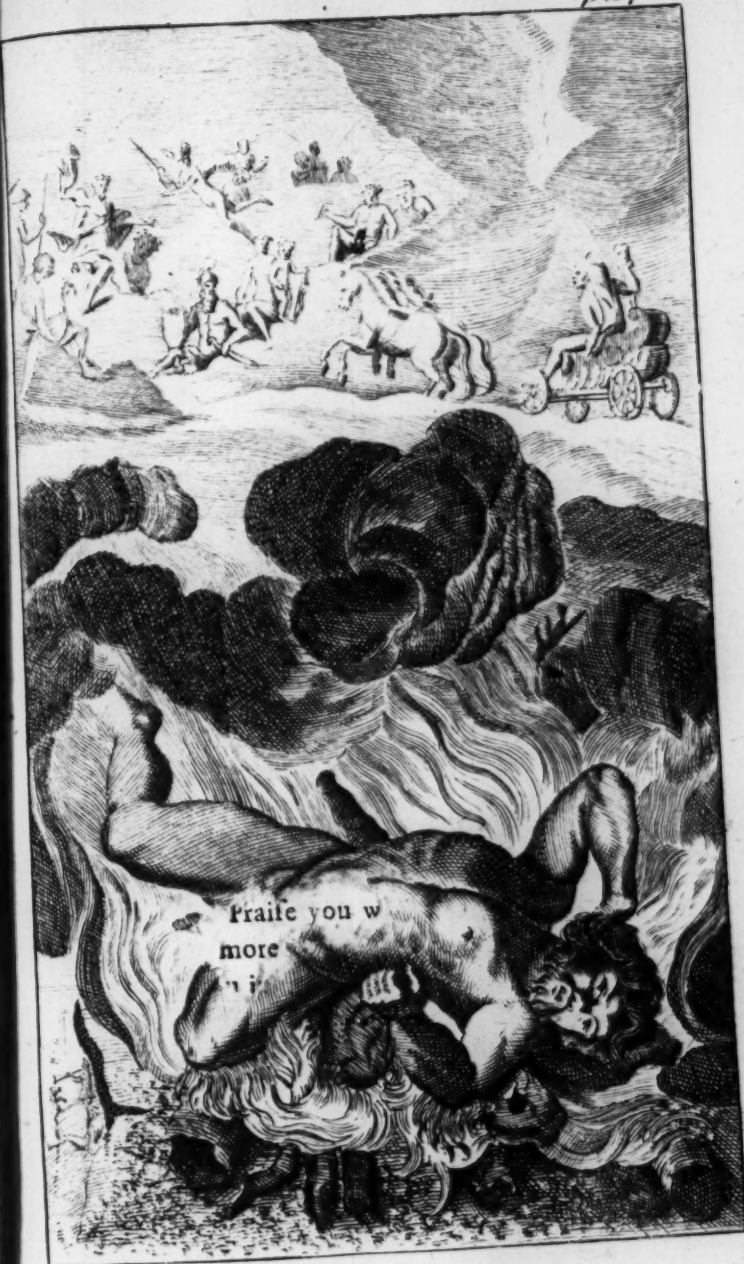
### THE ARGUMENT.

*Dejanira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iöle, Daughter of the King of Oechalia, whom he had lately Vanquish'd and Slain, and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had sent him, to recover, as she had been told it wou'd, his lost Affection; between Jealousie and Rage for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, writes him the following Epistle.*

**I**N your late Triumphs I rejoice, and share  
 Your new Renown, *Oechalia's* finish'd War.  
 But should the Victor to the Vanquish'd yield,  
 Curst be the Day that you the Town compell'd.  
 Thro' *Greece* the Rumour flies, nor faster Fame  
 Proclaims your Conquest, than she spreads your Shame.  
 By your vile Bonds your former Life's defil'd,  
 And all the Lustre of your Labours soil'd:  
 Those Labours you with matchless Might o'ercame,  
 And *Juno's* Hate, and rais'd a Godlike Name,

But





Pratise you w  
more



Dr

But to you

*Euristhenes*

Nor will

The Blot

When you

The God

But who?

Might, if

*Junio* ne'e

She rais'

*But Venn*

And ne'e

From you

By you t

Both Ho

And Hea

Your Stre

And save

Without

Had fall

What ha

And lost

Tell me

Nor bo

Two ho

And pro

The Ma

Is now f

He, who

And tan

*alia's* finish'd

ish'd

## DEJANIRA to HERCULES 173

But to young *Iole's* base Yoke you bow ;  
*Euristheus* now is pleas'd, and *Juno* now.  
 Nor will your Step-Mother be griev'd to hear,  
 The Blot indelible your Fame will bear.  
 When *Jove* your Mother for your Birth enjoy'd,  
 The God, too little One, three Nights employ'd.  
 But who'll believe the Tale? for such a Son  
 Might, surely, have been well conceiv'd in One.  
*Juno* ne'er hurted you as *Venus* has,  
 She rais'd you when she purpos'd to depress.  
 But *Venus* on your Neck her Foot has plac'd,  
 And ne'er was *Hero* more by Love disgrac'd.  
 From you, the World deliver'd, holds her Peace;  
 By you the Land's secure, and safe the Seas.  
 Both Houses of the Sun your Merit know,  
 And Heav'n does more to you than *Atlas*, owe.  
 Your Strength did once the sinking Stars sustain,  
 And save those Orbs, where you at last shall reign.  
 Without you, he on whom the Burthen lyes  
 Had fall'n, and unsupported left the Skies.  
 What have you done? but all your Glory stain'd,  
 And lost the Praise you with such Peril gain'd.  
 Tell me no more what Deeds you once could do,  
 Nor boast you in the Cradle Serpents slew.  
 Two horrid Snakes that then to Death you wrung,  
 And prov'd the Blood divine of which you sprung.  
 The Man belies the God ; your Infant Name  
 Is now forgotten, and your riper Fame.  
 He, who the Son of *Stenelus* subdu'd,  
 And tam'd the fellest Monsters of the Wood,

Who long did *Juno's* Hate undaunted prove,  
 He, to whom all Things yielded, yields to Love.  
 What then? the Thund'rer was your Sire, 'tis said,  
 And highly I am honour'd by your Bed.  
 But as the Plough an equal Yoke requires,  
 So *Hymen's* Torch should burn with equal Fires.  
 And higher if my Husband's in Degree,  
 What do I gain? his Greatness lessens me.  
 The worse in this, a Wife thus wedded fares,  
 And not an Honour, but a Burthen bears,  
 Tho' the Name flatters, and the Brightness glares.  
 She that weds well, will wisely match her Love,  
 Nor be below her Husband, nor above.  
 My Lord so seldom in my House I see,  
 A Stranger I should know as soon as he.  
 To War with dreadful Monsters he delights,  
 And with the Fiercest of the Forest fights.  
 While I a Widow's Life in Wedlock lead,  
 And mourn with fruitless Tears my injur'd Bed.  
 Oft my chaste Vows for him to Heav'n I pay,  
 The Dangers to avert, my Fears display.  
 That ever you with Conquest may be crown'd,  
 For your Defeat is mine, and mine your Wound.  
 My Fancy still presents you to my Mind,  
 Amid your Foes of ev'ry Savage kind.  
 The Dragon's forked Tongue methinks I view,  
 And the Boar's Tusk, and Lion's Claw in you.  
 The worrying Dogs with freezing Blood I see,  
 And intercept the Death, and bleed for thee.

D  
 All Ome  
 No Fla  
 But the  
 Forebo  
 And m  
 Much I  
 What N  
 I hope,  
 At onc  
 Your M  
 Repent  
 That e  
 Me, a  
 Nor is  
 No W  
 The M  
 Your  
 Still y  
 If of  
 You'd  
 Each  
 And  
 Shall  
 Or w  
 You  
 Nor  
 Whe  
 But  
 Ano  
 And

DEJANIRA to HERCULES. 175

All Omens from my slaughter'd Victims rise,  
 No Flames of od'rous Incense upward flies,  
 But the choak'd Fire, as soon as kindled, dies.  
 Foreboding Dreams my anxious Soul affright,  
 And mine are all the Horrors of the Night.  
 Much I enquire, impatient of your Fate,  
 What None, or but with doubtful Trust, relate.  
 I hope, I fear, and with alternate Pain  
 At once for thee the double Care sustain.  
 Your Mother absent feels the same Alarms,  
 Repents the Fortune of her envy'd Charms,  
 That e'er they pleas'd a God, and blest his Arms.  
 Me, all as a forsaken Widow shun,  
 Nor is *Amphytrion* here, nor is your Son.  
 No War but with *Eurystheus* now you wage,  
 The Minister of *Juno's* restless Rage.  
 Your Dangers and your Toils she still renews,  
 Still your dear Life with cruel Hate pursues.  
 If of your Foreign Loves I should complain,  
 You'd laugh at my Laments, and mock my Pain.  
 Each Maid you meet to your Embrace you take,  
 And each that you enjoy a Mother make.  
 Shall I *Parthenian Auge's* Rape relate,  
 Or what by Force was *Astydamia's* Fate?  
 You'll never blush to hear your broken Vows,  
 Nor think you err'd in wronging *Theutira's* House,  
 Where fifty Sisters in one Night you knew;  
 But what are fifty ruin'd Nymphs to you?  
 Another such Offence I've lately known,  
 And *Lamus* by your Lust is made my Son;

## 176 OVID'S EPISTLES.

His Stepdame I, and o'er the *Libyan* Plains  
 My Rival, his abandon'd Mother, reigns.  
 And where thro' flowry Vales *Maander* glides  
 Withwinding Waves, and turns with reflux Tides,  
 Has *Hercules* been seen in shameful Guise,  
 Ill suiting him, whose Shoulders bore the Skies;  
 With Bracelets deck'd, and other Female geer,  
 Which wanton Damsels at their Revels wear.  
 Bright Chains of Gold around those Arms they view,  
 Which in *Nemaan* Woods the Lion slew.  
 Whose Skin, a glorious Robe, he proudly wore,  
 And on his Back the dreadful Trophy bore.  
 See his rude Locks with gaudy Ribbans bound,  
 And purple Vests his manly Limbs surround:  
 Such as the soft *Maonian* Virgins wear,  
 To catch in Silken Folds the flowing Air.  
 Now Horror in your Mind his Image breeds,  
 Who fed with human Flesh his pamper'd Steeds.  
 His Conqueror had *Busiris* thus beheld,  
 He'd doubt his Fall, and still dispute the Field.  
 These Toys, *Anteus* from your Neck would tear,  
 Asham'd his Victor should such Trinkets wear.  
 'Tis said, you with *Ionian* Girls are seen,  
 In base Attendance on their haughty Queen.  
 That Baskets in your Hands like them you bear,  
 And the vain Menace of your Mistress fear.  
 For shame; were those Victorious Hands design'd  
 For Women's Service? or to free Mankind?  
 How, think you, to the wond'ring World 'twill sound,  
 That at Command you turn the Spindle round?

Your

D

Your W  
 And you  
 But your  
 And from  
 Now at  
 While sh  
 To pleas  
 And brap  
 How, w  
 And the  
 The He  
 And wh  
 Of *Dion*  
 Of you  
 Of *Geris*  
 And the  
 How th  
 How th  
 You gr  
 How th  
 By you  
 You pu  
 Nor yo  
 But ill  
 A Supp  
 Your T  
 And y  
 Nor c  
 She we

DEJANIRA to HERCULES. 177

Your Work's set out, your Mistress you must please,  
 And your Toils dwindle to such Tasks as these.  
 But your rough Fingers break the slender Thread,  
 And from the Fair a Drubbing oft you dread.  
 Now at her Feet, methinks, I see you lye,  
 While she looks from you with an angry Eye.  
 To plead for Pity, you your Error own,  
 And brag, in your Excuse, what Deeds you've done.  
 How, when a Child, two Serpents you o'ercame,  
 And then the *Erymanthean* Boar did tame.  
 The Heads that were on *Thracian* Gates affix'd,  
 And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.  
 Of *Diomedes*, and his Mares you boast,  
 Of your fam'd Conquests to th' *Iberian* Coast.  
 Of *Gerion's* Herd, and *Cerberus* you tell,  
 And the dread Wonders you perform'd in Hell;  
 How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.  
 How the huge Giant, by a fierce Embrace  
 You grip'd to Death, and kill'd with a Carefs;  
 How the swift Horses that out-flew the Wind  
 By you were left in Race, and lag'd behind.  
 You put 'em on *Theſſalian* Hills to flight,  
 Nor you their Speed, nor double Forms affright.  
 But ill by you are such high Things exprest,  
 A Suppliant, like *Sidonian* Harlots drest.  
 Your Tongue might by your Figure well bery'd,  
 And you, for shame, the Tale you tell her hide.  
 Nor can all this alone preserve her Smiles,  
 She wears your Arms, and Triumphs with your Spoils.



Go, boast your glorious Acts, while all that see  
 Your differing Garbs will guess you both to be,  
 Thou the soft Harlot, and the Hero she.  
 As greater you than all your Conquests are,  
 The less you to your Conqu'ror can compare;  
 And as you can't your lewd Desires subdue,  
 The mightier she, who masters them and you.  
 To her the Glory of your Deeds redounds,  
 And Fame her Pow'r with your Disgrace resounds.  
 The Victor's Praise, the Laurel Wreath, resign,  
 Those Songs and Trophies are no longer thine.  
 She Heirs them all, eternal Shame to see  
 That Skin on her, which suited none but thee.  
 And the rude Robe that thou with Pride hast worn,  
 Her feeble Limbs enfold, and sink to Scorn.  
 These Spoils, mistaken Man, are not her Aim,  
 Thy Self's her Triumph, and her Spoil's thy Fame.  
 By her the Merit of thy Might's suppress'd,  
 Her Conquest was thy self, and thine, a Beast.  
 She leaves the laden Reel, and learns the Use  
 Of Arrows poison'd with *Lernaan* Juice.  
 She, who can scarce the flying Wheel command,  
 And turn the Spindle with her trembling Hand,  
 Now reaches it the massy Club to wield,  
 Which ram'd the fiercest Monsters of the Field.  
 This with Delight she in her Mirror views,  
 Fights o'er thy Fights, and all thy Foes subdues.  
 Haply Report, tho' loud it speaks, may err;  
 Yet tell of others Truth, if not of her.

I see of  
 And th  
 A Fore  
 And to  
 No mo  
 As if t  
 As if t  
 To she  
 Unbide  
 With  
 She fr  
 And if  
 In Go  
 As wh  
 Who  
 That  
 These  
 And  
 Perha  
 And  
 A no  
 Her  
 The  
 The  
 I can  
 Strik  
 Me  
 With  
 And

DEJANIRA to HERCULES. 179

I see of others what of her I hear,  
 And that my Rage provokes, as this my Fear.  
 A Foreign Wanton's to the City brought,  
 And to be false, with thee's no more a Fault,  
 No more solicitous thy Shame to hide,  
 As if to publish it thou took'st a Pride,  
 As if to Triumph here thou sent'st the Slave,  
 To shew thy Folly, and my Fury brave.  
 Unbidden; is she like a Suppliant seen,  
 With Hair neglected, and an humble Mien?  
 She strives not to conceal her Captive State,  
 And ill her Front erect becomes her Fate.  
 In Gold she shines, her gay Attire's the same  
 As when you deign to act the *Phrygian* Dame.  
 Who can believe, so high she holds her Head,  
 That you're a Conqueror, or her Father dead?  
 These weeping Eyes your perjur'd Vows can prove,  
 And her bold Pride confirms my slighted Love.  
 Perhaps you'll drive me from your Bed and House,  
 And of a Mistress make the Slave your Spouse.  
 A noble Match 'twill be, should *Hymen* join  
 Her Infamy in equal Bonds with thine.  
 The God must, sure, to light his Torch be glad,  
 The Wife a Captive, and the Husband mad;  
 I cannot bear the Thought, it turns my Brains,  
 Strikes to my Heart, and freezes all my Veins.  
 Me once you lov'd, and guiltless was your Flame,  
 With double Conquest to your Arms I came,  
 And crown'd not more your Passion than your Fame.

Shorn

Shorn of his Horns *Achelous* hides his Head,  
 And vanquish'd plunges in his slimy Bed.  
*Messus* from thee receives the deadly Wound,  
 And falling foams with Rage, and bites the Ground.  
 From the Man-Beast a purple Deluge flow'd,  
 And stain'd *Evenus* with his streaming Blood.  
 Why do I write these vain Complaints to thee,  
 Ev'n now I hear thou dy'st, and dy'st by me?  
 Mine was the poison'd Robe my Husband wears,  
 Whose hidden Fire his cracking Sinews tears.  
 What have I done? What Frenzy had possess'd  
 My Mind, and more than Love inflam'd my Breast?  
 Lifeless my Lord on *Oeta's* Top may lye,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 Wilt thou thy Guilt, and him, alas! survive?  
 His Widow wilt thou, and his Murd'rer, live?  
 No, ne'er will I appear so fond of Life,  
 Or shew I ill deserv'd to be his Wife.  
 What *Meleager's* Sister ought I'll do,  
 And both their Steps with dauntless Soul pursue.  
 Nor Sister will they then, nor Wife deny,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 Unhappy House, to sudden Ruin doom'd,  
 To Exile some are sent, and some entomb'd.  
*Agrius* usurps my Royal Father's Throne,  
 And old *Oeneus* mourns a banish'd Son.  
 Here in devouring Flames another fries,  
 And my dear Mother there Self-murder'd lyes,  
 None now of all their Race is left, but I,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?

By

By all t  
 By Hym  
 No Mis  
 I knew  
 From V  
 In hope  
 When I  
 A won  
 That 't  
 A Virtu  
 On thi  
 And ne  
 A late  
 That P  
 On wh  
 And ye  
 Adieu  
 The I  
 I fly,  
 Life e

# DEJANIRA to HERCULES. 181

By all that ever to my Soul was dear,  
 By *Hymen's* sacred Rites and Joys, I swear,  
 No Mischief was to thee, believe me, meant;  
 I knew no Poison when the Shirt I sent.  
 From Weakness only, not Design, it came,  
 In hopes to light afresh thy languid Flame.  
 When *Nessus* fell, the fraudulent Villain swore  
 A wondrous Charm was in his flowing Gore,  
 That 'twould to ev'ry thing it touch'd impart  
 A Virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring Heart:  
 On thine I thought its latent Pow'r to prove,  
 And not in Malice dipt the Robe, but Love.  
 A latent Pow'r it had, ah curst Deceit!  
 That Pow'r was Poison, and the Charm was Fate.  
 On whom didst thou its fatal Magick try?  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou shou'dst die?  
 Adieu, my Father, Country, Friends; Adieu  
 The Light that with these dying Eyes I view:  
 I fly, my *Hercules*! to thee I fly;  
 Life ebbs apace, and I with Pleasure die.



*Deianira*



## Deianira to Hercules.

By another Hand.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Deianira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iôle a Captive; and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had presented him with, and had been told wou'd recover a lost Affection; betwixt Disdain and Anger for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, she writes the following Lines to her Husband.*

I'M pleas'd with the Success your Valour gave,  
 But grieve the Victor is his Captive's Slave.  
 This unexpected News soon flew to me,  
 And with your former Life does still agree.  
 Continual Actions, nor yet *Juno's* Hate,  
 Ne'er hurt whom *Iôle* does Captivate:  
*Eurystheus* this, this did *Jove's* Wife design,  
 Laugh at your Weakness, and these Tears of mine;  
 But *Jupiter* hop'd better Things, when he,  
 To make this Hero, made one Night of three.  
*Venus* has hurt you more by her soft Charms,  
 Than angry *Juno* that Imploys your Arms;

She

D  
 She by  
 The oth  
 You've  
 All thin  
 You ma  
 Your m  
 Heav'n,  
 When v  
 Yet fo  
 If with  
 You ki  
 Which  
 Your l  
 The In  
 No Sa  
 Cou'd  
 Some  
 Being  
 But as  
 The C  
 This f  
 Amor  
 At H  
 Tumu  
 This  
 I buy  
 I wea  
 Leaft  
 Whea  
 You

DEIANIRA to HERCULES. 183

She by depressing you, rais'd you the more,  
 The other treads on you, whom you adore.  
 You've freed the World from Troublers of Mankind.  
 All things submit to your Heroick Mind:  
 You make the Seas secure, the Earth have rest,  
 Your mighty Name fills both the East and West.  
 Heav'n, that must bear you, you did bear before,  
 When weary *Atlas* did your Aid implore.  
 Yet for all this, the greater is your Shame,  
 If with mean Acts you stain your glorious Name.  
 You kill'd two Serpents with your Infant Hand,  
 Which then deserv'd *Jove's* Scepter to command.  
 Your last Deeds differ from your first Success,  
 The Infant makes the Man appear the less.  
 No Savage Beasts, nor fiercer Enemies,  
 Cou'd conquer him whom Love does now surprize.  
 Some think my Marriage a great Happiness,  
 Being *Jove's* Daughter, Wife of *Hercules*;  
 But as Extreame do very ill agree,  
 The Greatness of my Husband lessens me;  
 This seeming Honour gives a mortal Wound:  
 Amongst our Equals Happiness is found:  
 At Home in quiet they their Lives enjoy;  
 Tumults, and Wars, do all his Hours employ:  
 This Absence makes me so unfortunate,  
 I buy your Glory at too dear a Rate.  
 I weary Heav'n with Vows and Sacrifice,  
 Least you should fall by Beasts, or Enemies.  
 When you assault a Lion, or wild Boar,  
 You hazard much, but still I hazard more.

Strange.



## 184 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Strange Dreams and Visions set before mine Eyes  
 The Dangers that attend your Victories.  
 Unhappy I to vain Reports give Ear,  
 Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear.  
 Your absent Mother blushes she pleas'd *Jove*,  
*Amphytrio's* absent, and the Son you love.  
 I see *Eurystheus* has contriv'd your Fate,  
 And will make use of *Juno's* restless Hate.  
 This I could bear, did you love none but me,  
 But you are Amorous of all you see.  
 Yet *Omphale* does now intrange me more,  
 Than all the Beauties you admir'd before.  
*Meander's* Streams have seen those Shoulders wear  
 Rich Chains, that Heav'n as a small Weight did bear.  
 But were you not ashamed to behold  
 Those Arms weigh'd down with Jewels, and with Gold,  
 That made the fierce *Nemean* Lion die,  
 And wore his Skin to shew the Victory?  
 When like a Woman you did dress your Hair,  
 Lawrel had been for you a fitter wear.  
 As wanton Maids, you thought it was no Shame  
 To wear a Sash, to please your haughty Dame.  
 Fierce *Diomedes* was not in your Mind,  
 That fed his bloody Horses with Mankind:  
 Did but *Busiris* see this strange Disguise,  
 The Conquer'd wou'd the Conqueror despise.  
*Anteus* wou'd retrieve his Captive State,  
 And scorn a Victor so effeminate.  
 Among the *Grecian* Virgins you sit down,  
 And spin, and tremble at a Woman's Frown,

D  
 A Distaff  
 That Co  
 Then in  
 And fea  
 And to  
 Those g  
 How yo  
 That by  
 How w  
 But ma  
 And ca  
 Now y  
 These  
 So soft  
 Your M  
 And m  
 She we  
 And is  
 Your g  
 Give h  
 All is  
 Go no  
 Is't no  
 The L  
 The S  
 The R  
 She r  
 And i  
 All r  
 The

DEIANIRA to HERCULES. 185

A Distaff, not a Scepter fills that Hand,  
 That Conquer'd all Things, and did all Command:  
 Then in her Presence you do trembling stand,  
 And fear a Blow as Death, from her fair Hand;  
 And to regain her Favour, you reveal  
 Those glorious Actions you shou'd then conceal.  
 How you that strange and fruitful Serpent slew,  
 That by his Wounds more fierce and stronger grew.  
 How when you fought, you never lost the Field,  
 But made great Kings and cruel Monsters yield.  
 And can you boast or think of Things so great,  
 Now you wear Silks, and are with Jewels set?  
 These Actions and that Garb do disagree,  
 So soft a Dress does give your Tongue the Lie.  
 Your Mistress too puts on your conqu'ring Arms,  
 And makes you stoop to her more pow'rful Charms.  
 She wears your Robes to shew her Victory,  
 And is, what you once thought your self to be.  
 Your glorious Conquest, and illustrious Fame,  
 Give her Renown, but you eternal Shame.  
 All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due;  
 Go now and brag of what remains to you.  
 Is't not a Shame that her soft Arms should bear  
 The Lion's rugged Skin you once did wear?  
 The Spoils are not the Lion's but your own,  
 The Beast you Conquer'd, you she-overcome.  
 She takes your Club into her feeble Hand,  
 And in her Glass she learns how to command.  
 All this I heard: yet I cou'd not believe  
 The sad Report, which causes me to grieve.

Your

Your *Iôle* is brought before my Face,  
 I must be Witness of my own Disgrace.  
 Whilst I reflect on my unhappy Fate,  
 She makes her Entry in the Town in State.  
 Not as a Captive with her Hair unbound,  
 Nor her dejected Eyes fixt on the Ground;  
 But cover'd o'er with Jewels and with Gold,  
 As *Phrygia* once did *Hercules* behold:  
 And salutes all with as much Majesty,  
 As if her Father had the Victory.  
 Perhaps to leave me is design'd by you,  
 True to your Mistress, to your Wife untrue.  
 You'll be divorc'd from me, and marry her,  
 The Conquer'd must obey the Conqueror.  
 This Fear torments me more than all the rest,  
 And, as a Dagger, wounds my troubled Breast.  
 I knew the time when you did love me more,  
 Than any she whom you do now adore.  
 But oh! as I am writing, the News flies,  
 That by a poison'd Shirt my Husband dies.  
 What have I done, whither has Love drove me?  
 Is Love the Author of such Cruelty?  
 Shall my dear *Hercules* endure this Pain,  
 And I th' unhappy Cause, alive remain?  
 My Title to him, by my Death I'll prove,  
 And surely Death's an Argument of Love.  
*Meleager* will a Sister find in me:  
 Shall *Deianira* be afraid to die?  
 Unhappy House! Usurpers fill the Throne,  
 Whilst the true Sov'raign is esteem'd by none.

One

One Brother  
 The other  
 Who on H  
 Should D  
 Only this  
 Not to be  
 As soon  
 His Blood  
 In it I d  
 O *Deiani*  
 Adieu m  
 Adieu m  
 Farewell  
*Hyllus* fa

DEIANIRA to HERCULES. 187

One Brother wastes his Life in foreign Lands,  
The other perish'd by his Mother's Hands,  
Who on her self reveng'd the Crime: Then why  
Should *Deianira* be afraid to die?

Only this Thing I beg with my last Breath,  
Not to believe that I design'd your Death.  
As soon as you struck *Nessus* with your Dart,  
His Blood, he said, would Charm a straying Heart.  
In it I dip the Shirt, 'twas but to try:  
O *Deianira* make, make haste to die:  
Adieu my Father, Sister too adieu!  
Adieu my Country, and my Brother too!  
Farewell this Light, the last that I shall see,  
*Hyllus* farewell; my Dear, I come to thee.



A CON-



# ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

By Mr. R. D U K E.

## The A R G U M E N T.

Acontius, in the Temple of Diana at Delos, (famous for the Resort of the most Beautiful Virgins of all Greece) fell in Love with Cydippe, a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her: he writes upon the fairest Apple that could be procured a couple of Verses to this effect,

“ I swear by Chaste Diana, I will be

“ In Sacred Wedlock ever join'd to thee.

and throws it at the Feet of the Young Lady: She suspecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius; there being a Law there in force, that whatever any Person should Swear in the Temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observ'd. But her Father not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, she was

taken

taken  
Acont  
from D  
the Vo  
the res  
casion  
the fo

R Ead  
Fo  
Read it  
Which t  
Forget i  
And He  
Why do  
As whe  
Truth t  
And Tr  
Shame  
In fav'  
Ah! to  
That c  
When  
There  
Which  
You t  
Than  
My F  
And

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE. 189

taken with a sudden and violent Fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. And this with the rest of the Arguments, which on such an Occasion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epistle.

**R**ead boldly this; here you shall swear no more,  
 For that's enough which you have sworn before,  
 Read it; so may that violent Disease,  
 Which thy dear Body, but my Soul doth seize,  
 Forget its too long practis'd Cruelty,  
 And Health to you restore, and you to me.  
 Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,  
 As when you first did in the Temple swear:  
 Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim;  
 And Truth can never be the Cause of Shame.  
 Shame lives with Guilt, but you your Virtue prove  
 In fav'ring mine, for mine's a Husband's Love.  
 Ah! to your self those binding Words repeat  
 That once your wishing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,  
 When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your Feet.  
 There you will find the solemn Vow you made,  
 Which, if your Health, or mine, can ought persuade,  
 You to perform should rather mindful be,  
 Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.  
 My Fears for you increase with my Desire,  
 And Hope blows that already raging Fire.

For



190 OVID'S EPISTLES.

For Hope you gave; nor can you this deny,  
 For the great Goddess of the Fane was by;  
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd Shrine  
 A sudden kind auspicious Light did shine;  
 Her Statue seem'd to nod its awful Head,  
 And give its glad Consent to what you said.  
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous Cheat,  
 Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it.  
 In that Deceit what did I else design,  
 But with your own Consent to make you mine?  
 What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,  
 Since Loving you has been my sole Offence.  
 Nor Nature gave me, nor has Practice taught  
 The Nets with which young Virgins Hearts are caught,  
 You my Accuser taught me to deceive,  
 And Love, with you, did his Assistance give;  
 For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write  
 The cunning Words he did himself indite:  
 Again, you see I write by his Command,  
 He guides my Pen, and rules my willing Hand;  
 Again such kind, such loving Words I send,  
 As makes me fear that I again offend.  
 Yet if my Love's my Crime, I must confess  
 Great is my Guilt, but never shall be less:  
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,  
 In finding out new Paths to reach thy Love.  
 A thousand Ways to that steep Mountain lead,  
 Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.  
 All these will I find out, and break through all,  
 For which, my Flames compar'd, the Danger's small.

The

A  
 The God  
 Yet if we  
 One way  
 If all my  
 And snar  
 I all tho  
 Who fir  
 I too----  
 Death b  
 For to l  
 Were yo  
 Of tedio  
 But thy  
 And son  
 Those K  
 (Which  
 Those s  
 If you r  
 That m  
 That pa  
 Those K  
 That thr  
 Do all  
 With al  
 Which  
 And all  
 No wor  
 I of yo  
 Rage n  
 Your v

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE. 191

The Gods alone know what the End will be;  
Yet if we Mortals any thing foresee,  
One way or other you must yield to me.

If all my Arts should fail, to Arms I'll fly,  
And snatch by Force what you my Pray'rs deny;  
I all those Heroes mighty Acts applaud,  
Who first have led me this illustrious Road.  
I too---but hold, Death the Reward will be;  
Death be it then---

For to lose you is more than Death to me.  
Were you less Fair, I'd use the vulgar Way  
Of tedious Courtship, and of dull Delay:  
But thy bright Form kindles more eager Fires,  
And something wond'rous, as it self, Inspires;  
Those Eyes that all the Heav'nly Lights out-shine,  
(Which Oh! may'st thou behold, and love in mine)  
Those snowy Arms, which on my Neck should fall,  
If you the Vows you made, regard at all;  
That modest Sweetness, and becoming Grace,  
That paints with living Red your blushing Face;  
Those Feet, with which they only can compare  
That through the Silver Flood bright *Thetis* bear;  
Do all conspire my Madness to excite,  
With all the rest that is deny'd to Sight.  
Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,  
And all the Storms of my vex'd Soul at rest.  
No wonder then if with such Beauty fir'd,  
I of your Love the sacred Pledge desir'd.  
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,  
Your very Frowns all other Smiles excel;

But

But give me leave that Anger to appease  
 By my Submission, that my Love did raise.  
 Your Pardon prostrate at your Feet I'll crave,  
 The humble Posture of your guilty Slave.  
 With falling Tears your fiery Rage I'll cool,  
 And lay the rising Tempest of your Soul.  
 Why in my Absence are you thus severe?  
 Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,  
 For all my Crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,  
 With Pride whatever you inflict receive,  
 And love the Wounds those Hands vouchsafe to give.  
 Your Fetters too----But they alas are vain,  
 For Love has bound me, and I hug my Chain.  
 Your hardest Laws with Patience I'll obey,  
 'Till you your self at last relent, and say,  
 When all my Sufferings you with Pity see,  
*He that can love so well, is worthy me.*  
 But if all this should unsuccessful prove,  
*Diana* claims for me your promis'd Love.  
 O may my Fears be false! yet she delights  
 In just Revenge of her abused Rites.  
 I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,  
 Lest you should think that for my self I plead.  
 Yet out it must,----'Tis this, 'Tis surely this,  
 That is the Fuel to your hot Disease:  
 When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,  
 Her fatal Messenger the Goddess sends.  
 And when you would to his kind Call consent,  
 This Feaver does your Perjury prevent.

Forbear,

Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her Rage,  
 Which you so easily may yet assuage.  
 Forbear to make that lovely charming Face  
 The Prey to ev'ry envious Disease:  
 Preserve those Looks to be enjoy'd by me,  
 Which none shou'd ever but with Wonder see:  
 Let that fresh Colour to your Cheeks return,  
 Whose blooming Flame did all Beholders burn.  
 But let on him, th'unhappy Cause of all  
 The Ills that from *Diana's* Anger fall,  
 No greater Torments light, than those I feel,  
 When you my dearest, tend'rest Part are ill.  
 For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rackt,  
 Whom different Grievs successively distract!  
 Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,  
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you:  
 Then great *Diana's* Witness, how I pray,  
 That all our Crimes on me alone she'd lay.  
 Sometimes to your lov'd Doors disguis'd I come,  
 And all around 'em up and down I roam:  
 Till I your Woman coming from you spy,  
 With Looks dejected, and a weeping Eye.  
 With silent Steps, like some sad Ghost I steal  
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal  
 More than new Questions suffer her to tell:  
 How you had slept, what Diet you had us'd?  
 And oft the vain Physician's Art accus'd.  
 He ev'ry Hour (Oh, were I blest as he!)  
 Does all the turns of your Distemper see;

## 194 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Why sit not I by your Bed-side all Day,  
 My mournful Head in your warm Bosom lay,  
 'Till with my Tears the inward Fires decay?  
 Why press not I your melting Hand in mine,  
 And from your Pulse of my own Health divine?  
 But oh! these Wishes all are vain; and he  
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,  
 Forgetful as thou art of Heav'n and me.  
 He that lov'd Hand does press, and oft does feign  
 Some new Excuse to feel thy beating Vein.  
 Then his bold Hand up to your Arm does slide,  
 And in your panting Breast it self does hide;  
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,  
 For his officious Care too great a Fee.  
 Robber, who gave thee Leave to taste that Lip,  
 And the ripe Harvest of my Kisses reap?  
 For they are mine, so is that Bosom too,  
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.  
 Take, take away those thy Adult'rous Hands,  
 For know, another Lord that Breast commands.  
 'Tis true, her Father promis'd her to thee,  
 But Heav'n and she first gave her self to me.  
 And you in Justice therefore should decline  
 Your Claim to that which is already mine.  
 This is the Man, *Cydippe*, that excites  
*Diana's* Rage to vindicate her Rites.  
 Command him then not to approach thy Door;  
 'This done, the Danger of your Death is o'er.  
 For fear not, beauteous Maid, but keep thy Vow,  
 Which great *Diana* heard, and did allow,

And

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE. 195

And she who took it, will thy Health restore,  
 And be propitious as she was before.  
 " 'Tis not the Steam of a slain Heifer's Blood,  
 " That can allay the Anger of a God.  
 " 'Tis Truth, and Justice to your Vows, appease  
 " Their angry Deities, and without these  
 " No slaughter'd Beast their Fury can divert ;  
 " For that's a Sacrifice without a Heart.  
 Some, bitter Potions patiently endure,  
 And kiss the wounding Launce that works their Cure.  
 You have no need these cruel Cures to feel,  
 Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.  
 Why let you still your pious Parents weep,  
 Whom you in Ign'rance of your Promise keep?  
 Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,  
 And the whole Progress of our Love reveal ;  
 Tell her how first at great *Diana's* Shrine  
 I fixt my Eyes, my wond'ring Eyes, on thine,  
 How like the Statues there I stood amaz'd,  
 Whilst on thy Face intemp'rately I gaz'd.  
 She will her self, when you my Tale repeat,  
 Smile, and approve the amorous Deceit.  
 Marry, she'll say, whom Heavn commendsto thee,  
 He who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleases me.  
 But should she ask from what Descent I came,  
 My Country, and my Parents, and my Name,  
 Tell her that none of these deserve my Shame. }  
 Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse ;  
 But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.



This in my Dreams *Diana* bid me write,  
And when I wak'd sent *Cupid* to indite :  
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,  
Which Wound if you with Eyes of Fire see,  
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.  
Then to our Joys with eager Haste we'll move,  
As full of Beauty you, as I of Love.  
To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,  
And with our Off'rings at the Altar bow.  
A Golden Image there I'll consecrate  
Of the false Apple's innocent Deceit ;  
And write below the happy Verse, that came  
The Messenger of my successful Flame ;  
" Let all the World this from *Acontius* know,  
" *Cydippe* has been faithful to her Vow.  
More I could Write, but since thy Illness reigns,  
And wracks thy tender Limbs with sharpest Pains,  
My Pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,  
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.





# CYDIPPE

Her Answer to

## ACONTIUS.

By Mr. BUTLER.

**I**N silent Fear I read your Letter o'er;  
 Lest I shou'd Swear, as I had done before!  
 Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t' engage  
 By my Neglect the peevish Goddeſs' Rage:  
 In vain I deck her Shrine, her Rites attend,  
 The partial Goddeſs ſtill remains your Friend.  
 A Virgin rather ſhou'd a Virgin aid;  
 But where I ſeek Relief I am betray'd!  
 I languish, and the Cauſe of my Diſeaſe  
 As yet lyes hid, no Med'cine gives me Eaſe.  
 In how much Pain do I this Letter write!  
 To my weak Hand my ſicklier Thoughts indite:  
 What anxious Fear alas afflicts me too,  
 Lest any but my truſty Nurse ſhou'd know!  
 To gain me Time to write, the Door ſhe keeps,  
 And whiſp'ring tells the Viſitants, *She Sleeps.*

## 198 OVID'S EPISTLES.

Worse Ills I could not for your sake sustain,  
 Tho' you had Merit equal to my Pain.  
 Your Love betrays, my Beauty proves my Snare,  
 I had been happy had I seem'd less fair:  
 Whilst with your Rival you contend to raise  
 My Beauty's Fame, I perish by your Praise:  
 Whilst neither will admit the other's Claim,  
 The Chase is hinder'd, and both miss the Game.

My Nuptial Day draws on, my Parents press  
 The ~~Sacred~~ Rites, my blooming Years no less:  
 But whilst glad *Hymen* at my Door attends,  
 Grim Death waits near to force me from his Hands.  
 Some call my Sickness Chance, and some pretend  
 The Gods this Lett to cross my Nuptials send:  
 Whilst by severer Censure you are guest,  
 By *Philtra's* to have wrought upon my Breast.  
 If then your Love such Mischief can create,  
 What Mis'ry is reserv'd for her you Hate!

Wou'd I to *Delos* ne'er had found the Way,  
 At least not found it on that fatal Day!  
 When in our Port our Anchors first we weigh'd,  
 Th' unwilling Vessel still i' th' Harbour stay'd;  
 Twic'did cross Winds beat back our flapping Sails;  
 Said I, cross Winds? no, those were prosp'rous Gales!  
 Those Wines alone blew fair, that back convey'd  
 Our Ship, and those that oft our Passage stay'd.  
 Yet I to see fam'd *Delos* am in Pain,  
 And fondly of each hind'ring Blast complain.  
 By *Tenos* Isle, and *Myconé* steer'd,  
 At last fair *Delos*' winding Cliffs appear'd;

And

## CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS. 199

And much I fear lest now the *Fairy Shore*  
 Shou'd Vanish, as 'tis said t' have done before.  
 At Night we Land; soon as the Day return'd  
 My platted Tresses are with Gems adorn'd.  
 Then to attend the sacred Rites we go,  
 And pious Incense on each Altar throw.  
 My Parents there at their Devotion stay;  
 My Nurse and I through all the Temple stray:  
 We view each Court, and each fresh Wonder brings,  
 Pictures, and Statues, Gifts of ancient Kings.  
 But whilst into these Rarities I pry'd,  
 I am my self by sly *Acontius* spy'd.  
 Thence to the inmost Temple we remove,  
 The Place that should a Sanctuary prove.  
 Yet there I find the Apple with this Rhime---  
 Ah! me, I'd like to have Sworn the second time!  
 The Name of Wedlock I no sooner read  
 But thro' my Cheeks a troubled Blush was spread.  
 Why didst thou cheat an unsuspecting Maid?  
 I shou'd have been intreated, not betray'd:  
 Is then the Goddess bound to take thy Part?  
 And ratifie an Oath without the Heart?  
 The Will consents, but that was absent there;  
 I read indeed the Oath, but did not swear.  
 Yet cannot I deny that I suspect  
*Diana's* Rage this Sickness does inflict;  
 Glad *Hymen* thrice did to our Courts repair,  
 Thrice frighted fled to find Death planted there.  
 Thin Cov'rings on my Feav'rish Limbs are spread,  
 My Parents mourn me as already Dead.

What have I done to merit this Distress,  
 Reading but Words whose Fraud I cou'd not guess?  
 Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my Suff'rings spring,  
 T'appease the Goddess' Rage thine Off'rings bring.  
 When will those Hands, that writ the fatal Rhime,  
 Bear Incense to remove my Pain, thy Crime!

Nor think that thy rich Rival, tho' allow'd  
 To visit, is of greater Favours proud.  
 By me he sits, but still just Distance keeps,  
 Restless as I, talks seldom, often weeps:  
 Blushing he takes a Kiss, and leaves a Tear,  
 And once his Courage serv'd to cry---My Dear.  
 But from his Arms still by Degrees I creep,  
 And to prevent Discourse pretend to sleep.  
 He finds, but wou'd his Sense o'th' Flight disguise,  
 He checks his Tongue, but chides me with his Eyes.  
 With Grief he wastes, and I with Feavers pine,  
 'Tis we that suffer, but th' Offence was thine.

You write for leave to come and see me here,  
 Yet know your former Visit cost me dear.  
 Why wou'dst thou hither come? thou canst but see  
 The double Trophies of thy Cruelty.  
 My Flesh consum'd, my Cheeks of Bloodless Hue,  
 Such as I once did in thy Apple view.  
 Shou'dst see me now thou wou'dst repent thy Cheat,  
 Nor think me worth such exquisite Deceit.  
 To *Delos* back with greater haste wou'dst go,  
 And beg the Goddess to release my Vow.  
 On new Designs thy Fancy wou'dst employ,  
 Contrive new Oaths the former to destroy.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS. 201

No Means have been omitted to procure  
 My Health, but still my Feav'rish Fits endure.  
 We ask'd the Oracle what caus'd my Pains?  
 The Oracle of broken Vows complains!  
 The Gods themselves on your behalf declare:  
 What hast thou done to merit this their Care?  
 But so it is---and I at last incline,  
 Since that thou art their Choice, to make thee Mine,  
 Already to my Mother I've declar'd,  
 How by your Cunning I have been insnar'd.  
 I've done, and what I have already said,  
 I fear is more than will become a Maid.  
 My Thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite  
 No more, my feeble Hand no more can write.  
 Nor need I more Subscribe, but this, Be True!  
 And (since it must be so) *my Dear, Adieu!*

E I N I S.







THE THREE  
EPISTLES

OF

*Aulus Sabinus:*

In Answer to as many of

*O V I D.*

---

Made *English* by

Mr. *SALUSBURY.*

---

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

## Advertisement.

**A**ULUS Sabinus flourish'd in the Reign of Augustus, and was contemporary with Ovid. He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Mistress Terisena; and left some unfinish'd Poems of the ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies; and also wrote several Epistles like Ovid's, in Answer to so many of that excellent Poet's, viz. Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Jason to Hypsipile, Phaon to Sapho, Ulysses to Penelope, Demophoon to Phyllis, and Paris to Oenone; of all which, excepting the three last, the Injury of Time has deprived us.

The learned Heinsius speaking of these three Epistles, calls them a Treasure; and indeed they express so much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character so well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give 'em an English Version, since in all the late and best Editions of Ovid's Works, these Epistles of Sabinus are found inserted.



## E P I S T. I.

*Ulysses to Penelope.*

## The ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses having receiv'd Penelope's Epistle, by this Answer endeavours to clear her Doubts, and calm her Thoughts. He tells her with what Fortitude he had gone through the various Haraships that had befall'n him; and that having consulted Tiresias and Pallas, he was determin'd to return suddenly to Ithaca; but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in Disguise. And as he is careful to magnifie his Love, and Fears of her, and her extraordinary Constancy and Chastity: So he forgets not to tell her what he saw in Elisium, whither he went to consult Tiresias,*

**C**Hance does at last let sad *Ulysses* see  
 The welcome Lines of his *Penelope*;  
 So much thy known dear Characters did please,  
 That my long Troubles found an instant Ease.  
 If I am slow, 'tis only to relate  
 To thee my many Wounds from angry Fate.  
 Well might the *Greeks* indeed have thought me slow,  
 When by feign'd Madness I delay'd to go:

Nor

206 ULYSSES to FENELOPE.

Nor had I Will or Pow'r to leave thy Bed,  
 But to possess thy Charms from Honour fled.  
 You bid me come, and never stay to write;  
 But adverse Winds detain me from your Sight.  
 Troy hinders not, a Place once so rever'd,  
 In Ashes now, nor longer to be fear'd.  
 Hector and all her mighty Men of Fame  
 Are now no more, are nothing but a Name:  
 By Night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rhesus* slain,  
 I safely to our Camp return'd again:  
 Leading his warlike Horses, my just Spoil,  
 The noble Triumph for the Victor's Toil.  
 The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* Safety lay,  
 My fortunate Contrivance brought away.  
 Clos'd in that Horse which prov'd the Bane of *Troy*,  
 Unmov'd I heard *Cassandra* cry---Destroy  
 The Engine quick; the Foe your Ruin seeks:  
 Burn, burn it quite, not trust the crafty *Greeks*.  
 To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lyes  
 For his last Rites, his Fun'ral obsequies:  
 Which Action so the *Grecian* Army warms,  
 For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.  
 But, what avails! the Sea has all ingross'd!  
 My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions lost!  
 Tho' all things else Fate's Cruelties remove,  
 They have no Pow'r to shake my constant Love.  
 That still endures, and triumphs over all;  
 Nor can by *Seylla*, or *Charibdis* fall.  
 To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail;  
 Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.

Not

Not touch'd by *Circe's* Arts, from her I fled;  
 Nay shun'd the Proffer of a Goddess' Bed:  
 Each promis'd, so she might become my Wife,  
 To give me deathless Joys, and endless Life.  
 Both I reject, and having thee in view,  
 My dang'rous Travels chearfully renew.  
 Let not these Female Names beget new Fears,  
 (Alarm thy Breast, nor drown thine Eyes in Tears)  
 What *Circe*, what *Calypso* cou'd effect:  
 Secure of me, all chilling Doubts neglect.  
 That you my open Soul may naked view,  
 I will confess that I have fear'd for you.  
 When I was told how num'rous a Resort  
 Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court,  
 All pale I grew; Life left my outward Part,  
 Scarce the retiring Blood preserv'd my Heart.  
 Besieg'd by pressing youthful Lovers round,  
 Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roses crown'd,  
 My growing Doubts to wild Disorders haste;  
 Ah! can I think she still is mine, and chaste!  
 If me she wept, her Charms wou'd not be such:  
 Cou'd she thus conquer, if she sorrow'd much?  
 Yet quickly Love returns, when I perceive  
 How well your chaste, your pious Arts deceive  
 Your hasty Suitors, and procure Delay,  
 By Night undoing what you weave by Day.  
 Yet fear I, lest some busie Lover's Eyes  
 Thee at thy honest Artifice surprise.  
 Better by *Polphemus* had I dy'd,  
 Than know thee sacrific'd to Lust and Pride.

Better



## 208 ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

Better to *Thracian* Arms have fall'n a Prey,  
 Whilst there as yet my wand'ring Navy lay.  
 Or then have yielded finally to Fate,  
 When I return'd safe from the *Stygian* State.  
 'Twas there I saw, among th' immortal Dead,  
 My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.  
 She told his House's Troubles to her Son;  
 I griev'd she thrice did my Embraces shun.  
 There too the great *Protesilaus* I met,  
 Who scorning Death, first of the *Grecian* Fleet  
 With Hostile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.  
 Now happy with his much prais'd Wife he roves,  
 Fearless of Change, through the *Elisian* Groves:  
 Lamenting not he did so Young descend;  
 Pleas'd with an Early, since so Brave an End.  
 I saw, alas! nor cou'd from Tears refrain,  
 The noble *Agamemnon* newly slain.  
 That mighty Chief, glorious and safe at *Troy*,  
 Escaping too in the *Eubean* Sea,  
 Where furious *Nauplius*'s horrid Arts had done  
 Such Ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.  
 But whilst, rejoycing for his safe Return,  
*Arides* does his grateful Incense burn,  
 By impious Hands his sacred Blood is spill'd,  
 And by a thousand Wounds the Prince is kill'd:  
 This tragick End had the great Hero's Life,  
 Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife;  
 Pretending Vengeance for his am'rous Crime,  
 To cover her's, strikes first and murders him.

When

ULYSSES to PENELOPE. 209

When Victory had blest the *Grecian* side,  
 And we our *Trojan* Pris'ners did divide,  
 Great *Hector's* Wife and Sister I refuse,  
 And ancient *Hecuba* do rather chuse;  
 To her neglected Age I give my Voice,  
 Lest Love might seem to mingle in the Choice.  
 No longer her in human Form we meet,  
 A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet.  
 Her enrag'd Heart with Grief and Rancour burns,  
 And suddenly to a mad Bitch she turns;  
 In barking, howles, and snarling now she ends  
 The loud Complaints her wild Affliction sends.  
 As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea  
 Start into Tempests at the Prodigy.  
 By dang'rous Storms now am I rudely tost;  
 Now wand'ring long in unknown Regions lost.  
 But if the wise *Tiresias* can as well  
 Our future Joys as Miseries foretel;  
 The prophecy'd Disasters having past,  
 I enter on my kinder Fate at last.  
*Pallas* now joins me, on an unknown Coast:  
 Safe led by her, I can no more be lost.  
*Pallas*, whom now the first time I salute  
 Since *Ilium's* Fall, with Pleasure hears my Suit.  
 What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought:  
 By rash *Oilides* bold and single Fault!  
 Not ev'n *Tydidēs* did the Goddess spare,  
 His Virtue too did our Affliction share.  
 None could his Favour or his Merit plead,  
 But all were punish'd for the impious Deed.

Yet

210 ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;  
 His beauteous Wife was still a Counter-charm;  
 In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,  
 While she is there his Passion to assuage  
 Winds had no Pow'r his Kisses to restrain,  
 Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main,  
 Thrice happy I, did I but travel so,  
 For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.  
 But since *Telemachus* with thee I hear  
 Is safe, extreemly lessen'd is my Care.  
 Whose too rash Voyage yet I needs must blame,  
 Whatever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylos* claim.  
 Too weak th' Excuse ev'n of his Piety,  
 For vent'ring out in such a dang'rous Sea.  
 But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate  
 Is o'er, and now I thy Embraces wait.  
 Alone I come; temper thy rising Joy,  
 For all Excesses equally destroy  
 Not open Force, but Management and Art,  
 The Gods foretel, will Victory impart.  
 Amidst a Feast, and in the heights of Wine,  
 Perhaps my just Revenge I may design,  
 And make the scorn'd *Ulysses* nobler shine. }  
 Swift fly the Hours, and speed that happy Day;  
 And when arriv'd for Ages let it stay:  
 That Day! which shall restore Joys so long fled,  
 And all th' intrancing Pleasures of thy Bed.





## EPIST. II.

*Demophoon to Phillis.*

## The ARGUMENT.

*Phillis, the young Queen of Thrace, impatient of the too long Absence of her lately married Husband Demophoon, the Son of Theseus King of Athens, had written him a very passionate Letter intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love and Despair. Which Letter Demophoon receiving, he returns this Answer. Wherein owning her Kindness, he shews he loves her with an extream Passion; and that he has no Thoughts of any other Love. Tells her that the Disorders of his Family, requiring more time to re-settle than he expected, are the true and only Causes of his Stay. He gently blames her Doubts and her Impatience; handsomely excuseth himself; promises an inviolable Constancy, and that, his Affairs settled, he will certainly return.*

**W**Hile this is from recover'd Athens sent,  
 Can I forget the Aid my Phillis lent?  
 No other Torch has Hymen held for me.  
 Ah! were I happy now, as then with thee!

*Theseus*

212 DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS.

*Theseus* (whose noble Blood your Mind did move  
 Much less than your own free unbiass'd Love)  
 Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne,  
 But Death has put the bold Usurper down.  
*Theseus*, who did an equal Glory share  
 With great *Alcides* in the Toils of War,  
 When the brave Heroes, with united Strength,  
 Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.  
*Theseus*, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd slain,  
 Did of an Enemy a Father gain.  
 Cou'd such a Prince, cou'd such a Parent be,  
 Without a Crime, abandon'd left by me?  
 This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon's* Charge;  
 On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.  
 You press, he cries, for the fair *Thracian's* Charms,  
 And all your Courage soften in her Arms.  
 Swiftly the while Occasion flies away,  
 And our Disasters grow by your Delay.  
 Our Father's Fate, had you made haste on Board,  
 You had prevented, or with ease restor'd.  
 Shou'd *Athens* less to you than *Thrace* appear,  
 And why a Woman more than both be dear?  
 Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now  
 With equal Anger bends her wrinkled Brow;  
 That her Son's Hands close not her aged Eyes,  
 On my Delay with feeble Wrath she flies.  
 I silent stand, while me they both accuse;  
 Nor on their Anger, but thy Absence, muse.  
 Methinks this Moment still I hear 'em say,  
 While on thy Coast my shatter'd Navy lay,

To

D  
 To Sea,  
 On Board  
 By what  
 To thy  
*Phillis* y  
 Her Co  
 Begs yo  
 And do  
 Yet in t  
 By adv  
 Oft whe  
 I blest  
 Nor to  
 Whate  
 That I  
 Is owi  
 I'll tel  
 Thy d  
 What  
 But w  
 The S  
 And c  
 Nor c  
 Brigh  
 Up to  
 He G  
 My l  
 Tho'  
 Shall  
 Enq

DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS. 213

To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,  
 On Board, and spread thy Canvas to the Wind.  
 By what, hard *Demophon*, art thou so took!  
 To thy lost Country, and thy Father look,  
*Phillis* you love; her your Example make,  
 Her Country she for Love will not forsake.  
 Begs your Return, but with you will not stir;  
 And does a barb'rous Crown to yours prefer.  
 Yet in the midst of all how oft I pray'd,  
 By adverse Winds to be still longer stay'd!  
 Oft when I parting did embrace thy Neck,  
 I blest the Storms that did our Parting check,  
 Nor to my Father will I fear to own  
 Whate'er for my sweet *Phillis* I have done;  
 That I avow, or he that Story hear,  
 Is owing to the Merits of my Fair.  
 I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave  
 Thy dear Embraces, but my Soul must grieve.  
 What rocky Breast from such a Wife cou'd part,  
 But weeping Eyes wou'd speak his sinking Heart!  
 The Ships she might deny, she does bestow,  
 And only bids they be a little slow.  
 Nor can he chuse but pardon such a Crime;  
 Bright *Ariadne's* not so lost in him:  
 Up to the Stars whene'er he casts his Eyes,  
 He sees his shining Mistress in the Skies.  
 My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forsook,  
 Tho' by a God she forcibly was took.  
 Shall my ill Fate too, *Phillis*, be the same?  
 Enquire the Cause, nor me unjustly blame.

Take



214 DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS.

Take this sure Pledge for *Demophoon's* Return,  
His Heart for you, and only you, does burn.  
Is't possible you Ignorant should be  
Of the Disasters of my Family?  
I mourn a Parent's Fate, involv'd in Snares!  
And oh that nothing else employ'd my Cares!  
My Soul laments a noble Brother dead;  
Torn by his frighted Horses as he fled.  
Not to excuse Returning, have I told  
Some of the many Causes that with-hold  
Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's Crime,  
That I still beg of thee a little Time.  
Declining *Theſeus* I must first inter:  
Honour will that to ev'ry Thing prefer.  
That done, for which my Pray'rs I do repeat  
For Leave, to *Thrace* I instantly retreat.  
I am not false, but still adore thy Charms;  
Nor do I think I'm safe but in thy Arms.  
Not War. nor Tempests, since the Fall of *Troy*,  
Cou'd me in my Return such annoy  
To cause Delay: No, that was only seen  
Effected by the kind fair *Thracian* Queen.  
Cast on thy Shores, thou freely didst supply  
To all my pressing Wants a Remedy.  
Be still the same: Then nothing shall remove  
The happy *Demophoon* from *Phillis's* Love.  
What if a ten Years War shou'd now renew,  
That Honour shou'd ingage me to pursue?  
*Penelope* thy great Example be,  
So fam'd for her Unspotted Chastity.

Her

DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS. 215

Her curious artful Web, ill understood,  
 Did her hot Lovers cunningly elude.  
 The Woof advanc'd by Day, the Nights restrain,  
 And ravel to its Primitive Wool again.  
 But you with Fear, it seems, are almost dead,  
 Lest the scorn'd *Thracians* shou'd despise your Bed.  
 Ah, cruel! cou'd you with another Wed?  
 Is then your Love, is then your Faith so light?  
 Nor can the Fear of broken Vows affright?  
 Think what your Shame, think what your Grief will be,  
 When my returning Sails from far you see.  
 Then all in vain repenting Tears will flow,  
 And own the Constancy you question now.  
*Demophoon* comes! then in Amaze, you'll cry;  
 And to my Arms through Winter Storms does fly.  
 Ah, why so great a Guilt did I contract!  
 And what I blam'd in him, why did I act?  
 But Heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be said,  
 That thy fair Virtue cou'd be so mis'led.  
 If such a Fate shou'd on my *Phillis* light,  
 The mighty Load wou'd overwhelm me quite.  
 But ah! what direful threatning Words are those  
 With which your Letter you unkindly close!  
 Abstain, at least 'till greater Cause you see,  
 To charge my House with double Perfidy.  
 If to desert the *Cretan* were a Fault;  
 Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.  
 Farewel my Hope's best Object, Soul of Love:  
 All that obstructs our Meeting, Heav'n remove.

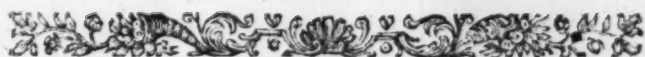
May

216 DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS.

May ev'ry Joy Love can, or Fortune give,  
For ever with my Charming *Phillis* live.  
The Winds now bear my Words ; my Person they }  
I hope shall safely to thy Arms convey ;  
There to repeat another Nuptial Day.  
My Wishes are with thee ; and that I pause,  
My Duty, and my Honour are the Cause.



EPIST.



## EPIST. III.

## PARIS to OENONE.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The forsaken Nymph OEnone having written to Paris, to persuade him to return again to her Embraces, and to send back the Fair Grecian to her Husband: Paris, in this Epistle, endeavours to extenuate his Fault; laying the Blame sometimes on Fate and Fortune, and sometimes on the Force of Love. With gentle Words he tries to mitigate her Affliction: and concludes advising her to exert her utmost Skill in Magick (for which she was Famous) to procure Quiet to her self, by reviving his Passion for her, or by extinguishing her own.*

**W**Hile you of me so justly, Nymph, complain,  
I seek for plausible Replies in vain.

I own my Fault, confess my broken Vows,

Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.

May this Acknowledgment procure thee Rest,

And calm the Tempests of OEnone's Breast.

I Cupid's Slave his Order but obey,

Deserting thee for charming *Helena*.

Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move

My first young Wishes, and my Bloom of Love.

L

My

218 PARIS *so* OENONE.

My glorious Birth then troubl'd not our Joy;  
 Love and our Flocks did all our Thoughts imploy.  
 If talk of Greatness mingled with our Sport,  
 I swore *OEnone* might adorn a Court.  
 Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee Smile  
 Love; whom to Reason, what can reconcile?  
 When you from *Pan* and from the Satyrs fled,  
 To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,  
 Was it your Reason then you did pursue?  
 Or kept you ought besides your Love in View?  
 My present Passion is from Fate; for e'er  
 I did of *Leda's* beauteous Daughter hear,  
 Inspir'd *Cassandra* did foretel the Thing,  
*Paris* shall *Helena* to *Ilium* bring.  
 In ev'ry Circumstance too well you see  
 Th' Event has justify'd her Prophecy:  
 Except those Wounds of mine, which yet remain,  
 To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.  
 Still I remember sweet *OEnone's* Fear,  
 When first we did the strange Prediction hear.  
 Melting in Tears---Ah then, will Fate remove  
 Her *Paris* from the lost *OEnone's* Love!  
 Must he such Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring?  
 Be found a Princee, thus to involve the King!  
 Love taught me threaten'd Dangers to despise:  
 And Love equipt me for my Enterprize.  
 To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;  
 The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.  
 Against his Pleasure what can Mortals say,  
 Whose Pow'r th' immortal Gods themselves obey?

When

When mighty *Jove* the Fire of *Cupid* burns,  
Into a thousand various Shapes he turns.  
*Europa's* Bull, and *Danae's* golden Show'r,  
Put each a Lovely Virgin in his Pow'r.  
Not charming *Helen* (Cause of all thy Care)  
Had been so wond'rous, so divinely Fair,  
Had not great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,  
And cheated *Leda* with a seeming Swan.  
O'er Piny *Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle, flies  
With his lov'd *Ganimede* to distant Skies.  
The valiant *Hercules*, so Fierce and Bold,  
For *Omphale*, did a weak Distaff hold:  
Glad like a Maid he sat him down to Spin,  
And Conqu'ring she put on the Lion's Skin.  
Your self *Apollo's* proffer'd Love decline,  
And shun a God's Embraces to be mine.  
Not that a Shepherd with a God can vye,  
But it so pleases *Cupid's* Deity.  
If my new Passion still thy Mind displease,  
Yet this at least methinks might give thee Ease;  
That nothing in my Breast cou'd quench thy Love,  
But the bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:  
Tho' yet her boasted Birth and mighty Race  
Enflame me less than her enchanting Face.  
I wish'd I had unskill'd in Beauty been;  
Then Rival Goddesses I had not seen:  
Not been obnoxious to great *Juno's* Hate;  
Nor wise *Minerva* then shou'd irritate.  
The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,  
Blinds me for ever *Citherea's* Slave.



She her Son's Darts will distribute around,  
 And give him Orders when and where to wound;  
 Yet is her self oft wounded by his Dart:  
 The wanton Boy spares not his Mother's Heart.  
*Mars* to her Bed so often did resort,  
 All Heav'n at last was Witness to their Sport.  
 Then to attract *Anchises* to her Arms,  
 Appears a Mortal with Celestial Charms.  
 What Wonder Love shou'd have transported me,  
 When his own Mother *Venus* is not free!  
 Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, Loves: Can I,  
 On whom she dotes, from the Fair Princess fly?  
 I see the gath'ring Clouds from *Sparta* rise,  
 And threat'ning Tempests thicken in the Skies.  
 The angry *Greeks* with Armies menace us,  
 And Hostile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.  
 Let 'em come on, and Fight us if they dare;  
 To keep this Beauty we accept their war.  
 Her Face, *OEnone*, 's so Divine a Thing,  
 'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.  
 The *Grecian* Princes, hasting all to Arms,  
 Enough evince, (if you still doubt her Charms:)  
 But her for whom they Fleets and Armies send,  
 With greater Force the *Trojans* will defend.  
 If any Hope, *OEnone*, you retain,  
 Of ever freeing me from *Helen's* Chain,  
 Quick to those pow'rful Herbs and Arts repair,  
 By which thou rul'st in Heav'n, in Earth, and Air.  
 Not *Phæbus*' self is learneder than thee,  
 Scarce are the Gods from thy strong Magick free.

Thou,

Thou, by the mighty Workings of thine Art,  
 From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canst part.  
 Call down the Moon, the Sun's swift Motion stay,  
 Protract the Darknes, and arrest the Day.  
 As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came  
 Fierce Lions, made by thy Enchantments tame,  
 Swift *Simois* and *Xanthus*, Chrystal Wave  
 Forbore to flow, when your Command you gave,  
 Your Father *Cebres* Waters too submit;  
 Nor slight thy Charm, since all acknowledge it.  
 Now, wisest Nymph, exert thy utmost Art,  
 Quench thy own Fires, or re-inflame my Heart.



---

---

*BOOKS Printed for Jacob Tonson, at  
Shakespear's Head over-against Katha-  
rine-Street in the Strand.*

*F O L I O 's.*

**M**R. Dryden's Comedies, Tragedies and Opera's  
in two Vol.

-----Fables ancient and modern translated into  
Verse from *Homer, Ovid, Boccace* and *Chaucer*; with  
Original Poems.

----- Translation of *Virgil*.

The History of *England*. From the first Entrance  
of *Julius Caesar* and the *Romans*, to the Conclusion  
of the Reign of King *James* the Second, and the Es-  
tablishment of King *William* and Queen *Mary* upon  
the Throne, in the Year 1688. With a Compleat  
Index. By *Laurence Echard*, A. M. Archdeacon of  
*Stowe*, and Chaplain to the most Reverend *William*  
Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*. The Third Edition,  
with Additions. Compleat in one Vol.

An Historical and Critical Dictionary by Monsieur  
*Bayle*, translated into *English* with many Additions  
and Corrections, made by the Author himself, that  
are not in the *French* Editions; in four Volumes.

The whole Works of Bishop *Tillotson*, containing  
those printed in his Life-time, and all his Posthu-  
mous since publish'd by Dr. *Barker*; in three Vol.

The Works of the Learned *Isaac Barrow*, D. D.  
late Master of *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*. Publish-  
ed by his Grace Dr. *John Tillotson*, late Lord Arch-  
bishop of *Canterbury*. In Three Volumes. *rep.*

Fourth Edition of Mr. *Addison's* two *Poems*, viz.  
To her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, with  
the Tragedy of *Cato*, Nov. 1714. To Sir *Godfrey*  
*Knellor* on his Picture of the King.

Third

*Books printed for J. Tonson.*

Third Edition of An Imitation of the Prophecy  
*Nereus.* By Mr. Tickell.

Second Edition of the Ode to the Creator of the  
World. Occasioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus.*  
By Mr. Hughes.

Second Edition of The Fan. A Poem. In three  
Books. By Mr. Gay.

Epistle to the Lord Hallifax on the King's Acces-  
sion to the Throne. By *Ambrose Philips*, Esq;

The Fifth Edition of a Poem to his Excellency  
the Lord Privy-Seal on the Prospect of Peace. By  
Mr. Tickell.

C. Julii Cæsaris quæ extant. Accuratissime cum  
Libris Editis & MSS optimis collata, recognita &  
correcta accesserunt Annotationes Samuelis Clarke,  
S. T. P. Item Indices Locorum, Rerumque & Ver-  
borum Utilissima. Tabulis Aeneis Ornata.

Opera & Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum Latinorum  
Profanarum & Ecclesiasticorum Duobus Voluminibus  
comprehensa.

*QUARTO'S.*

**O**Euvres Mêlées de Monsieur de Saint-Evremond,  
publiées sur les Manuscrits de l'Auteur. 3 Tomes

*Horatius.*

*Virgilius.*

*Terentius.*

*Catullus, Tibullus & Propertius.*

*Lucretius.*

*OCTAVO'S.*

**T**ATLERS, Four Vol. *Spectators*, Eight Vol.  
*Guardians*, Two Vol. *Englishman*, *Fresholder*,  
and *Lovers*, in Royal Paper or Demy.

*Steele's Ecclesiastical History.*

*Stanyan's Account of Switzerland.*

The

*Books Printed for J. Tonson.*

The Works of Mr. *William Shakespear*, in Six Vols. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by *N. Rowe, Esq;*

The Works of Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, and Mr. *John Fletcher*, in Seven Vol. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected, with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors.

The Poetical Works of Mr. *John Milton*, containing *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regain'd*, *Samson Agonistes*, and his Poems on several Occasions, in two Vols.

The Works of Sir *George Etherege*, containing his Plays and Poems.

The Works of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, in Two Vol. consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he design'd for the Press. publish'd out of the Author's Original Copies, with the Cutter of *Coleman-street*. The Eleventh Edition, adorn'd with Cuts.

The Law of Elections, being an Abstract of all the Statutes now in force relating to the Election of Members to serve in the House of Commons; in three Sections, viz. the Duties of Electors, the Elected, and the Officers returning. The Second Edition, continued to the End of the last Session of Parliament.

The Old and New Testament connected in the History of the *Jews*, and Neighbouring Nations, from the Declension of the Kingdoms of *Israel* and *Judah*, to the Time of Christ. By *Humphrey Prideaux, D. D.* Dean of *Norwich*. In two Parts. The Sixth Edition.

Miscellany Poems, in Six Vol. containing Variety of new Translations of the ancient Poets; together with several Original Poems; By the most Eminent Hands.

Poems and Translations; with the *Sophy*, a Tragedy. Written by the Honourable Sir *John Denham*, Kt. of the *Bath*; the Fifth Edition.

The Works of Sir *John Suckling*; containing his Poems, Letters and Plays.

*Books Printed for J. Tonson.*

*Ovid's Art of Love* in three Books, together with his Remedy of Love; translated into *English Verse* by several Hands: To which is added the Court of Love, a Tale from *Chaucer*, and the History of Love; adorn'd with Cuts.

The Satires of *Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, and of *Aulus Persius Flaccus*; translated into *English Verse* by Mr. Dryden, and several other eminent Hands; to which is prefix'd a Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satyr. The Fourth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures.

Poems, &c. written upon several Occasions, and to several Persons, by *Edmund Waller*, Esq; The Eighth Edition, with Additions; to which is prefix'd the Author's Life.

Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. *Katharine Philips*, the matchless *Orinda*; to which are added Mr. *Corneille's* Tragedies of *Pompey* and *Horace*, with several other Translations out of *French*.

Poems on several Occasions; with *Valentinian's* Tragedy. Written by the Right Honourable *John* late Earl of *Rocheſter*.

Poems on several Occasions, by Mr. *Prior*.

*Creation*, a Philosophical Poem in seven Books, by Sir *Richard Blackmore*.

The Retired Gard'ner, in two Vol. By *George London* and *Henry Wile*.

*Plutarch's* Lives, translated from the *Greek* by several Hands, in 5 Vol. to which is prefix'd the Life of *Plutarch*.

*Seneca's* *Mora's* by way of Abstract; to which is added, a Discourse under the Title of an After-Thought, by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

*Tully's* Offices in three Books, turn'd out of *Latin* into *English*, by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

Table-Talk; being the Discourses of *John Selden* Esq; or his sense of various Matters of Weight and high Consequence relating especially to Religion and State.

Poetical.



*Books Printed for J. Tonson.*

Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of Original Poems and Translations, by the best Hands. Publish'd by Mr. Steele.

Mr. Echard's Ecclesiastical History, in two Vol.

Poems and Translations by the Right Honourable George Granville Lord Lansdowne: with the British Incantations, an Opera.

Gay's Pastorals, with Cuts.

Calipedia; or, an Art how to have handsome Children, written in Latin by the Abbot Quillet. To which is added, Padotrophia; or, the Art of Nursing and Breeding up Children; written in Latin by Mr. St. Martha, Physician to Henry III. of France. Done into English Verse.

Echard's Roman History, 5 Vol.

Dionis's Course of Chirurgical Operations, demonstrated in the Royal Garden at Paris. Translated from the Paris Edition.

The Grecian History, by Temple Stanyan; adorn'd with Cuts.

Boyle's Seraphick Love.

Fontanelle's Dialogues of the Dead.

Virgil in Usum Delphini.

Chamberlain's present State of Great Britain.

Dumont's Voyage to the Levant.

Life of Pythagoras, with the Golden Verses. Translated by N. Rowe, Esq;

Wallace's Description of the Islands of Orkney.

Lifter's Journey to Paris.

The Tryal of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, before the House of Peers for High Crimes and Misdemeanors; upon an Impeachment by the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses in Parliament assembled, in the Name of themselves, and all the Commons of Great Britain: Begun in Westminster-Hall the 27th Day of February, 1709-10; and from thence continued by several Adjournments until the 23d Day of March following. Published by Order of the House of Lords.